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RAMBLES OF A PHYSICIAN:

OR,

A Midsummer Dream.

BY

A GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Daß mein Buch, ſagt mir mein Muth,
Noch ganz böſe, noch ganz gut.
Kommen drüber arge Fliegen
Bleibt gewiß Geſundes liegen,
Und das Faule findet man;
Kommen aber Bienen dran,
Wird das Faule leicht vermieden,
Und Geſundes abgeſchieden.—Logau.

"Letters which are warmly sealed, are often but coldly opened.—*Richter.*

Je veux, que l' on soit homme, et qu'eu toute rencontre
Le fond de notre coeur dans nos discours se montre,
Que ce soit lui qui parle et que nos sentiments,
Ne se masquent jamais sous de vains compliments.—*Molière.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

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Dedicated

TO

My Mother and My Wife.

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PREFACE.

THE following pages claim to be nothing more than a hasty record of the thoughts passing through the mind, and a description of the events occurring and objects beheld, during an absence in Europe of four months. I make no apologies for contradictions, changes of opinion, or the different moods they exhibit, as these are the necessary accompaniments, I believe, of a mind open to conviction, or for the reception of additional light. No man can be the same to-morrow that he is to-day; consequently the apparent inconsistencies of the letters are allowed to remain as they were written, because they indicate, to me, at least, the various changes of mental attitude naturally produced by passing rapidly from one state of civilization or its opposite to another.

I make no pretension to infallibility of judgment, neither do I offer apology for opinions about pictures, people, or places which may be contrary to the usual modes of comment. I have simply attempted to put upon record my honest convictions about the things that I have observed, and will merely add that if these had not been different from what is usually found in books of travel, they would not have been printed. If there is nothing new in them, they have no right to exist. Those of my readers who have trodden the same paths will understand best the difficulties in the way. To those who desire to visit the same scenes, I trust that I may be of some assistance; and to those who never expect to travel, I hope to afford interest and pleasure.

With much gladness have I attempted thus to indicate some of the attractions of the delicious feast spread upon the bountiful table of the Old World for our delight, and humbly

ask pardon for all errors that may have been committed in performing the pleasant yet arduous task. I have but one regret—namely, that the intervals snatched now and then (and usually when everybody else was asleep) from an engrossing profession, were not sufficient, even with my printers' careful assistance, to enable me to eliminate all mistakes from the text, as well as to omit or put in a better form some things that in the haste of travel were written without reference to after effect. I had hardly time even to be brief. The letters, written on street corners, in churches, art galleries, museums, and the like—wherever there was anything to write about—were necessarily illegible, so that the wonder is not that there are many mistakes, but that there are so few.

Thanks are due to Dr. Samuel W. Gadd for much valuable assistance in getting ready for publication, as well as for the admirable Index and Table of Contents that he prepared for the complete book. Also, to Dr. Howard Horace Furness, for kindly indicating the whereabouts of the song, formerly ascribed to Shakespeare, quoted in one of the letters from Stratford. Also, to Professor F. T. Child, and Professor William J. Rolfe, of Cambridge, Mass., for promptly supplying needed information on the same subject. Also, to Mr. Carlo Tittoni, formerly of Rome, for verifying my remarks about the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*, as well as for valuable advice in regard to some other things connected with Italy; and, also, to my long and honorable list of subscribers. Other authors dedicate their books to the great. I, more fortunate, have had them subscribe, some numerously—all liberally; and I can assure them, before taking my leave, that to me there is no pleasanter thing connected with the book than the catalogue of their names appended to the second volume, because I feel that they at least will be lenient to my faults, and will be the first to recognize virtues, if such there be.

M. W.

New York Bay, Wednesday, June 1, 1887.

Now, Captain, tell us whither thou art bound?—"*The Jew of Malta.*"
Kit Marlow.

To Emily in Heaven—that is, on dry land:—I am not; am beginning to be sick, and so take time by the forelock and commence writing, knowing the hour will come when I cannot. We have had a pleasant time so far, Mr. Dripps and I; we mounted the hurricane deck shortly after leaving the dock, in order to keep you in sight as long as possible. We remembered the injunction of Goethe: "Look out for the beautiful, the useful can look out for itself," and so we "looked," with our flags of truce floating in the breeze, until distance had transformed you to a point, when we descended to enjoy the beauties of the bay, and get acquainted with the faces of our fellow-passengers. What a motley crowd—bishops and butchers, mendicants (friars) and millionaires, believers and infidels, Jews and Gentiles, bachelors and maids, parents without their children, and children without their parents, together with a liberal supply of the omnipresent,—gulls. We have them of assorted sizes, and of every known variety, their leading characteristics already bristling into prominence, like spines on the *Erinaceus*.

What a field for the study of unknown game is an Atlantic steamer, and how very, very curious the specimens you constantly meet. It is 3.00 P. M.; we pass Coney Island, but as we are in a blinding fog, it is by faith, not by sight. As we approach we observe a ringing buoy marking a shoal, which at present contains the remains of a wreck—a large barque with her rigging still intact, every mast and yardarm in position, but on her side, with her black ribs bleaching in the air, "emblematic," says D., "of many unfortunates, who, not attending to the bells of warning in time, became castaways on the social sea, their usefulness destroyed, foundered, with what was intended for strength and use only helping to keep them down."

4.00 P. M. We have slackened up to allow the pilot to leave, and as we lean over the side of the ship to watch the operation, we notice that a delicate looking young man, a stowaway, is also being dropped by a rope into a small boat alongside. His pale face, pallid with fear and seasickness, and his diminutive box, which he had concealed together with himself under a bunk, making a strong appeal to our sympathy. *Lieber Gott*, they say he was sick, and without money or friends, and resorted to this method of getting to his faraway home. But I must bid him, and you also, farewell, as I am beginning to feel inclinations to internal convulsions, which make me think my next word may be interrupted by the guttural of the Atlantic. *In einsamkeit bin ich doch nicht allein* ("In solitude I am not alone"). It is twelve o'clock. "There is a budding morrow in midnight," says Keats; I greet it and go to bed. Farewell.

OUT OF SIGHT OF LAND, June 2, 1887.

"Of comfort no one speaks:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, of epitaphs!"
SHAKESPEARE.

I RETIRED early this morning, overcome by the detestable sickness of the deep, blue sea. How horrible it is, neither tongue nor pen can tell, but I slept and dreamed of mother and home until six, when I awoke, and found Mr. Dripps leaning over me with a bottle of bay rum at my nose, a few whiffs of which enabled me to begin dressing, when I was soon on deck. How dreadful it was to look around and see nothing but water, and to feel that there was still eight days of it ahead—a Waterloo without a Well-ington. I have been quiet for some hours now, and feel as if there might be a possibility of avoiding further display. But, oh! what an attack this morning! I had eaten just one roll and a sardine. Went directly on deck, and, according to the testimony of the sympathetic Dripps, vomited "ten loaves and a whale." Since then I have been comfortable, feeling rather light and airy, as you may imagine, but well. Adieu.

GULF STREAM, June 3, 1887.

"He that cannot live happily anywhere, will live happily nowhere."
SENECA.

Since the upheaval of yesterday morning, the date of my last sickness, I have felt as if born again, and have wished you and the babies on board every hour since. Wonder now why I did not at least bring Ralph; I could have left him at mother's until ready to return. We have a number of children here no larger than he, who are having a delightful time—not only happy themselves but the cause of it in others. This morning, as usual, I was waked by Father Dripps, and was told that we were in the Gulf Stream. The water is different in color, darker blue than the surrounding sea. The temperature about 70° Farenheit, as compared with 55°. Besides, we have an abundance of seaweed, Mother Carey chickens and a few gulls.

But the mysterious stream will rather be associated with the number of pleasant people with whom I got acquainted there, among whom is Bishop Harris of the Methodists, a charming, fatherly old gentleman of about seventy-five years, full of energy and vigor, exceedingly pleasant and entertaining; has been around the world twice, crossed the Atlantic a number of times, has sailed in all seas, is familiar with many lands, and is the realization of my ideal Bishop; would satisfy even John Ruskin, for he is the opposite of the Lycedean shepherd, so exhaustively criticized in "Sesame and Lilies." An additional bond of sympathy is that he gives Ireland and the Westminster Catechism credit for his physical force and religious convictions.*

Another pleasant associate is Rev. James Morrow, D.D., who, with his wife and child, are going home to spend a part of the summer. Apropos of Dr. Morrow and Lucretia Mott is the following: "At a gathering, having for its object the alleviation of human distress, a mutual friend," says the doctor, "introduced me to her as a Methodist minister. The good old

* Bishop Harris was taken ill in London, returned to New York as soon as he was able to be removed, and died a few days after his arrival.

lady took me by the hand, and as she shook it, looking into my face, said with her usual deliberation and distinctness, 'Well, you Methodists have done a great deal of harm in the world!' There was an embarrassing pause, and as she saw my confusion added, with an apologetic smile, 'But you have not done near so much harm as the Presbyterians.' After that," he added, "we got along swimmingly." There is a temptation to talk incessantly about our little world, but I must confine myself to a page a day, consequently I make an unwilling pause.

Off the Banks of Newfoundland, June 4, 1887.

> "The ship no longer can whole courses bear,
> To reef them now becomes the master's care;
> The sailors, summoned aft, already stand,
> And man the enfolding brails at his command."—*The Shipwreck.*
> Falconer.

To-day, from early morning, we have had a stiff breeze and a flowing sea, are surrounded with white-capped waves, and not a living thing in sight. The petrels and gulls have disappeared, and all that the few persistent loungers on the upper deck have to lessen the monotony of their squalmish existence is an occasional wave breaking over the weather side, wetting a few, and causing a momentary ripple of seasick laughter, which very soon ends in closed eyes and pallor, more like the ghost of merriment than merriment itself. How different all this to the magnificent spectacle that greeted us as the sun went down last night. Where he disappeared we had an illuminated beach to a purple sea; in the foreground, tents with a few trees, in the rear immense forests stretching away into space, and over all a sky of burnished gold, with a centre blinding in brilliancy. The tents gradually transform into boats, the trees into animals, and, as if by enchantment, the forests melt into a meadow, with a stream spanned by a one-arched bridge, behind which disappeared the sun, and in so doing, sent up rays of effulgence, brightening the horizon away toward the south, with a glorious profusion beyond the power

of the imagination to conceive; cataracts and mountains, ravines and plains, battlements and spires, knights in armor and ladies on horseback, jousts and tournaments, cathedrals, temples, harbors, ships, all slowly fading and changing until covered by the translucent curtain of a partially moonlit night, making some boisterous with delight, others silent with awe.

I have been doing nothing to-day but attempting to sleep, and endeavoring to avoid seasickness, and have not succeeded in either. Instead of eating, have been casting up accounts. Horrible! The tables have been partially deserted, and even the D. is in bed. * * * But sweet are the uses of adversity. I am between decks. We are passing under a pelting rain, and through the tight shut portholes I can see the ocean lashing itself into a tempest, and making every prognostication of a bad night. There has been very little eating to-day; from gastronomic we have become astronomic, take observations through the bottoms of tumblers; my telescope is in the form of a flask. * * * The cantata of rattling spoons, clinking goblets, and other signs of getting ready for supper have begun, and as I have been here already two hours, and thoughts of food make me sick, I retreat to the upper realms until the nauseous scramble is over. So, farewell; the plot thickens, the enemy are already at the gate, and I make a rapid ascent.

"Great is he who enjoys his earthenware as if it was plate."

SENECA.

MIDDLE OF THE ATLANTIC, Sunday, June 5, 1887.

"Everywhere have I sought peace,
And found it nowhere, save in
A corner with a book."

THOMAS A' KEMPIS.

LAST night was one of the roughest, as yesterday was the gloomiest day. The wind changed at midnight, causing the ship to rock so excessively that many of us were pitched out of bed, as if pebbles in the sling of some giant of the deep. Consequently we had but a slender breakfast table; men longing for their absent wives and daughters, too sick to see the doctor, and *vice versa*. But I, since my devotions to Neptune, have been unusually well.

It is cold and rough, and I am below, wrapped in an overcoat, a shawl, and H. Rider Haggard's "Mines of King Solomon." After attending divine service this morning, I became again wickedly absorbed in the "Mines," where I have remained, yet glad to escape now with Sir Henry, Captain Good ("with his beautiful white legs"), and Allan Quatremain. A curious story, this, told in a stilted, contracted way, the limited phraseology contrasting oddly with the profusion of incident, unusual circumstances, and remarkable people and country of the plot. Yet it has enabled me to pass with comparative comfort and intense interest a day that without it would have been exceedingly dull. "In the corner of every brain sleeps madness," says Moreau of Tours. In some of the characters of the above it is spread all over and awake.

I have thought of you often between the horrors of the mines, and, as I keep my watch at Philadelphia time, I know what you are doing every hour. When it says "Seven," you are dressing the babies; "Eight," at breakfast; "Two," at dinner; at "Seven P. M." the boys are praying at their mother's knee. So you see my time-piece whispers sweeter things to me than the flight of hours; and so I intend it shall, until we meet again, whether I lose trains by the experiment or not.

How I wish you could be here, if but for a day, to see the oddities that appear for the *first* time every morning as if they had just come on board. Yesterday a little lady, bent like an italic *f*, with a very large note-book and the merest stub of a pencil, made her first appearance, and ever since, like a chrysalis prematurely out of its shell, has been stalking up and down, looking at nothing, speaking to nobody, as a spirit that had lost its body, and, like "Little Bo-Peep" with her sheep, didn't know where to find it; and yet she looks as if waiting for the first chance to pounce upon you and put you in her book.

Early this morning a young gentleman made his *début* from purgatory. Allow me to introduce you. I have nominated, elected, and inducted myself into the office of Ship's Artist, and here I present you to Signor Paganini. The accommodating reader will kindly imagine a picture here. You see he looks like a fiddle, and, as he wields a cane, you think of a

violin carrying its own bow. "He never passes," says Dripps, "that I don't feel like picking him up and playing a tune on him—'Life on the Ocean Wave,' 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep,' or such."

At eight o'clock another but different specimen arrived, looking as if he had not taken his clothes off since born; wears the same high hat that he wore as an infant in arms. His coat is unbrushed and crumpled up the back, as if in sleeping his favorite position was dorsal. He has a gash in each cheek, showing that he attempted to shave, but stopped when he had drawn blood. He has never ceased playing cards since his exit, unless when at meals, when he says of every dish, as he hurriedly passes it to somebody else without even looking at it himself, "It's very fine—yes;" when he straightens himself up like a man resolved not to be separated from his friends by the sight of food.

Then we have a jolly little German Jew—everybody's favorite—who is forever saying, "I vish I vos a veek older." He looks as if he had just stepped from a playing card, and even when leaning over the gunwale desperately sick, repeating between each paroxysm his patented "Oh, I vish I vos a veek older!" he is beaming over with good-will.

Five young gentlemen, members of some of the Eccentric sects, also add variety to our amusements. They are Divinity students—"Going abroad to a Baseball Convention," says Dripps. They are not allowed by their creed to sing hymns, but are equal to the occasion—they whistle them—never cease; hymns, variety theatre catches, comic songs, selections from the "Little Tycoon," the "Mikado," "The Pirates," "Pinafore"—*ad infinitumly*. Last night two of them whistled "The Mocking Bird," with variations, accompanied on the piano by a young lady from Chicago—since then they have been called "The Warblers," "The Nightingales," "The Whip-poor-wills," "The Pipers," "The Larks," "The Whistling Parsons." D. calls them "Idjits." In reality they are good-natured, kind-hearted young fellows, being made parsons, I imagine, without their own volition, to gratify the presumption of vain parents, just as you make dead pegs from live oak, with the difference that with the *machine-made* padres it is very often a round peg for a square hole, so that we cannot

say of one thus fabricated what Portia said of the Frenchman, "*God* made him, so let him pass."

To these I must add our Aphrodite. She emerged from the sea unseen, so that when we first observed her, when two days out, she was clad in sealskin to the throat. When promenading the deck she electrifies the crew. She is alone, as becomes a goddess, and when she comes into the light from—I don't know where—and passes placidly up and down, looking out upon the element that produced her and that she once swayed, the effect on the observer is like returning sensation to a paralyzed limb. This at first; on nearer acquaintance, she is not a deity but an empress; yet such an empress, if it was not for a little something or other suggesting the "beautiful obliquities" of Charles Lamb; something, too, reminding of Schiller's Priestess of the Sun:

„Ein Weib mit ernſtem Angeſicht
Durch ſanftem Gram gemildert."

If it was not for this indescribable indication of the presence of some inauspicious element I would be engrossed, too. Who is she? From where does she come? Why is she here? But she approaches, and the knitters and readers, talkers and writers, will now, as usual when she is in sight, only pretend to be employed for watching her. I also stop and follow with my eyes. Adieu.

ATLANTIC OCEAN, Monday, June 6, 1887.

"Man himself is a great deep, whose very *hairs Thou numberest*, O Lord—and yet are the hairs of his head easier to be numbered than are his feelings and the beatings of his heart."

THE CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

The murmurs sink by slow degrees,
No more the surges round him rave,
Lulled by the music of the seas,
He lies within a coral cave.—"*The Mermaid of Corriorekin.*"

FROM THE BOOK OF BRITISH BALLADS.

Quœris, quo jaceas, post obitum, loco?

SEN. TROAS. chor. ii, 30.

LAST night, after sunset, which was silver, and something of a failure, as the sun, instead of going down was simply

wiped out by an impudent rag of a cloud, most of us descended into the saloon, where, for three hours, we sang as with one voice the hymns that are household words in all Christendom. There we sat, men and women from the ends of the earth, with views as various as the flowers of the field, all under the spell of sacred music. The hymns of Catholics, Moore and Pope; of the Methodist, Wesleys; of Episcopalians, Toplady and Addison; of the Dissenter, Watts; of the Unitarian, Channing; of the Universalists, Alice and Phoebe Carey, and others, were all sung with a spirit which proves that, notwithstanding the shallow words of fanatical partisans, the hearts of Christendom are united; that we can at least adopt the chief clause of the motto of the Evangelical Alliance, and say: "In essentials, unity," and almost the other two—"In non-essentials, liberty—In all things, charity." For who can say that the Christian world is not, *in essentials*, united. Do not all believe in the Divinity of Christ? The inspiration of Scripture? The efficacy of prayer? The necessity for repentance and purity of life? The obligation to conforming their lives to the teaching of Jesus, and the all-importance of faith? Does not the experience of last night prove it? Do not the hymns, written by the various Christian sects, evince it? All express the same feelings—a desire for spiritual development, a sorrow for transgression, a confession of dependence on God, a recognition of His goodness, and their own unworthiness. As for myself, I shall never forget the impressions of that memorable Sunday night in mid-ocean, when a ship full of people were swayed by the devout aspirations that have welled from the hearts of the leaders in all Christian denominations, and none questioned but that they were of God. And where all, no doubt, as I, were carried in spirit to the place where they were first heard, and realized again the exhilarating and soothing feelings with which they were then sung. At the conclusion, went on deck alone, where I walked until midnight, and enjoyed, as of yore, the sky and wave. After one, retired, and was in a few minutes asleep.

To-day has been made sad by the announcement at breakfast of a funeral at noon. The young man whom you had noticed on the wharf had died in the night and alone. The poor unfortunate was going home to die, but started too late.

I stood on the quarter deck as the bell tolled, the clergyman read the service for the dead, and the sailors marched backward, with the body sewed in canvas, on a plank on their shoulders, and covered with the English flag. We moved to the extreme stern; a cannon ball was fastened to the foot of the board; "few and short were the prayers they said;" the end of the plank was raised,—splash,—the waves closed over him, and he was gone. A few hours after there was compensation in the form of a birth, a boy, also in the steerage; a young disconsolate flying from shame, the shock from the death of her fellow-passenger brought on premature labor, with the result mentioned above, and it is already in the air that the child is to be called "Moses."

As I write the young ladies are rehearsing songs for the concert on Thursday evening; sad and sweet are the tones, as if expressing melancholy thoughts. The air is full of harmony and sweet sounds, that give delight and hurt not.

The sad funeral has prepared us for such music, or perhaps has suggested it. We feel that we could live in its atmosphere forever. The sun is bright, the ship sweeps swiftly, like the flight of a swallow; there is calm in my soul and Peter's vision is being repeated numerously, great white sheets are being let down from Heaven, but filled with all things clean. Actively, but silently, it is done. In a half hour the bell rings out the evening meal; there will be a rush from the upper deck; the voices of the singers shall die in the land, and your solitary, but happy, husband will fold his notes, like a banker, and silently *steal* away. "The bell invites—Duncan, hear it not, for it is a knell that summons thee to Heaven or to —," the place that should never be mentioned in the presence of ears polite. Farewell.

ATLANTIC OCEAN, Tuesday, June 7, 1887.

Die Augen ſanft und wilde,
Die Wangen roth und weiß,
Die Worte ſtill und Milde,
Das iſt Mein Zauberkreis.—Lore Lay,
BRENTANO.

TO-DAY has been uneventful. We are being rocked in the inconstant cradle of the melancholy deep with a vengeance, yet we are enjoying the panorama as from the first day. The whole is simply a large but rather unstable boarding house, filled with charming people, intent upon enjoyment, except the deathly sick, and united in their efforts to be agreeable. Last evening I had a chat with the Bishop, who, in spite of his age, is the most jovial man on board. He is going to attend a Methodist Conference in Italy, of native Italians, too. He tells me there are two Methodist churches flourishing in Rome, a large congregation in Florence, another in Pisa, in Milan, in Genoa, and in the smaller places, churches in proportion. Also, that Methodism is in a blooming condition in Germany, France, Norway, and Sweden, and that he has ordained ministers in each. As I listened to him expatiate on these foreign developments of his chosen church, I could not but think of Lucretia Mott, and wonder if Presbyterianism was also showing its undiminished head in these strange lands.

Again in the presence of the rehearsing singers. My friend, Mr. Yates, has just finished Longfellow's "Bridge" in a way that produces tears, and always drowned in a torrent of applause as he is, he bows modestly to his select audience, and blushes like a girl.

About five days since, I became acquainted with an Austrian from the shores of the Adriatic, an Adonis, and a great traveller. He has been three years in Africa, speaks but indifferent English, and has been my companion for hours daily since we became acquainted. He had been in New York but four weeks when telegraphed to come to Germany at once, to receive orders for Africa in charge of an expedition to some Borrioboola-Gha or other. He told me much that was interesting about Stanley, his courage, frankness, executive ability,

facility in learning African tongues; besides, he added, being such an artist in the use of his own, that his common conversation has all the interest of romance and poetry. "A rare *Künstler* is Stanley," he exclaims in a burst of enthusiasm, "and when the world loses him it will lose a great man."

To-day a subscription has been taken up for the young mother and child. Those that have seen her say she is very handsome, very young, and very poor. The prospective father of the child shipped her from Dublin with a promise that he would follow soon; but the authorities of New York, seeing her condition and poverty (she had absolutely nothing), and as the law forbids paupers to land, declined to receive her; she was returned therefor at once, not being allowed to remain even an hour ashore. The passengers are full of sympathy, but the crew—I was talking to one of the officers about her—he said when you carry three or four such specimens over every trip, they cease to be interesting.

My mentor still clings to me like an uncle, diffuse in service, and yet being ruffled and jealous, I prefer being alone. I wish you could see the cause of my desire for solitude—our Queen of Sheba, the Aphrodite of a few days ago. Her Solomon, a bronzed commodore of the West Indian navy, already so strongly fortified in her good graces, that

> "When she comes to Solomon
> She communes with him of all that is in her heart."

"Oh the sweet responsibility of having revealed to you the secrets of another soul," says the eavesdropping L., for he, too, is in her train. I simply admire from afar; have spoken to her a few times, conversed but once, which is the cause of my desire for solitude. For after the lute of Apollo who wants to hear the trombone.*

If it was not for my heavenly synod, divised Rosalind.

> "Helens' cheek but not her heart,
> Cleopatra's majesty,
> Atalanta's better parts,
> Sad Lucretia's modesty."

If it was not that a kind Providence cast the above catalogue of ingredients into a graceful human mould and permitted me

* The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo.—*Love's Labor Lost.*

to call the result wife, I would be in love with her, too; but—there goes the dinner bell, and we have dumplings to-day—good-bye.

ATLANTIC OCEAN, June 8, 1887.

"We take a great deal of pains to trace Ulysses in his wanderings, but were it not time as well spent to look to ourselves, that we may not wander at all."

SENECA.

IN good health, buoyant spirits, and all that a delightful trip creates, I again begin to jot down the occurrences of the day, that you, my dear, may get, if only by reflection, some of the pleasures of the voyage. We are like a large well regulated family here; perhaps a trifle too polite, but imperfection is the common concomitant of all things mundane. If it was not this it might be something worse. How I wish daily now that you had come along, as I have discovered the secret of the deep and feel that I shall never be seasick again; fear of your having to behold me in that unbecoming condition was the secret cause of my coming alone, as you may have forgotten, but now my short apprenticeship past, I have nothing to fear; but oh! how different with some on board; those who have been in their berths since we left port, are daily heaving in sight (no pun), with every evidence of extreme suffering about them; emaciated, wan, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," crumpled, unwashed, "no reckoning made," put into such qualms and paroxysms of distress by the constant sway of the ship that you would think they would never hear, even of the rock of ages, without having it suggest the perpetual motion of the vessel, and become in consequence sick. I write this at a table in the saloon, with the wonders of the created world around. On my right, with "snooded hair," a young daughter of destiny, with a mouth like one of Michael Angelo's Fates. On my left the Arabian Princess, our queen, like a star, differing from the others in glory. What an expression of introspection on her graceful features as she sits near me reading—lost in Manzoni's *I promessi spossi*. To tell you all that this curious creature resembles would be to tell

much. She's like a sibyl now, and the leaves that she turns are from the stone chest under the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus; but here comes the commodore, his breast covered with decorations. He sits beside her and shuts the book. Behind us is a harmonious throng—sirens murmuring lullabies to the slumbering sea. In front, a matronly old lady, embroidering Kate Greenaways on what, in the unknown future, will be a chair tidy. She is the picture of benign contentment; makes me dream of mother, with a sweet smile playing over her noble mouth that tells of a well spent life. You remember Oliver Wendell Holmes: "we make our own mouths." Looking over her head I see the "sad," "melancholy," "vast," inconstant," "reconciled," "multitudinous sea," and then the air filled with harmony, laughing voices, love's whisperings, the deep boom of the perpetually moving engine, grumblingly contrasting with the soft warblings of the piano; Mr. T. playing a nocturne, and all enveloped in a feeling of good will to man. So, you see, the boundless world is ours, and to-night is the entertainment for "The Liverpool Sailors' Orphans' Home," and I am on the programme; had intended reading about Sidney Carton, from "A Tale of Two Cities," but in deference to the amatory propensities of the young lady and gentlemen passengers (everybody falls in love with something besides himself at sea), have decided to read "Mr. Bumble's Wooing," from "Oliver Twist." The musical part of the programme, too, will be startling, judging from the specimens we have had, and as all our performers are going abroad to take lessons, you may imagine what slaughtering of sonatas and shys at symphonies we have been having and how frivolous the flight of fugues, Tell me, dear, was it Beethoven, happy man, that was deaf, or did he only wish that he was, or—am I at sea? How strange the *walks* of men, especially on shipboard. Like Manfred, until at present—

> "—— With men and with the" *walks* "of men"
> I held but slight communion—instead,
> My joy was in the wilderness,"

but now,—their very variety even commands interested attention. For example: A young lady has just passed, tall, and attenuated by sickness; "her gait like—Mary, Queen of Scots, going to execution,—in a play." A man with dejected, irreso-

lute countenance and premeditative crawl, enters the saloon—Macbeth after the air-drawn dagger that he said led him to Duncan—a few minutes ago went pitching past a damsel with angular convolutions like a jointed snake, mincing and simpering as she went. A sudden lurch throws her into the arms of a gray haired widower; and now comes a confiding pair, forming an acute angle with the deck, their heads bobbing together like castanets, on their way to "Lover's Retreat" behind the piano; and—here comes Mr. D. darting down the gangway like a kingfisher after some hapless tenant of the brook. Ye mountains fall on me! I can write no more, but lay myself a sacrifice on the altar of his goodwill, and allow the eccentric walkers to carom as they may. Adieu.

P. S. Tell Ralph, Birnam, and Irma that I have seen, to-day, two whales, lots of porpoises and seagulls, and the chickens of Mother Carey, which hatch but one egg at a time, and yet, according to Darwin, are the most numerous of all birds. Good-bye.

2,300 Miles from Philadelphia,
Thursday, June 9, 1887.

"Songes riants de la jeunesse,
Que vous nous quittez promptement,
Faut-il qu'une si douce ivresse,
Ne dure pas plus d'un moment."—Audrieux.

"Uncounted memories of things long lost,
Leap to my view, as if to one who stands
Beside the waif-thronged surges of the deep,
And sees its dead, roll passive to his feet
Its pearls, its weeds, its wrecks."—*The Cup of Youth.*
S. Weir Mitchell, M. D., LL. D.

It is the third hour of the ninth day since our departure, with still eight hundred miles to make. By Saturday we Queenstown folk expect to land; shall probably spend the day in town, and then—home! We have some half-dozen people for Ireland, so that it is not likely that we shall be much of the way alone. I am still in a physical state that delights me; affected but pleasantly by the motion of the ship, and strange

surroundings, and would be willing to continue the voyage longer, but that I am anxious to meet old friends, especially mother, and revisit again almost forgotten scenes. I have been having a day dream this morning, and have been overwhelmed by the multitude and grandeur of the things I hope to see; and yet over all, and more important than all, is the prospect of beholding again my kindred and home. It is strange that for so many years, almost the very memory of it had been obliterated (of course I thought of it at intervals, yet with the original distinctness blurred by distance), but now, as I sit here dreaming, I realize again the old happy times. I can *see* it all—the long rows of whitewashed and thatched houses, with their shutters of brown; I see every decline and elevation in the streets;—the glorious chestnut tree, with its blossoms, that obstructed the view of the river from our door; I see the children shooting marbles and spinning tops on the streets, and know their names. I see the formation of the different river banks, where it was our custom, as boys, to bathe, and recognize the form of the leaves on the overhanging boughs, with the oxalis in bloom at their base. I see the rock where the best swimmer stopped to rest. I see the indentation on the door-knockers of the various homes, and know the different devices that ornamented every door. These, and far more, are as distinct to me as if it was but yesterday, and yet they have been covered up and but fitfully recalled for twenty-two years; yet more than all I can *feel* my mother, taking me to a quiet part of the house, to talk with me and kiss me good-bye the morning that I first left her side. These sunbeams of memory have been only obscured by the transcendent brightness of another sun; but now, since I have come within their orbit again, they have reappeared with all their former brightness, and are as distinct as of old.

The concert last evening was a great success. It continued from eight o'clock until eleven, and from the beginning of the programme-auction to the conclusion of the whole matter it was a succession of delights, ending in the announcement by the captain that one hundred and five dollars had been cleared by the performance. Only about twenty programmes had been written; these were put up at auction. The highest brought twenty dollars, the lowest, two dollars. During the intermis-

sion a collection was taken up on silver plates, by young ladies gotten up irresistibly for the occasion, with the above result, which is to be divided between the homes of Liverpool and New York. This is a constant practice, they say, on Atlantic passenger steamers. This is the greatest amount our vessel has ever made; in consequence, we all feel to-day related to the orphans, or as if we would like to be. Everybody received uproarious applause; and Professor L., dubbed by unpremeditated friendship, "ship's clown," sang "Molly Bawn," and as he had rehearsed it often, and talked about it much, at the conclusion he received a boisterous encore, and was presented with a rag baby. "Rough on Molly," said Yates. Many of the ladies were recipients of bouquets of roses, made for the night, and very large,—rhinoce-roses—and all received the thanks of Captain T.

At breakfast, to-day, a nervous old lady, who has occupied a seat at our table since she came on board, a few days ago, gravely said, that she had had a very restless night, as there was a man trying to get in through the window—*port-hole*—until daybreak, when he went away; she then got up. Most of the sick are convalescing, and guide books are being studied with renewed enthusiasm.

This morning I finised "She." My other "she" is monopolized by the bronzed veteran, and time is too short to continue the contest. Farewell.

At Sea, June 10, 1887.

"Nought is there under heav'ns wide hollownesse
That moves more deare compassion of mind
Than beautie brought t' unworthie wretchednesse
Through envies snares, or fortunes freaks unkind.
I, whether lately through her brightnes blynd
Or through allegiance, and fast fëalty,
Which I do owe unto all womankynd,
Feele my hart perst with so great agony
When such I see, that all for pity I could dy."—*The Faerie Queene.*
Canto iii.—Spencer.

Oh! for the charity of Shakespeare, the joy of Chaucer, or the confiding tenderness of gentle Charles Lamb. I have

been awake all night. My idol is clay! The Bishop unfolded to me last evening a tale that made my heart bleed. "The pity of it, Iago." I also have had ocular proof of what it grieves me to think, for our heroine is not, like Cæsar's wife, "above suspicion." He began talking about her yesterday, not knowing that I had spoken to her at all. She condescends but to few and choice. He gave some painful accounts of her conduct, and concluded by saying that it made him think of something that he had seen and heard at a reception in Washington.

"The house was filled with the *elite* of the land. Low-necked dresses and swallow-tailed coats were the order of the night. There was music and dancing, intimacies and rivalries, and hearts were lost and found. A guest one of the most conspicuous of the ladies came to the hostess, entered into conversation. Presently she pulled a pocket handkerchief from her belt. It had a knot in it. 'There—I tied that knot to remind me of something—what was it? What could it have been?' 'Perhaps, was the reply, 'it was to remind you that you are a married woman.' There was an ominous pause," said the Bishop, "and, some one else coming up, she moved quietly away." Our Cleopatra is a wife—on half pay; think of it! And "she has broken all hearts but that of her 'stony' husband." *Cernit omnia Deus vindex.*

The Commodore's "infatuation," said the Bishop, has caused him to forget *his* wife. And the lady—a mere lady? worse. "Phryne," he called her, with that harsh directness of thrust so characteristic of conservators of public morals. *She* acting a discreditable part? I cannot and will not believe it, and yet it has kept me awake. Such is the sad, sad history that it grieves me to tell. Its duration but as life,—"a vapor which appeareth for a little while, and then vanisheth away."

We are on the tiptoe of expectation; are on the lookout for the Irish coast, but, fallacy of hope, don't think of finding it until to-morrow, at noon; and as we trust to land in Cork at six, we surely ought to be light hearted. The tables are lined with scribes. I can hear the scratching of numerous pens as they rush over the paper in haste to be ready for to-morrow's mail. This is the first afternoon that we have had no music. The scrapers have turned scribblers, and although I am the only

one that has written every day, yet the result is the same—have had no reply; feel a year dead when I think of home; would give anything for one of its familiar sounds—Birnam falling down-stairs, or Ralph tumbling from velocipede into the "*mug gutta*," or to be made just conscious at midnight that our little lady needed her mamma, or to hear Phyllis slam the door in a way that would wake the dead, or any of the noises so soothing to the ear of a married man—"the touch of a vanished hand, or the sound of a voice that is never still," and merely because the boisterous billows of the blue Atlantic roll between. For the last three hours there has been nothing to break the awful silence of the saloon but the deep inspiration and expiration of the monster machine that propels us, so that I have decided that hereafter I will take *my* "sounds of home" with me. We will travel together, even if some of us have to be *carried*. We average on our journey 310 miles daily, and have still 310 miles to make. After that we will have more sight-seeing and less writing, more variety and less meditation, but nowhere shall I expect the surroundings, attention, politeness, accommodation, and good will to be so perfect as it has been on board of this noble ship with her gentlemanly crew. All have contributed their quota toward the furtherance of the comfort of the voyagers. We have simply been their guests, and as all the passengers are addicted, at least on shipboard, to the heresy of Cain, we have had peace.

* * * * * * * * *

"Land ho!" has been shouted by the man at the masthead an hour ago. Shortly after my heart gave a leap, for the brown, barren headlands of Erin, patched with bits of bright yellow, and studded with white government houses, became the point around which centered many hopes. All business, but gazing, at present suspended, and still they gaze, and still the wonder grows. This is my last line at sea. In a few more days the pleasantest sight will be your letters and my mother's face. Adieu.

CORK, June 11, 1887.

Sir Anthony—"Come here, sirrah! who the devil are you?"
Captain Absolute—"Faith, sir, I'm not quite clear myself; but I'll endeavor to recollect."—*The Rivals.*

SHERIDAN.

ACCORDING to the prediction of the Captain, we were taken off the steamer in the Cove of Cork, at 3.44 P. M., and in thirty minutes of travel on a large tug were landed at Queenstown. How pleasant the sights of that short trip, although not really the most attractive sort, yet it was so to us. Like a loaf of bread to a famished man, although it did not afford the variety of a meal, yet it was food; so this, did not present the diversity of a fine landscape, but still it was land, and we enjoyed its placid beauty as if it was a long-felt need. This immense harbor, which is large enough to give shelter to the combined navies of Europe, is splendidly defended on both sides by forts. We had a peep at Spike Island and its prison as we passed, with accommodations for two thousand prisoners, and although landsmen all, we felt as if we would rather remain at sea than be sojourners within its silent walls. Howlbowlin Island, another attraction of the port, is valuable to the nation because of its ordnance stores and armory. It attracted us simply by reason of the snow-white tents of an encampment, which contrasted beautifully with the surrounding green. Rocky Island is also a centre of great importance to the nation; its powder magazine, consisting of six chambers, carved out of the solid rock, contains ten thousand barrels of gunpowder and a few men. It was into this harbor, and ultimately cross Haven creek, that the English Drake, Sir Francis, fled, when the Spaniards were in deadly pursuit, and where he so effectually concealed himself in a place that is still called "Drake's pool," that the superstitious Spaniards attributed his disappearance to magic, and made a hasty retreat. We also did so, but in another direction; for in a few more minutes we were safely landed on the solid foundation of the town, when our hearts were gratefully directed toward the Almighty for His protection through the dangers of the deep. The sensation of being again steadily placed cannot easily be described; but we

have no time for conjectural description, as the strange sights pressing on every hand are clamorous for recognition.

Queenstown resembles St. Thomas, in the West Indies. Like it, it is built on the side of a somewhat crescent-shaped but rather steep slope, which looks out on the sea. The houses though, unlike the West Indian homes, are grey, and mostly built of stone. The place has really but little to induce the traveller to remain. A Catholic Cathedral, not finished, and a Presbyterian Church of good proportions, are mentioned as the attractions, but to me it has something dearer than either—the ashes of Charles Wolfe, the author of many tender pieces, the most celebrated of which is that melancholy and heroic lyric, the "Burial of Sir John Moore." I had promised myself a visit to the grave of the youth whose life was a poem, but as the train started in an hour and a half, and we still had our luggage to attend to, I could only do the next best thing, despatch a man to the spot to bring a sprig of shamrock or the like from his tomb. When starting, our courier entered, breathless, with a handful of flora from the place, a slip of which I send, only a fraction of what he brought, which was divided among friends.

While waiting for the train there, we fell in with a whimsical yet interesting character, Sylvester O'Holleron by name. He is a native of Queenstown, County Cork—of course, an egotist—wears green goggles, lank flaxen hair (*cuilin ban*), like Fechter's Hamlet, a linen hat, lined rim and all with green silk. The sleeves of his coat and the legs of his trousers, like the Artful Dodger's, are too long, and he is always pulling them up. He wears white gaiters and carries a long pole—a sort of *Alpine stock*—to one end of which is attached a green net for catching butterflies, for he is an enthusiastic entomologist—is on an expedition now for the purpose of finding the few specimens he needs to finish a book, he is writing, on "The Moths and Butterflies of Ireland." "I require but two specimens," he said—pulling up his sleeves—"the *Bocydium Tintinnabulariferum* and the *Heteronotus Aronatus*. (By the way, these are beetles, and foreign to Ireland); and when they are found the book will be ended, and the long-lacking bead will be added that completes the rosary of Ireland's greatness." "You know, gentlemen, we lead the world in everything but

entomology, and with the help of the saints we shall soar in this also." Besides his other possessions, he made display of a curious green book—a sort of herbarium or "Butterfly-arium," as Mr. Dripps called it. It was of green paper, bound in leather of the same color. "Green was an inspiration to him," he said, and when fastening his specimens on paper of that *heavenly* shade he always thought more poetically of them than when he used any other hue—and he had tried them all. He also told us that he *chloroformed* his specimens with whiskey! It was much better than the ordinary way; besides it was patronizing home industries, and he had made a vow never to use anything, if he could get along without it, produced by foreigners. While in Queenstown and on the way to Cork he also told us that his student days, like his great predecessor, Francis Mahony, began in the Jesuit College of St. Acheul, at Amiens. and that he graduated under the auspices of the Jesuit Fathers at the "Stonyhurst of Ireland"—namely, "The Great College of Clongowes." He speaks French, which he pronounces "Frinch," like a native—of Cork. In politics he is a mild wrack-and-wheel Nationalist, *limited*, more engaged, though, with the past of Ireland, when "Malachi wore the collar of gold," than with the present; indeed, it is even probable that he is more interested in the "collar of gold" that Tommy Moore's hero "won from the proud invader," than he is in the hero himself; for if O'Holleron was not the greatest entomologist of Ireland, as we judge he is by what he has told us, he would be her greatest antiquary. So that, besides butterflies, he is deeply concerned in everything connected with the remote past, especially the arts We strolled together through the principal streets of Queenstown, studded here and there with red-coated soldiers, as he told us all this; after which we took train for Cork. We ran along the bank of the Lee, making four or five stops for passengers, but passing through one of the most peaceful bits of charming landscape that I have ever seen: fields of golden buttercups, an inch in diameter; roadsides ablaze with phlox of every shade of red; digitalis, with stalks filled with purple blooms for four feet of their length; long tracks of daisies, lengthening out until lost in woods; the mansions of the wealthy and the thatched, whitewashed

houses of the poor, all embowered in roses or woodbine; or something else that blooms, houses aflame with the scarlet of roses, up to the eaves and over them; and on the other side of the road, with its villas and ruins, the "placid waters of the lovely Lee."

We at last arrived at Cork. Coaches took us to the "Imperial Hotel," where I write this before starting out to see the lions of the town.

CORK, June 12, 1887.

"About the hour of vespers the travellers reached another city."
GESTA ROMANORUM.

„Nichts iſt daurend, als der Wechſel; nichts beſtändig, als der Tod. Jeder Schlag des Herzens ſchlägt uns eine Wunde, und das Leben wäre ein ewiges Verbluten, wenn nicht die Dichtkunſt wäre, Sie gewährt uns, was uns die Natur verſagt; eine goldene Zeit, die nicht roſtet, einen Frühling, der nicht abblüht, wolkenloſes Glück und ewige Jugend."—Börne.

LAST night, shortly after our arrival and ensconsement, we sallied out, like Don Quixote, in quest of adventure. We found it, and although not of a romantic sort, still it was more varied than anything we have yet had. Our first walk was on St. Patrick street, one of the principal promenades of the strange-looking citizens of this town. The handsomest people are the soldiers, which you meet walking in pairs everywhere, splendid specimens of Scotchmen, with bare knees and kilts, who have been stationed here for the past six months; and native soldiers, too, in scarlet and blue, presenting large heads with bushy hair, surmounted with caps unnecessarily small, like clown's hats at a circus. The constabulary, also, and mounted police, who wear long mantles, partially covering horse and man, add variety to the streets, together with Capuchin friars with tonsured heads, skirts, and belts of beads terminating in large crucifixes of wood. Father Mathew, of temperance fame, was one of these. His monument adorns the chief street; and last, but more numerous than all, bare-footed women, with uncombed hair, swollen faces, and blear eyes. Alaska street is nothing in its indications of degradation as compared with whole blocks in various parts of this place, made so by these.

We came into a street, a street of considerable width, too, and found no thoroughfare except on the three feet-wide-pavement, because of the avenue being crowded with these bare-footed, uncombed, filthy women, sitting in the dust, each one with a pile of old clothes in front of her, which she was offering for sale. The whole street covered with pyramids of these malodorous rags that other women equally uncombed and degraded in looks were haggling over, that they might have something to put on for Sunday (it was Saturday night). Others had piles of old hats in all stages of dilapidation, of all colors and shapes, all piled in the middle of the street, with a Fury presiding over each pile, and calling upon the people to come and buy. One of them attempted her blandishments on Mr. Dripps. "Come, sir. Come and buy a foine hat, it is only a penny. It was worn by the Lord Liftenant himself, and it cost but a penny. Look at it; it is an illigant foine hat," etc. In the very exuberance of his philanthropy he was going to buy it for a present, when I stayed his rash hand. As we passed on we still heard her offering the hat of the "Lord Liftenant" to the next person who came along, and in the same words. The curb-stones—reserved seats—were also lined with women of the same stamp, who sat with their dirty feet in the comparatively clean gutters, conducting traffic in the same way, except that most of these reserved-seat ladies had wrinkled, pallid babies, generally drugged to sleep, at their naked breasts, which were exposed without any attempt at concealment to every passer by.

This was the approach to the market which, on inquiry, we found to be called variously the "mate market," the "rag market," the "dogs," the "carparation market," the "rats," the "timple," having reference, we suppose, to the purity of the Dianas presiding over the different stalls; "the swine market"—everybody that we asked gave it a different name—a great stone building admirably constructed for the purpose, except in the matter of light. It consisted of long lines of stalls running until lost in space, with all kinds of dirty meat on all kinds of dirty stands, presided over by *one* kind of dirty women,—the same stupid combination of vice and cunning on every face. Mountains of pigs' tails, too, were among the dainties offered, making you think that every pig in Cork must

have at least a hundred tails. Pyramids of pigs' feet, odds and ends from all the animals that came out of the Ark, and more, are exposed here for sale, the "human warious" of Silas Wegg perhaps excepted. The merchants were all women; not a single Adam in this Paradise of Eves, not one of whom had her hair combed, or an article of apparel on her that was clean, and you could see all; most of them were barefooted, with skirts reaching only above their ankles, and all had the visible signs of undeniable vice on their bloated and inflamed faces; not an honest countenance—either impudent or stupid or both; each stand dimly lighted by the flicker of a tallow candle, stuck on the end of a bit of wire, with the grease running down on what happened to be beneath. At right angles to these avenues, at the extreme end, were others, piled up mountain high with old clothes, chiefly women's, stuffed in, twisted up, without order or care, nothing hung up, but thrown on top of each other, so that the people even that were buying had to investigate, as a soap-fat man investigates a garbage pail in quest of the morsel he wants. We were sickened and distressed by this unexpected wilderness of wordliness, Cork wordliness at that; could stand neither the smell nor the look longer, and in order to keep an upright position in these slippery lanes, aisles of grease, we hooked arms and slipped as quickly as possible over the lubric floor of the abominable place and got into the open air. It was eleven o'clock, but the streets were still crowded with the tattered prodigals of rag fair as clamorous as ever. We went a few blocks farther and were attracted by what seemed to be small hillocks of green, also in the middle of the street. We approached and found that these mounds were made up of heads of green cabbage; the buyers and sellers were women, in this case, too, but wearing white caps, and black cloaks covering them to the bare heels, truly hideous looking creatures. *Culdees*, O'Holleron called them. "The cloaks and bare feet," he said, "indicating their Greek origin." "In Athens they commonly used this variety of nymphs to decorate jars, incinerary urns, drinking vesssels, as you will see when you get to the Dublin Museum." As we watched, a wonderful transformation came over some of these holy women, extremely attenuated as they approached, their cloaks, like charity, covering a multitude of things to be

regretted, after they had made their bargain, they picked up heads of cabbages from the mounds, continued slipping them into their capacious inside pockets, until swollen to the dimension of pyramids, when they moved softly away as if they had been inflated and were afraid they might explode.

We started again for home, but found ourselves once more prevented by "the egg market," a living obstruction of barefooted, cloaked, uncombed, clamorous women, each with a basket of eggs in her hand, some sitting in the middle of the street, some standing, but none having a stool, or even a bit of carpet, to sit on, and clucking as if the eggs were their own, said Father Dripps. Some quarrelling, cursing, fighting, and trying by every artifice to sell their wares. Nothing could exceed the evidences of degradation exhibited by the faces, words, and gestures of these hideous women. We could not avoid showing our disgust, to the annoyance of a bystander, whom Harrison asked where the ladies came from, and where they got the goods they were offering for sale. He said they were "fresh country eggs, laid by the dacent ducks and hens of the alleys and lanes of the sweet town of Cark." There was vengeance in his eye as he said it. We thought discretion the better part of valor, and left, thankful to have escaped. "Good heaven!" says Harrison, when we had reached home, "and this is the capital of the South; the home of Father Prout; the site of Shandon Bells; the only city that refused its privileges to General Grant." O'Holleron had disappeared down the street after a moth, his net aloft and lint locks streaming in the wind, like Corœbus at the Olympian races, before the horrified Harrison had made the above insinuations. Consequently there was no dissent, for Cork for the present was without a defender; we left him still running, we imagined, and went to bed. Adieu.

"There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered."

CORK, June 12, 1887.

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us."—HAMLET.

IT was late last night when we got to bed, but as we dreamed of the infamous multitude with black cloaks and frowsy hair,

you can perhaps imagine what a night it was, and how glad we were to wake and find ourselves alone and within clean walls. The morning was exceedingly beautiful, a blue sky, a pleasant breeze, not a harsh sound to disturb the silence of the day. As we looked over the list of churches most worth visiting, we decided upon the cathedral of St. Fin Barre, as it is said to be the handsomest place of worship in the town. The saint, in whose honor the present building is named, was a monk of the seventh century, who erected a house of worship on the site of the present building. The old is replaced by the new, and as this is said to be the finest church edifice in Ireland we were glad of the opportunity of getting acquainted with the best in the beginning. It is not more than twelve years old, and not yet finished. We set out early (service does not begin here until 11.30) that we might stroll leisurely where we desired. We passed two other handsome churches, yet their beauty somewhat marred by the peculiarities of their worshipers—attempted to get in, but could not, as the doors were literally packed with kneeling and partially prostrate people. We looked over them into the aisles, brilliantly lighted, through beautifully-painted windows, the auditorium filled with wild-looking men, and women with shawls around uncombed heads, and such a conglomeration of foul smells as I never wish to encounter. We retreated to the street, and, as we looked back and saw the doors stuffed with the prostrate forms of mostly fat women, with nothing of them visible but the soles of their bare feet and a liberal rotundity of person, it looked as if some giant was on the top of the building stuffing them down the steeple with so much force that they bulged out of the doors and windows. We went through Pembroke street, St. Patrick street, towards the Lee. The river runs, like a tarnished silver thread, through the town. It is enclosed within massive walls, with fine promenades on each side. We walked towards the cathedral, studying the odd people and sights as we passed. Everything unusually quiet. Resting against the walls that prevent the river from overflowing the town were long rows of lounging men, talking quietly to each other, and mostly smoking short pipes. They were not washed, very few of them wore coats, none of them shirt collars, all had the appearance of shiftless, slouching

vagabondism; none of them looked at all picturesque, as the Italians are said to do in their rags. And although it was Sunday morning, and eleven o'clock, still there was a goodly sprinkling of the lady merchants—O'Holleron "nymphs of carparation market." They were not there to attract attention, but evidently, like the men, from pure listlessness, still uncombed, leaning against corners and walls, *sconcing*, and making free with the passers by. Many of them had nothing on but single undergarments, that were once white, not even buttoned at the neck, and short black or red petticoats that came some distance above their dirty feet,—this on Sunday morning, on one of the principal promenades of the city, and no comment made by the people who passed. Children also in abundance were there, children whose faces had never been washed, who had never known the use of a comb, half naked, hair matted and stiff, playing by the dozen in the middle of the street, with no one to care for them, going where they pleased, as if they were so many ducks in search of muddy pools. We saw a couple of little creatures playing in the sun, who had nothing on but shirts, shrunken up under their arms, exhibiting flakes of dirt hanging from their bodies in scales. We stopped to commiserate the little victims of shameless neglect, when a woman from a cluster of beauties near by accosted us: "Cark's a foin city, sir; Ireland a grand country. Where else in the world, sir, could you see such children as these—it's the air, sir; it's all the air."

We jogged along thus for an hour, when the Cathedral coming in sight we went in that direction, leaving our studies in social science behind. As a field for the specialist in cutaneous affections commend me to Cork.

The Cathedral of St. Fin Barre is not large, but elegant and elaborate. It is built in the transition Norman style; is in the centre of a handsome yard, enclosed by a marble wall. We walked through the grounds, stopping now and then to read the inscriptions on the tombs, until we came to the front entrance, ornamented by three portals and numerous expressive gargoyles, making an exceedingly interesting façade. The whole massive front is one piece of intricate carving. The central door is bound on each side with five wise and five foolish virgins, respectively, with Christ in the centre as the

Bridegroom. The northern door is similarly decorated with the Twelve Apostles. The south portal is made beautiful by many life-sized figures, the significance of which I could not make out, but are exquisitely carved out of the same rock with the pillars that support the arches—all upheld by emblematic brackets that exceed in beauty anything I have known. Over the entrances are large bas-reliefs with backgrounds of golden Florentine mosaic, representing sacrifice as it was practised primitively; Abraham's attempted sacrifice of Isaac, and sacrifice as it was afterwards reduced to a fine art under the direction of the High Priest. Remember, this is simply a non-professional interpretation. The most beautiful device is a representation of the Resurrection—the Archangel blowing the trump, and the dead coming out of their graves. The curious panels forming the under surface of the arches are also interesting. They represent the occupations of women, as, for example, a woman rocking a child, teaching it to read, washing at a tub, embroidering, carving, sewing, mending a pair of trousers—the only pair ever mended in Cork, and these are in stone—sweeping, milking, playing on an organ, etc. Then the occupations of men—astronomy, painting, writing, carving, a knight in armor, a man protecting a woman and child, and a chemist with retort. Other groups represent power, as a bishop at an altar, a physician with mortar and pestle, a teacher with quadrant and compass, a husbandman and plough, an astronomer with telescope, and the like. But as the service is about to begin, we enter. . . . To our surprise and great joy we heard a good sermon by a young man, more than fair music, and found the large auditorium *filled* with a most elegant and refined people; a congregation equalling in appearance the most fashionable gathering among us, yet,—can you imagine it after such an introduction?—with an air of enlightenment and urbanity encouragingly reassuring.

The Episcopalians here are denominated "The Church of Ireland." This was one of the cathedrals of the "Irish Church," although we knew it not. This body of believers has a membership of 600,000 people in Ireland, who assembled in General Synod lately for the purpose, and without a dissenting voice, decided against Home Rule. The theory of the Church of Ireland is that St. Patrick christianized the

Island independent of Rome, not according to her doctrines. He never recognized her supremacy. He sanctioned the reading of Scripture by the people; did not worship or pray to the Virgin; did not believe in purgatory; had neither the confessional nor the mass; allowed priests to marry. His sole authority was the Word of God, and when this was not sufficiently understood, he was deferential to the decision of the fathers. They call their body, therefore, the Church of Ireland, in reference to its being the church established in Erin by Patrick, *their* patron saint. However this may be—and who can decide when doctors of ecclesiastical history disagree?—we are sure at least of two things about this particular church, namely, that the congregation was made up of people that it was a pleasure to look upon, and that no person who wishes to do justice to Cork should leave it without being present at a service in this beautiful church.

Rev. Francis Mahony, the author of "Father Prout's Relics," was born and is buried in Cork. The gentle Gerald Griffin, author of "The Collegians," born near Limerick, died a member of one of the religious brotherhoods here, and is buried in the yard of the monastery. It was here that William Penn was converted to Quakerism while about his father's business, who had an estate near the cove. It was here also that he was imprisoned by the Mayor for attending a Quaker meeting conducted by Thomas Loe. Banim, the dramatist, was born in Cork; also Thomas Crofton Croker, the compiler of "The Songs of Ireland," and "Popular Songs Illustrative of the French Invasion of Ireland;" no relative, however, to the John Wilson Croker of Galway, who edited the edition of Boswell's Johnson, that Macauley tore to tatters; Maginn, of "Frazer's Magazine;" Dr. John Anster, Regius professor of civil law in the University of Dublin, the earliest and perhaps best translator of Faust into English; Sheridan Knowles, author of *Caius Gracchus* and *Virginius*; Barry and Justin McCarthy, were all natives of this heaven-favored town.

We started in the afternoon to discover some of the haunts of these worthies, but in vain, no one that we spoke to having ever heard their names. We were unable to find a trace or memorial of their whereabouts, and were returning in despair —caused as much though by the degraded sights of the streets

as our failure to discover the haunts of our heroes—when, meeting a gentleman seeming to solicit confidence, we inquired about the grave of the man who wrote "The Bells of Shandon," and learned that it was in the family vault of St. Ann's Church. "You can see the parti-colored steeple from where you stand." We went at once, were admitted into the neglected, weed-grown yard, and in an unfrequented corner discovered the vault of the Mahonys, with partially obliterated inscriptions, covered with thistles, dandelion and black-briar. Such is fame! to-day the recipient of flattering plaudits, to-morrow exile and neglect. Good-night.

GLEN GARIFF, June 13, 1887.

"An Irishman that is an Irish gentleman will brag for ever about his own country, but if you say anything in its favor, he always thinks you are quizzing him."—*Charles O'Malley.*

LEVER.

ON the way to Blarney, yesterday. A pretty country, but hardly worth a visit, especially since the talismanic power of the famous cloud-capped stone disappeared with the fairies. We beheld, on the road side, two big, burly women, like Fiji Islanders, milking *one* half-famished goat, and quarrelling over it. "Keep on your own side." "I am." "You're not," and so on with Kilkenny accompaniments, until the more peaceful, exasperated by the taunts of her partner, raised her *noggin*, half filled with milk, and brought it down with force on the head of her antagonist, spilling its contents over both. We thought her head split, but she merely got up and walked away, leaving the other to drain the cause of the quarrel dry. "The Irish are a great people," says O'Holleron, who, during the above, was quietly disemboweling a lady bug. "Celebrated in legend and poem, the women in particular—'white bosomed and beautiful,' with the stately, queen-like gravity of Homer's heroines, they move through the land like the music of song." "Did you observe the grace of the curve made by the noggin and the ascending milk—in outline like a miniature dynamite explosion, or the rays on the antennæ of a moth of Madagascar?" We said, "We didn't."

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After a weary trip of six hours through a most desolate land, studded here and there with wretched cabins, peat bogs, and villages more wretched still, we arrived at this Eden, this spot, more like a tract translated from the regions of fairy land than a place that for centuries has been the habitation of man. I had never heard of it before, but as it was included in the route of the Prince of Wales, and as it has been described by Thackeray, Scott, Douglass Jerrold and others, and had been popular as a resort before they were born, I was glad that I had come this way.

We started from Cork at nine o'clock in the morning; went by rail to Bantry, which is as far as the train goes. While waiting for the van we took occasion to stroll through that miserable town, without exception the filthiest place that I had ever beheld. We walked through every street in the hope of seeing something pleasant to remember, but in vain; not a clean person in sight. One old man, apparently an object of veneration, had a cancer of the lower lip sufficiently advanced to have exposed the bone, and yet he was lounging in the streets, with no dressing on the sore but a yellow salve, that, judging from the appearance of his clothes, had been running on them for six months. His shirt was unbuttoned, exposing a breast leprous with scales of dirt, and yet I saw him addressed a number of times with respect by unwashed men and uncombed women, also lounging in the streets, and moving themselves in a horrible way, in the inside of their clothes, as if all over itch. The children, if possible, were worse than those of Cork. The few stores, like the people, and yet this town has perhaps one of the finest harbors in the world, at least one of the most beautiful. We ventured a little into the outskirts, met four great lean cows, presenting an odd appearance, which, on closer inspection, we found to be due to their having no tails. The stumps only remaining, and looking as if the tails had not been cut, but twisted off, as some shreds of tissue still hung from the roots. Two women approaching, we inquired the cause of the mutilation. "They belong to Mr. Johnson, sir. He paid his rint," was the reply. Such a reason for having the tails screwed off your cows seemed odd, yet the women who told us of it were so very serious, and said it with such an apparent conviction of

its being the proper thing to do, that for a moment we felt so, too; but when the poor animals walked across the road presenting that peculiar acute-angular appearance of the extremities common to tailless cows, we reversed Pope's lines about vice. We had at first "embraced" the idea of its being a righteous judgment, then we "pitied" the cows, then we "abhorred" the people, and finally laughed, it seemed so ludicrous notwithstanding its cruelty, when the bare-limbed women, or as O'Holleran called them, "the decendants of King Nial of the Nine Hostages," stalked off, their toes turned in, in the absurdly dignified way, that until that blessed moment we thought peculiar to the pelicans at the "Zoo."

We returned just in time. Took the van over the mountains and by the shore of the Bay, which presented some magnificent sea and mountain scenery, but making on me an impression inexpressibly sad, as it is a district almost bare of vegetation, containing nothing capable of sustaining life; and yet people live here, if you can call such wretchedness living. We saw a number of groups of women carrying on their backs ponderous baskets of sea weed for manure, etc., while their stalwart husbands, brothers, and sons lay on the roadside smoking. So abundant the sea weed, because of the close proximity of the Atlantic, and such a dearth of every other form of vegetation, that you feel like classifying the people *Fucivorous*, like some animals, as there is nothing else visible upon which they could subsist. After a series of such scenes of distressing desolation as the above, and worse, we made a sudden turn in the road, near a clump of trees, and this supremely beautiful spot burst upon us. It would be beautiful anywhere, but under such circumstances it was a bit of Paradise in Hades; or rather it seems as if Britannia, in flying over the island, touched certain places with the point of her finger, when the wilderness blossomed like the rose, and this was one of the favored spots. I have regretted many times since leaving home that you were not with me. To-day, because of this heaven-kissed hill, I have made up my mind that you, too, must see it, and soon.

How I wish you could sit with me in front of this charming old house, and look out on the waters studded with islands and boats; on the cloud-capped mountains beyond, and the

ruins of places centuries old; that we might roam together through the flower-bordered walks, of its beautiful gardens with daffodils, snapdragons, columbines, sweet williams, pansies, cowslips, canterbury bells, and climbing roses, growing, as they only can grow, in an atmosphere like this. They realize all the pleasant memories of the past. * * * I have had a walk through a long grove of lady's ear-drops (*fuchsia coccinia*), with their branches intertwining six feet overhead, and have just returned between hedges too high to be looked over of this bush, that with us flourishes only in pots. I have mentioned but the smallest fraction of the multitude of flowers that grow in such rich profusion here; that the guests are allowed to pluck as many as they please, and they are never missed. They could be carried away in cartloads, in ship loads. I cannot tell all, especially as I have just returned from Cromwell's bridge, a substantial tree-grown ruin, said to have been built in twenty-four hours by command of the "Protector" during the Cromwellian wars. This and Blue Pool, a small sheet of rock-bound water, enclosed in woods haunts me like enchantment; also the clusters of nestling houses of the little village, embowered with flowers, with the venerable pastor, that I have just had a long talk with, brooding over all, like a veritable Vicar of Wakefield, alluring to brighter worlds, if such there are, and leading the way. It fills me with wondering, admiration. The pacific wings of reconciling peace are over it, and it responds to every cherishing touch. What a protest it is against the blatant howlings of boisterous discontent. The significance of it, too; the people, although natives of Ireland, are English in all their ways; as different from the people that surround them as the poles.

I have been climbing hills and sliding down rocks to-day, and this, added to the two hundred and sixty steps of ascent yesterday, to tap Shandon Bells, makes me so weary that I must retire. I go to dream; farewell,—will have you and the children with me in spirit to-night at Gariff Glen.

KILLARNEY, June 14, 1887.

L' amour de l' Irlande est chez eux comme un vice de constitution que rien ne peut ni pourra jamais déraciner.

"I pray you in your letters
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am, nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice."—OTHELLO.

THIS morning at 9.30, after a pleasant walk through the flowers, and a last fond look at the delightful slopes and waters of Glen Gariff, fifty-four of us, mostly Americans, filling three open vans, with four horses each, galloped gaily out of the Glen for a seven hours' ride through "the wildest, most romantic and magnificent district of Ireland." All the roads that we have travelled, even in the most desolate regions here, and on the dizziest heights, are as smooth as the paths through our parks, and this was no exception. The only town that we passed through to-day was Kenmare, where at 12.30 we stopped for refreshments. We wandered through its three streets, came to the Convent of St. Clare, of which the "Nun of Kenmare" is the chief ornament. Mr. Dripps overtook us here, and we entered to inspect the school, where the poor of the parish are educated by the sisters; to examine the lace, for the manufacture of which this convent is famous. The ladies were accommodating and genial, led us through different departments, including the "cells,"—dormitories of the sisterhood —luxuriant in their appointments, contrasting strangely with the miserable homes of the little towns. They also showed beautiful specimens of their skill. Took us into rooms where children were at work on designs intricate and symmetrical, and where we saw the growth of the lace from its pencil-drawn foundation on a piece of yellow calico, to its full development when spread in cases for sale. The manufacture being entirely mechanical, children can make it with as much skill as adults, and as they are paid during their apprenticeship by the sisters, who also give "the youngsters of the poorer people their breakfast free in the convent all the year round," you can imagine it one of the attractions of the town. On coming out, after having registered our names, etc., the remainder of the party, clamorous for admittance, like Coriolanus at the gates of Rome, were received by the *religieuse* on duty with the

same good-natured smile with which we were dismissed, when we had an opportunity again to stroll a little and examine the people and town at leisure.

After an hour's wait we started with a new relay of horses, and were soon on the road, galloping along the rugged slopes of the mountains of Kerry, looking down into their desolate vales—the Caha mountains behind, the Kenmare river in the distance, to the northwest the summit of the Reeks, and on the left the sea. We had thus, as you observe, every natural condition needed to make a landscape attractive—even sublime; and yet the only impression made on the mind, if you are at all interested in man, is one of inexpressible gloom, the similarity between the bare slopes and vales of these regions, and the barren souls of the poor creatures whom fate has compelled to inhabit them, being such as to suspend your admiration for their "rugged desolation and solitude." Since leaving Cork, except at Glen Gariff we have scarcely seen a country house that would keep out the rain, and none that allows sunlight to enter, except through the hole in the roof called the chimney, or the open door. Most of the houses are without windows, and when there is such an orifice in a wall, originally consisting of four panes of glass, you are just as likely to find it a receptacle for a part of the family wardrobe as not. Old hats, trowsers, petticoats, or wisps of hay are substituted for glass, or perhaps a branch of a tree thrust in until it will go no farther, where it is allowed to remain—many of them evidently for years; not surely to keep out cats, as cats they have none. "Why do you stick these branches into your broken windows?" asks one of the party of a wretched old man, weaving homespun in one of the hovels of entertainment for man and beast. "The laves break the wind, sir," he answered. "But they have no leaves," said Mr. Dripps. "They had when they were put in, sir." The "farm-houses" of this district usually consist of but one room, the dimension more likely to be in proportion to the number of cattle and fowl, than to the size of the family. "The children can take care of themselves; the pigs, if not properly sheltered, sir, may die." We inquired in a number of cabins about the average size of farms; the answers were various:—"Ten cows' grass, sir." "Now, there is Teddy O'Neil; he has five

cows' grass." "A half a cow's grass, your honor." "A goat's grass, your riverence;"—always touching their hats. But whether the quantity of cows, goats, or pigs be ten or one, they are all equally at liberty to make themselves at home in the single room, which is parlor, kitchen, stable, and bedroom in one, and which, accordingly, is defiled by an accumulation of everything foul, with an occasional overflowing *creel* (deep, square baskets) of manure here and there on the floor; floors customarily plowed into furrows by the inquisitive nose of the domestic pig, which, notwithstanding "the tyrannic law making it a crime to raise pigs with children, sir," continues to have its semi-annual litter under the only bed in almost every house. Some of the cabins have no cooking utensils at all except a pot, a sieve, and a few wooden, horn, or iron spoons; not a solitary dish. The potatoes that are boiled in the pot are poured into the sieve by the native Vestal Tuccias (the future cooks of America, says the irreverent H., who can laugh at calamity—I can't), the water, unfortunately, running through on the floor, then the sieve becomes a table. This, if owing to poverty, would deserve pity, but as it is due to animalism, pure and simple, to the majority of travellers it only calls forth indignant protest. Instead of stools or chairs, a few stones from the roadside; and yet in these enclosures, dark as a wolf's mouth, families have been and are being raised, generally,—they can't live where they are born,—to find homes in other countries—England, America, Australia, Scotland; anywhere but here.

"These cabins are another proof of the antiquity of the nation," says O'Holleron, who never loses an opportunity for expatiating upon the ancient splendor of "his country." "They are like the wicker houses on the Column of Antoninus in Rome—except the wickers." Enter one of these. After your eyes become used to the darkness, you will, perhaps, find a few lazy men smoking pipes, bowl downward, in a sort of free-and-easy indifference to the proprieties. A sick cow with a day-old calf in one corner, a litter of half-famished pigs in another, ducks and geese everywhere—and sitting on the above-mentioned stones the same number, perhaps, of black-haired, black-eyed women, their naked ankles burnt into blisters by sitting too close to the fire. "Pyrolators," says Dripps. "Didn't the ancient Irish worship the sun, O'Holleron?" "To be sure," replies our antiquary; and he began talking

rapturously about the "sun symbols" on the Round Towers of Aghadoe, until we didn't have the least doubt but that the young ladies with ecchymosed limbs, who stare at you calmly, like wild creatures, were their descendants. You ask for a drink of water. "The well is a mile away, sir." "What have you for thirst?" "Poteen. Will you have a drop, sir?"

Some of the houses are half under ground. A hole of the desired size is dug; around it is built, without mortar, a stone wall, a few feet high; over this a roof, sometimes only of branches and *scraw;* around it a few roods of potatoes—all else is grass. You might imagine this mode of building due to a scarcity of stone, but not so, for stone is the curse of the land. There is enough loose boulders on the surface of some places where cattle are grazing, to cover a good part of the field; indeed, in some grazing districts, where the ground is encumbered with rocks, the people build their houses with sods!

Near Cork we visited a home where the ingenious occupant had taken off the door to cover a "lake," as he called it, in the roof—one of the "lakes of Killarney" not down in the map, says Father Dripps. In another cabin, finding it unusually dark, we looked to the "chimney" for the cause. "What's the matter with the chimney, Pat?" "Och, that's one of Dougherty's pots, bad luck to him!" was the reply; "the legs break off, sir, then we put them upside down over the chimney to kape out the rain." "But they keep in the smoke." "Yes, sir; but we have more rain than smoke, and besides the smoke doesn't put out the fire."

After this we saw a number of Dougherty's pots with streams of smoke, like tangled cords, issuing through the holes left by the divorced legs, and which made us think, that just as Charles Lamb's Chinaman burnt the house to roast the pig, so these, in order to make Dougherty's pots useful, broke them. At every such cluster of houses during our run through the country, bevys of bare-limbed, uncombed creatures rushed at us with jugs of goat's milk and bottles of whiskey, and invited us to drink "health to ould Ireland" for sixpences and shillings. This, accompanied by the same jokes, repeated by the same sort of brazen-faced women all along the line, even if it had not made us sick at heart, would at least have become monotonous, would have detracted much, as it did, from the sort of

melancholy enjoyment which the strange scenes might have produced.

Passing through Windy Gap, the highest point of our journey, we get a full view of the green hills of Clare, McGillicuddy's Reeks, the Gap of Dunloe, Purple Mountains, and the Tommies, and at last are rewarded by a view of the chief attraction of Kerry, panting quietly between green hills, when a shout of exultation went up from fifty-four husky throats, as we take in the panorama of the lakes of Killarney. We stop on the summit for a long look; when the driver, stimulating his jaded horses by a few extra cracks of the whip, we were soon in the five thousand soul-strong town, and at our hotel, where after fixing up and partaking of the inevitable boiled salmon and watery potatoes, we sauntered out to see the sights of the town. We visited the Catholic Cathedral, the Bishop's splendid palace and garden—antagonizing oddly—the desolation and abject poverty of the district through which we had come; we walked through the streets, also, without having observed anything of interest, except beggars in various disguises—but indeed they are no novelty here, as they seem to infest every nook and corner of the Island. Young girls and boys, even in the most desolate places, running after the van literally for miles—these the beseeching sort, while the mendicants of Killarney are merely wheedling. To-morrow we visit the lakes. Adieu.

P. S.—I never knew what misery meant until now. Have never seen such specimens of impenetrable ignorance, stupidity, low animal cunning and indolence, as exhibited by the denizens of this country so far; absolutely no moral or intellectual interests at all, not even a flower—truly nothing that you could desire. There is stretched out upon it the lines of confusion and stones of heaviness. You are so depressed by the indescribable hopelessness of it all, that in desperation—in recoil from the surrounding gloom, mental, moral, and material—you attempt to find refuge, if you can, in fun. That, I seriously believe, is the origin of most of the laughable things that you read about Ireland—that is, if all Ireland is like the section through which we have just passed. I trust and hope it is not. I expect better things from the North. Perplexed, I bid you farewell.

KILLARNEY, June 15, 1887.

"Oh, tears of mine! Ye start, I know not why,
Unless, indeed, to prove that I am glad,
Albeit fast wedded to a thought so sad
I scarce can deem that my despair will die,
Or that the sun, careering up the sky,
Will warm again a world that seem'd so mad."—*Love Letters of a Violinist.*
ERIC MACKAY.

TO-DAY has been another complete day, perfect in sky, sun, and air, as every day has been since we came ashore, with not a shower nor a cloud to mar the beauty of the day for sights, nor the cool night for sleep. At nine this morning, Mr. and Mrs. Bell, Mr. Dripps, Rev. McIntosh, of Invernesshire, in the Highlands, a splendid specimen of an honest man, Dr. Muddle, of Durham, England, and myself, set out to do the Lakes by way of the Gap of Dunloe. Proceeding down the main street of Killarney, we turned to the left, passing the bishop's palace, the cathedral, and entrance to grounds of the Earl of Kenmare farther on, the ruins of Aghadoe, round tower and church, also, "Lake View House," the home of Sir Maurice O'Connell, nephew of the "agitator," and continuing over a perfect road, we were soon in sight of the Lee, which issues from the Gap, then the thatched cottage of Kate Kearney of the song, at present occupied by the granddaughter and namesake of the "beauty" of former days. This fairy of the Gap is waiting for us. She is bare-footed and bare-limbed, with uncombed hair, and, like most of the lady natives of the region, her wardrobe is confined to a short skirt and chemise, not overly clean, in a picturesque state of negligeé at the neck. She approaches, a jug of whiskey in one hand, a bottle of goat's milk in the other, and invites the tourists to drink. She has great sympathy for "gintlemen such as yese, thravelin in the hate av the day, an won't yese have a dhrop of mountain dew, an a shake of goat's milk in it." Some accepted, when, taking a tincup from her pocket, she mixed a quantity of the incompatibles. When the brave patrons had merely tasted, she says, "Give as much as you plase, gintlemen; some give a shillen, some six pence. *Foine* gintlemen give half a crown, sir." After this she attempts to sell her picture. "Every-

body buys the picture of Kate Kearney. I'm the genuine Kearney, sir. The one beyant," pointing up the chasm, "is a chate." The length of the defile, called the Gap of Dunloe, is about four miles. Its principal attractions—greatness of the rocks that bind it, as compared with the narrow stream and contracted road that winds along its entire length. On either side the rocks are fearfully precipitous, projecting in some places in a manner that threatens the destruction of anything travelling beneath, and are rendered exceedingly weird and fantastic by the curious convolutions and angles of vegetation that run luxuriantly to the baldness of their brown summits, which are sometimes lost in the clouds. At the entrance we exchanged carriages for sure-footed ponies, engaged for the occasion, and as we mount, and at the same time look suspiciously up the narrow thread of path that we are expected to wind, it is with hesitation that we undertake the voyage.

The stream that ripples down the glen expands into five beautiful lakes; one alleged to be sixty-five feet deep; another, "the Serpent Lake," is the identical pool into which St. Patrick banished the last snake, since which, no living thing has lived in its waters. Very curious phenomena in connection with this fatiguing journey are its echoes. The guide halloos; you hear the shout repeated with great distinctness five or six times, the sounds seeming to be chasing each other from rock to rock. A cannon is fired off; it reverberates in successive peals, like a salute of artillery. At "Fairy Rock," which forms the foundation of a pine-crested mountain, with a beautiful pool of dark water at its base, we stop, awed into silence by weird sounds. Issuing from the interior of the mountain, from the centre and sides of the great foundation of stone, we hear celestial harmonies, the voices of archangels, accompanied with instruments of strings, impressive in a way you can never forget, like the songs of another land, sung in an unknown tongue. We stop, entranced. During the continuation of these supernatural sounds the face of O'Holleron actually became luminous with enthusiasm,—only another name for patriotism to him. "I always knew," he said, "that the nucleus of all architecture was the round towers of Ireland, the foundation of all law, the Brehon Code. It has been ever plain to me that no decorations were as beautiful as the fan-

tastic tracings on Gælic stones and manuscripts, and that our ancient language and literature was as perfect as classic Greek, and twice as natural. And I thought I understood Irish music, too, but by the learning of 'Saint' Mulachy, an Irish saint, although not in the calendar, I have never fully realized the sweetness of the marvelous strains that have come to us from prehistoric times; have been lilted by peasants and played on the harp by wandering minstrels,—their sweetness I never experienced until now. Listen to them!" Then, stretching his neck forward and encircling his ear with his palm, he repeated, "Listen to them; for it was to such strains that the Red Branch Knights marched to victory." We are indeed in a place of mysteries, and strange sounds are rapidly becoming the subject of enchantment; the mystic tones entice us towards them. Moving fearfully on, we discovered that the "marvelous strains coming down from prehistoric ages" were produced by a wretched old blind fiddler, standing under a ledge of rock, scraping "The Night Before Larry was Stretched," and who is led here every morning by his eighty-year old wife, to amaze travellers. He is a miserable performer, but yet his jarring tones are translated by the rock into sounds more thrilling than Mozart's. He starts a jig, when the angular old crone, her skirt pinned up to exhibit her red petticoat and neat ankles, begins to dance; she selects as a partner one of the guides, and it is not until she stops, breathless, and passes around the hat for a collection that you are disillusioned. She has broken the spell. Poor, crest-fallen O'Holleron, the moment he caught sight of the author of the "prehistoric," flew down the glen at the top of his speed after an imaginary June bug. From the summit we beheld the enchanting lakes, feeling as if we had been traversing the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and were now looking on Paradise. Boats take us to McCarthys' Island, at the head of the upper lake, where under the shadow of massive trees we make amends for the fatigue and fasting of the journey.

The day has been excessively hot, like Philadelphia in August; for notwithstanding the fact, that in circumnavigating the lake we moved at a rather rapid rate, the air was without a breeze and the sun hot, high above the point of comfort; thus we pass the various islands that give so much

variety to the upper sheet of water, together with many very curiously formed rocks, as for example, the "Jolly Boat, with the Captain's Gig, bottom up," "O'Donovan's Library," "The Honeycomb," and various others, all truly representing the objects after which they are named; we enter the "rapids," shoot the Weir Bridge, built by the Danes in the fourteenth century, and in a moment are in the Middle Lake. This is larger than the others, but contains less to attract attention, with the exception of its wonderful reverberations. We had our own bugler, private property, to wake up the echoes; when he blew his horn it seemed as if the shores and rocks were peopled with competitors, every one making sweeter music than that of his predecessor, each note being repeated many times, becoming softer and finer, until all melted into the pianissimo of silence, when we wanted to hear it again. Among the selections performed by our musician was Moore's "Sweet Vale of Avoca," which made the air melodious with multiplied tones, as if the very spirits of the place were giving expression to the soul-touching thoughts of that most beautiful poem. After this we listened to the voice of Paddy Blake. "A great rake in his day, was Paddy," says the bugler, "after death he was condemned to solitary confinement for a thousand years, because that in life he was so fond of society." "Paddy was accomplished, he could spake in three tongues—Irish, English and Scotch,—likewise Frinch." The dialogue began much like the conversation between a ventriloquist and his manikins, the echo repeating sentence after sentence, every word distinctly enunciated, more so than those of his questioner. Notwithstanding what you know, you are hardly convinced that it is an echo, so life-like are the responses; other echoes repeat one word many times, but this gives back every word of a long sentence. One of the single men of the company said he would be a good fellow for a scolding wife—he would always have the last word. Good-bye—"Good-bye," echoed Patrick, as we disappeared into the immensity of the Lower Lake, with O'Sullivan's Cascade, Innisfallen's ruined abbey, "Ross Island," and "Muck Ross Abbey" in the distance; when, going for main land as the crow flies, we were soon on the island. Carriages waiting whirled us through the town to the hotel, where, seated around

the dinner table like famished men, we devour all that came within reach. We had been just nine hours on the way. After supper started again for the purpose of visiting Muck Ross Abbey and Torc Cascade. The abbey is situated in the demesne of Captain Herbert, now of New York. After paying a shilling at the gate we were admitted into the grounds by the only neat looking girl that we have seen since we left the Syria. We are driven past a lodge ablaze with rhododendrons and flowering shrubs, and over roads that wind past massive trees and through pleasant lawns, until landed at a gate in the shade. We alight, and are within the precincts of the magnificent ruin, the Abbey of Muck Ross, founded in 1340 on the site of an ancient church. "It is still," as the keeper said, "in a very good state of ruin." Its arches, walls, and graceful windows are intact, and pleasantly draped with a beautiful variety of large-leaved ivy; its mouldering walls the home of many varieties of ferns; and a perpetually cawing multitude of jackdaws have thrust their nests into every coign of vantage and jutty frieze. The park is alive with all sort of game. We pass the attractive home of the owner, proceed to Torc waterfall, are admitted through a narrow door, and make way on foot up the side of the mountain towards the cascade—suggesting, but not as beautiful as, Glen Onoko—and as we looked up at the crazy thing tumbling over the steep rocks, I inwardly wished myself down; yet we mounted higher and still higher until on the apex, where we found that some philanthropist had erected a doubly-welcome seat. We sat down, faint but enchanted, looked across the lakes sprinkled with islands, McGillicuddy's Reeks (the highest mountain in Ireland) in the distance, with the sun disappearing in gold. It was the grandest sight that I ever expect to see. We were speechless with amazement and awe. Silence was broken by the preacher dropping on his knees and thanking the God of mountain and lake for all the works of creation. Then home and to bed. Farewell. "I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness."

DUBLIN, Thursday, June 16, 1887.

"Nescio quâ natale solum dulcedine cunctos
Ducit * * *" OVID.

"Say that you love me not, but
Say not so in bitterness."—*As You Like It.*

THIS morning, at seven o'clock, we rattled out of the town of Wheedling, Killarney, with a convoy of sturdy beggars keeping pace through the streets. The day began hot, and this, in connection with the bad construction of the cars for ventilation, filled us with ominous forebodings in reference to the pleasure of the trip. We overtake a troop of emigrants on their way to America. Such wretchedness! Women crying out loud, *keening*, most of the men drunk, with bundles tied on sticks over their shoulders, and such faces as, thank God, you but seldom see.

How very different the cars here from ours. The train consists of a series of first, second, third, and fourth class coaches, each capable of holding perhaps a dozen people. No communication between, no drinking water, ventilation, or other conveniences. A plank on the outside enables the conductor, although he never enters, to crawl from car to car, to your great annoyance at first, as you are constantly afraid he will fall off. When you get better acquainted, you are afraid he will not. At Emily Station we stop, as is the custom, to enable the conductor to collect tickets, and—misery of miseries—learn that we are still five weary hours from Dublin.

We stopped at the supposed Auburn of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," at least the place near which Goldey was born, as desolate and God-forsaken a spot still as it was a half century ago, when the benign Wm. Howitt paid it a visit in quest of material for his pleasing "Homes and Haunts of the English Poets." O'Holleron, who had never read even a line by our favorite, had no Goldsmith enthusiasm. Consequently, I had to keep much that I felt to myself, for how can we *la mia cara moglie* communicate our most sacred emotions to souls irresponsive. Indeed, my serio-capricious friend has read but little produced by his countrymen at all, with the exception of Banim, Griffin, Carleton, and Moore, and of these just about

enough to swear by, his zeal for entomology and antiquities having eaten up all else but his patriotism; for, would you believe it, to him even Swift is an unplowed field. Edmund Burke, in his ostentatious Hibernian way, he called "the friend of the friendless, whether pauper or king," a sentence that I imagine he cribbed from some French work, for the Burke demesne is also an undiscovered country to O'Holleron; yet he has an abiding, though shallow, affection for everything French, due more, I surmised, to the supposed allegiance of the French to the church than to any transcendent genius that they, as far as he knew, possessed. And then it's the best he can do, poor fellow, as a sort of invented fraternal antagonism to the apparently everywhere dominant English; he and the French are one, he imagines, and employs them thus to supplement his feebleness. "Give me the poetry of France," he said, with all the amusing chauvenism of his harmless tribe, as we sauntered arm-in-arm leisurely towards the vanished village. "French songs, except Tommy Moore's and French glory, are exceeded by none." When, letting go my arm, and striking a Talma-Coquelin attitude, he proceeded to declaim:

"Le coq Français est le coq de la gloire
Par les revers il n'est point abattu;
Il chaute fort lorsq'uil a la victoire
Encore plus fort lorsq'el est bien battu
Le coq Français est le coq de la gloire,
Toujours chanter est sa grande virtu."

The last line of what's-his-name's famous "çhanson" he had just concluded, in his peculiar Cork-boarding-school French, which, he proudly said, had a richness of brogue that the original never possessed, when a butterfly, flying between him and the sky, he immediately, pulling up his coat sleeves and giving his trousers a whisk, like a debutante at private theatricals, left all, poetry, Goldsmith, France, and started in pursuit; jumped a hedge, crossed a field; hopping like a rabbit; his Alpine stock and net in the air, he ran in the direction of a thatched house, not very far away—he reached it; and I saw, by his gestures, that the cause of his race had alighted on what, in the distance, seemed a clump of houseleek (*semper-vivum*) growing on the roof, near the chimney. It was beyond his reach; what was he to do? In mock-serious

despair he breathlessly pulled his long locks and looked up hopelessly; but soon spying a pair of midden-creels near a *scraw*-covered cart-house close by, he ran for them; shoved the one into the other; carried them under the eve, and quickly mounting, by the aid of his pole, was soon on the thatch. He climbs cautiously towards the chimney, like Excelsior, with banner aloft—he stops; then a moment of suspense, and the net is brought down adroitly on the hapless insect; then moving quickly towards the chimney disentangles his captive—mounting still higher towards the extreme summit of the house, he stands on it erect; balancing himself by the pole, where, with the butterfly in his outstretched hand, like the genius of Erin proclaiming superiority even in death, he shouted, "Eureka!" and disappeared like a jack-in-the-box through the roof! Just then the bell rang "five minutes previous to departure." "In the name of all the burying grounds *caluraghs*, for unbaptized children in Corkaguiny," to quote from the adventurer, who had so suddenly disappeared. What was I to do? On my right was my poor friend, perhaps hanging by his arm-pits through the roof of a stranger, and frantically kicking for release; at the station, with the train about to start; all that I possessed; the presents for the home folks—all! There I stood, motionless—my mind alternating between love and duty; or rather like the donkey between the two bales of hay, equally attracted by both, and going to neither, until happening, in my dilemma, to remember that Dripps was asleep; that my traveling bag was unlocked on the seat near me, as I had been looking at your picture and the children's hair. When, in addition to this, I saw that the house across the field was low, and knew that O'Holleron's legs were long, I decided at once to look after my treasures first and remove them from the coach, then return to the cottage and do what I could to rescue the victim of entomological circumstances from whatever had befallen him. I took to my heels; reached the station breathless, just in time to touch my luggage, when the train started. The door was locked and there was no remedy but to proceed! What a tedious ride through an uninteresting country. Every second seemed an hour. At the next station I got out and telegraphed back, describing as well as I could the position of the strangely-entered house

where he was, and this morning, to my great joy, I received the following reply: "My dear Friend: No need for sympathy. I am all right. My downfall was the most auspicious misfortune of my life. I fell across the shoulders of a gentleman who was concealing a keg of contraband whiskey in a hole in the floor—something of a surprise, you may imagine, as he took me for a policeman; but when I introduced myself, and we discovered that we were both descendants of Brian Boroihme,* the reception was as generous as I could wish. Besides, he has a beautiful daughter." "There is nothing equal to her under heaven's wide hollowness;" he adds, unconsciously, quoting from the *Faerie Queene*, "for she surpasses the far-famed beauty of Devorgilla, the Helen of Hibernia and the wife of Tiernan O'Rorke."

"P. S.—There is but one dead fly in my pot of ointment. The old lady, her mother, sat on the green book you admired, containing the result of my trip; and, as she is *embonpoint*—you understand—all my entomological hopes are—crushed!

"Yours, with never to be suspended affection,

"Sylvester Dionysius O'Holleron."

And this is the end of my kind-hearted companion, for, of course, he will marry that girl. I know it. He never can resist her pedigree. The addiction to illicit distillation is another invitation to their union; and then—"Farewell, the tranquil mind, farewell, content"—O'Holleron's "occupation gone!"

P. S.—Midnight. A few hours ago Mr. Dripps started for home, and left me dreadfully, desperately alone. I can't tell you how much I have been depressed by this run through Ireland, the unhappy cycle of my distress was completed then. I was the last rose of my party; "all my lovely companions—faded and gone" with the exception of a little bud of an undertaker from Jersey, and I felt as if we were only waiting for the minister to preside over the funeral of my dead hopes. What a feeling of sinking desolation possessed me when my friend went away! Poor O'Holleron was only a bay window on the building of my comfort, but Dripps girded the founda-

* See Thackeray's Irish Sketch Book, "Everybody in Dublin is a descendant of Brian Boroo. Before you are here a month you feel as if you were also."

tion; and when *he* departed I toppled into the slough of despond. I had been travelling in my native land; had been looking ahead for a quarter of a century to the time when I should see it again. I saw it, and it possessed no beauty that I could desire it. The few parts congenial were not Ireland at all, but England or Scotland, *in* Ireland, somewhat modified to be sure by native traits, I never felt such a longing for human sympathy and fellowship; would have given the world for the clasp of my mother's hand or to look into the face of a friend. I realized the first time in my life that I was not at home. Had felt more so in the mountain wilds of the West Indies, amid the torrid heat of South America, and on the plantations of Georgia and South Carolina, than here where I was born. In order to get rid of the nightmare of memories that oppressed me, I left the hotel with the intention of seeing something pleasant, if possible. Rushed to the Nelson monument, paid threepence, and ascended one hundred and twenty-nine stone steps, never stopping until in the clouds, under the iron heel of the Hero of Trafalgar. What a dizzy height! Could see nothing but chimneys lined with pots, the whole city enveloped in that dark, tenacious smoke, which makes buildings of even a few years' standing here, as black as midnight, the numerous pots giving the chimneys the appearance of Pandean pipes, with the fiends blowing into them the breath that escapes into the air in billows of blackness. This mars the purity of this architecturally most beautiful city.

After supper we took a drive through Phœnix Park. The "we" includes Mr. Barcley and his wife. When he married her (they are now on their wedding journey) she was a *fashionable* layer out of the dead, he told me. Our feelings are still those of a funeral, as his hopes, also, had been elevated but to be crushed, by the bad memories of patriotic relatives. As a park, the Phœnix is a failure. It is not a farm, either, although we did see potatoes growing in it; nor a forest, although it has a few trees; nor a square, because it is somewhat round. It is certainly not a park, as we understand the word; I am afraid that this particular Phœnix is a—bull! It has but little beauty, if any, and its drives are not equal to an ordinary country road with us. We stopped at the identical spot where Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke were murdered

—dismounted—picked a few clover tops and a dusty, crimson-tipped daisy, as a memorial of one of the most dastardly crimes that has ever disgraced this "unhappy country." "It's colored with the blood of the martyrs," says the six-feet tall "Birdie"—Barcley's pet name for his bride—a bit of sentimental remark which seemed to excite the admiration of the susceptible benedict, for he immediately stretched up on his tiptoes and kissed her loud enough to wake a policeman.

IN THE CHURCHYARD OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. PATRICK.

DUBLIN, Dean Swift's Grave, June 16, 1887.

"This Daphne into a laurel tree
Was turned; which is ever green
In token as yet it may be seen
That she shall dwell a maiden still,
And Phœbus failen of his will."—*Confesssio Amantis.*
JOHN GOWER.

"Lord William was buried in St. Marie's kirk,
Lady Marg'ret in Marie's quire;
Out of the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose
And out of the knight's a brier."

"And they twa met, and they twa plat,
And fain they wad be near;
And a' the warld might ken right weel
They were twa lovers dear."—*The Child of Elle.*
PERCY'S RELIQUES.

A FEW days ago, in Cork, I stood by the neglected grave of Francis Mahony—the "Father Prout," whose "Relics" are the common inheritance of all; and to-day I write in a place equally dear, not so much because of its great church, nor its age, nor its monuments to the Duke of Shomberg, the Earl of Cork, Lady Morgan, Balfe, the first female Mason, and others, but because it contains all that is mortal of the unhappy—the sad, sad pair!—Swift and his Stella. And as I stand here, surrounded by the gloomy memorials of the long dead, and look up at the trembling banners of the Connaught Rangers and their comrades—the tattered relics of many

hotly-contested fields—it is not the struggle between uniformed men, who fought in the gaze of an admiring world, and were either victorious, or, in the heat of battle, died, that engages my attention. My thoughts are busy with other things; with the battle that struggled for many years in the souls of three nobles, and after various heart-burnings and bloodless lacerations, and nothing calculated to produce peace, ended at last in defeat. Of course you know the story of the broken-hearted Stella and Venessa and of the "Great Dean," who, after all his sorrows and disappointments, "died" at last "in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole;" the man of whom it could be said with more truth than of any other, that he was born crying, lived complaining, and died disappointed.

Jonathan Swift, the greatest satirist and most original writer of his age, was born in Dublin, educated in Kilkenny and at "Trinity," and after residing in England for many years, and keeping the literary and political world in a ferment during the time, ultimately suffered a defeat, by the death of Queen Anne, and was in consequence "retired" as Dean of St. Patrick's, where, with "reluctance and disgust," as he tells us, "he commenced Irishman for Life."

Early in his career Swift was secretary to Sir William Temple, then in the declining years of his statesmanship. "Here, at Moore Park," as Macaulay informs us, "he attended Sir William as amanuensis for his board and twenty pounds a year, dined with the upper servants, wrote bad pindaric odes in honor of his master, spent ten years amid the humiliations of servitude, and made love to a young dark-eyed beauty that waited on Lady Giffard, Sir William's sister, at the same time." This pretty girl was Esther Johnson, Lady Giffard's relative—the "Stella" famous as the inspiration of "Swift's letters." When Temple died his secretary edited his posthumous works, and afterward received from Bishop Berkeley a living at Laracor, in Ireland, and went there to enter upon his duties as a clergyman. Stella followed him, and was accompanied by Mrs. Dingley, a respectable middle-aged woman with a comfortable income. Both lived together in lodgings not far from Swift. When he went away they moved into his parsonage, leaving it for their own rooms on his return.

After his writings had made him famous he went more fre-

quently to London; was a power in the intellectual world; knew intimately the most distinguished men of the day—Pope, Steel, Arbuthnot, Atterbury, Congreve, Gay, Peterborough, Sterne, Bolingbroke, Oxford, Addison, and last, but not least, Addison's sister, "who," he says, "is a sort of wit, like her brother; is married to a French man, Mons. Sartre, prebendary of Westminster, where they have a delicious house and garden." Such as these were his associates.

During his waits in England he wrote regularly to Miss Johnson, sometimes twice daily, of all that happened in his world, giving particular attention to what he had done himself, calling her "Stella;" and these letters constitute the "Journal to Stella," included in his works. Can you not imagine the poor lady, who had sacrificed everything but honor for the man she loved, longingly waiting for these missives, that brought to her not only the news of the metropolis, but, what was dearer to her than all else, indications, as they certainly must have done, of the homage of a man who was not only "the observed of all observers," but the power behind the throne at the same time. Can you not think of her reading them over and over until she knew them by heart, treasuring their terms of endearment as if they were jewels, repeating them by day and dreaming of them by night, and fretting her life away because of his absence and the uncertainty of her own relation towards him.

This sort of life continues for many years in Ireland; years of self-abnegation on Stella's part, for even in his correspondence he did not always designate her by her first disguise, but often calls her "M. D.;" constantly speaks to her in the third person; and although the letters are apparently exclusively hers, yet writes in the plural, as if he intended to include Mrs. Dingley. He signs himself "Presto," and fills his communications with all sorts of concealed allusions—enough to destroy the peace of mind of a stoic.

While all this was going on, in one of his vacations to London he becomes acquainted with Miss Hester Vanhomrigh, who lived with her mother and sister—ladies of independent fortune. Swift began visiting at their house, when an intimacy sprang up between himself and Miss Hester, who, like Stella, was an accomplished and spirited young lady, capable

of appreciating his subtleties and recognizing his mental force; but to think that she would have given him her heart, or permitted him to make her unhappy during the remainder of her days, unless at the beginning he had allowed her to suppose that he loved her and that there was no barrier towards making her his wife, is a belief that requires more credulity than most of us have. However, at this time Stella's letters became less frequent. She complains of neglect, but he does not allude to Miss Vanhomrigh at all, except casually, although he goes daily to drink coffee with Miss Hester, whom he calls "Hessy" and "Missessy," and thinks that no one ever presided at a coffee table equal to her.

After a year or so of this double dealing he begins to be alarmed at the state of affairs, for Stella is jealous, Hester's mother dies, and she has resolved to go to Ireland! Swift writes to her to the effect that if she should be in Ireland when he is, they will be able to see each other but seldom, for that it is not a place for any freedom; that he will write to her soon, but that it will be always in secret; and that if she writes to him, some one else must direct her letters. In the meantime he has given her a fictitious name, "Vanessa;" himself he calls "Cadenus" and "Cad;" and if this was not sufficient, he adds: "When you are writing anything of especial importance to "Cad," you must not use the name, but four dots, thus: . . . .;" and so he continues at this game of hiding, when no one seeks, until the distressed Vanessa wails out, "I trust the last letter I wrote you was obscure enough. I took pains to write it after your manner, although it would have been much easier for me to have written it otherwise."

While Vanessa was kept in this secretive ferment, Stella, from suspense and humiliation, fell seriously ill. It was advised the Dean that the best thing he could do would be to marry her. He at first refused, but afterward consented, on condition that the marriage should be kept secret; and in 1716, in this garden, with Mrs. Dingley as witness, he was legally united to the woman who for sixteen years had devoted to him her life and soul. He seems to have married her from a sense of duty, and on condition that she should only be wife in name. Noble soul! She lingered for twelve years after this, during which time Swift went to England as often as he

could. His own house had become a hell to him. It has been conjectured that some physical defect had influenced his loves and his marriage. Anyhow, shortly after his union with Stella one of his many biographers, Delany, having seen him talking with Archbishop King, found the Prelate in tears, and Swift running past with a countenance full of grief. "Sir," said the Archbishop, "you have just met the most unhappy man in the world, but on the subject of his wretchedness you must never ask a question." Do we need to ask? Can we not imagine that the tear-stained face of poor Vanessa, looking out for him through the lonely shades of Marley Abbey, must have floated beside him like a spectre as he pronounced his vows to Stella in this cheerful garden! And can we suppose any worse cause for wretchedness on his wedding-day than this!

Meanwhile, for seven years more, his visits to Vanessa are continued. She lived not far from here—near Cellbridge. Her old servant pointed out to a visitor, after her death, a group of laurels, trained into a bower, where her writing table and books were placed, and where she always received the Dean when he called. Whenever he came it was her custom to plant a laurel; and so the grove marked the place where she watched and longed for his coming. And, as a gifted woman has recently written, "If, as Boccacio relates, the basil tree grew vigorously and flourished from the head of Isabella's murdered lover, surely these laurels must have drawn their freshness and beauty from the blood of a woman's heart."*

At last, worn out by waiting, Vanessa wrote to Stella, asking what relation she bore to Swift—"Was she his wife?" Stella, evidently stung by the question, enclosed it to her husband. He received it,—started at once for the "laurel grove;" entered, found Vanessa, and, with one of the "dreadful looks" which she said "struck her dumb," threw the crumpled letter before her and went away. She never saw him again. In a few months she died. Stella outlived her rival five years. It has been said, but denied, that at the last she plead to be allowed to die under the roof of the deanery—where she had never lived as his wife—when he strode away with one of the black frowns that smote Vanessa's life, and

* Abbey Sage Richardson, in her charming little book, entitled "Old Love Letters," to which I would refer the reader.

refused even that last comfort to his dying wife. Can you not imagine his anguish after the death! Can you not see that the spectres by which he was haunted, called into existence by remembrance of the two noble women slowly ruined and murdered by his conduct, must have constantly encompassed him with the horrors that are indicated by his fears, expressed with such pathos and terror, and compelling him to cry out, "It is time for me to have done with the world!" He had long felt that reason was deserting him. One day he was observed looking at an elm whose summit was blasted. "I shall be like that tree," he said, "and die first at the top." His memory left him. In his helplessness he had to receive the attentions of others—sometimes with disgust, sometimes with rage. He lived in solitude—disconsolate, gloomy, unable to read. A tumor came on his right eye, so that he is said to have continued a month without sleep, and five men were required to prevent him from tearing out the offending member with his nails. He passed a year without speaking a word, during which time he walked ten hours a day. He became first a maniac; then a drivelling imbecile. One of his last remarks was "I'm a fool." When his will was read, it was found that he had left his entire fortune to build a madhouse.

Do you wonder, therefore, that as I sit here alone near the tomb containing the remains of this pair, that it is not the pomp and pride of life as indicated by the banners, monuments, stained glass, "storied urn and animated bust," that engages my thoughts as I linger, a sympathetic wanderer from beyond the sea, listening to the monotonous drone of the white-haired sexton as he related in ancient-mariner-like notes the following:

"A few weeks since I thought—that perhaps there was water in the Dean's grave, We had the cover removed from the vault; and, sure enough, it was filled to the top. I had it bailed out, and—when we got down to the remains, we found the lid decayed from the coffin of Stella—exposing the upper part of her body. I picked up her head, and—found that it contained seven beautiful white teeth. When we had all the water removed, I put Stella's head in the Dean's coffin, close to his skull, put on the lid, covering both, and—there they remain."

Poor, sad, broken-hearted Stella, thought I, she is at last under the same roof with the Dean.

DUBLIN, June 17, 1887.

"If e'er you've seen an artist sketching
The purlieus of an ancient city,
I need not tell you how much stretching
There is of things to make them pretty;
How trees are brought perforce together
Where never trees were known to grow,
And fountains forced to trickle, whether
There's water for said founts or no."
MOORE.

"Often have I turned into these old clothes markets to worship. Friends! trust not the heart of that man for whom old clothes are not venerable."

VISITED to-day the Rotunda, Bank of Ireland, the Custom House; took a stroll through the "Silent Sister," Trinity College—the *Alma Mater* of Swift, Moore, Burke, Goldsmith, Lover, Lever, Sheridan, Charles Wolfe, Bishop Berkley, Flood, Curran, Whycherly, the dramatist, Parnel the poet, and nearly every Irishman known in English letters. It was here, also, after graduating from Harvard, that Increase, the father of our Cotton Mather, imbibed some of the learning that he afterwards injected into his 85 distinct publications, even then falling short of his more prolific and brilliant son by some 247 works, of which *Magnalia Christi Americana* was perhaps chief. Gathered flowers for you, buttercups and daisies, around the monuments of Goldsmith and Burke. From there to the "Royal College of Surgeons of Ireland"—an ideal place. Elegant marble stairs, pillars, statuary, liveried servants, large library, with all modern appointments. An air of elegant dignity and repose about it, truly charming. Felt very proud of my profession as I strolled from apartment to apartment, and looked into the speaking features of the medical immortal, whose names among physicians are as familiar as household words: Graves, Churchill, Alonzo Potts, Cullen, Quain, and many others, reproduced in marble and oil, giving the place the appearance of the *atelier* of a luxuriant artist, and suggesting the idea that the profession that produced it is *liberal* indeed. Besides this and the college proper, it has one of the finest pathological museums that I have ever seen, containing among other things a remarkable collection of preparations, especially lungs of the

lower animals, including tigers, lions, dogs, apes, monkeys, lynxes, pheasants, hens, whales, various sorts of fish, and the smaller animals—all the seat of tuberculosis, with the disease conspicuously developed in each.

Since; I have been strolling at leisure through the streets, and find myself in the end of the long twilight perplexed instead of pleased by what I have seen; why is it so difficult to get at the truth about Ireland? Why is it that when a man begins to talk about even its beauty, he exaggerates it beyond recognition, and that the very few who do give the plain facts are not believed? Why do I read in a little book that I have just found on the parlor table, and which explains the origin of the name "Emerald Isle," the following words, paraphrased from a popular history, "The name Emerald Isle is generally supposed to have been derived from the *evergreen appearance of her shores*, whereas it really originated from the ring which was set with the words 'Optimo Smaragdo,' and which Pope Adrian sent to King Henry IV, as the instrument of his investiture with the dominion of the land." Now the truth is, Ireland's shores are not "evergreen," not green at all, but brown and barren, with occasional patches of bright yellow when the *prussuch's* in bloom, and bronze when the blossoms fall.

From Queenstown to Cork, there is, I admit, a refreshing verdure, especially attractive because of the monotony of the recently crossed sea, and the houses, too, in this strip, are enveloped in flowers; but this is not because they are in Ireland, but is rather due to their being occupied by English or Scotch or their descendants, who sing thus "the Lord's song in a strange land;" yet from Cork to Killarney, by the Prince of Wales route, you rarely see a bit of verdure; not a flower by the road side, nor in a window, not the slightest attempt at the beautification of a home, or to make the best of little. For part of the way not a green field, nor a tree, nor a shrub, nor a weed, nor a blade of grass, nor the song of a bird, nor the hum of an insect—nothing, absolutely, but brown, barren desolation, associated with a sort of solitude that but intensifies the gloom. Occasionally a narrow belt of potatoes encircling a cabin, always built without mortar, as there is no sand in Ireland, is the only relief from the depressing waste until

you reach Glen Gariff, where you find the English idea again, which has covered the barren rocks with flowers and fruit, comfortable homes and waving grain, the contrast, indeed, making the most taciturn eloquent in praise. From Glen Gariff to Killarney the same sterile desolation. Miles and miles without a bit of pleasant vegetation to rest the weary eyes. The district suggesting rather some of the dismal places described by Dante or Virgil, Ariosto, Tasso, or Milton, as the abode of souls condemned, rather than districts occupied by living men. After passing through these regions of perpetual misery and despair, these birdless and treeless wastes, you get to regard any little bit of green as a godsend. You have, perhaps, closed your eyes to shut out the depressing melancholy of the apparently anathematized place; you cannot shut out all thoughts of the wretched and benighted men that relentless fate seems to have anchored on these more wretched shores. You have for some time past been ascending the side of a whin-spangled mountain, you have reached the summit, the vehicle stops. You look abroad, and behold the Islands of the Blest, Civitas Solis, Utopia, The New Atlantis, Paradise, what you will, otherwise, Killarney is at your feet, and you feel

> "—Like stout Cortez, when, with eagle eyes,
> He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
> Looked at each with a wild surmise—
> Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

It was here that, when we sought O'Holleron, who had suddenly disappeared, we found him with bent head, tears running down his cheeks, and sobbing. You descend from this Pisgah to the lakes, and remain for a few days, until you have exhausted your collection of exclamations, and have repeated them again in writing to your friends, when you proceed.

From here to the Liffy the country is not so brown as the region through which you have passed, but still unattractive in the extreme. It is not green, but greenish, with most of the small fields, as is the mode here, enclosed within thick walls of stone, built without mortar, and void of vegetation. Farms small (average size about six acres), tumbledown houses, no inspiring legends nor traditions, intellects dead, no past, present, nor future, nothing but the same dreary lament, in which everything participates,—the emigrant, landlord, tenant;

the very clouds weep over it; hardly ever cease. At every cluster of houses, at a cross road, the number of bare-limbed women, wearing but two garments, one of them a petticoat, coming only below the knees, make you think of Gros's remark, that "Irishwomen have a dispensation from the pope to wear the thick end of their legs downward." You might think that the birth of the Duke of Wellington and Oliver Goldsmith here would have raised this part of the island above the common-place, as Burns did Ayr; Shakespeare, Stratford; Gray and Penn, Stokes-Pogis; Goethe, Frankfort, etc. But, no; there are no memorials here at all, except the scant fragments left by the old pagan and semi-Christianized natives, before the land was the home of indolence and whiskey. But what am I writing about? Let me see! I began talking about the tendency of travellers in Ireland to Baron-Munchausenism, and asked the reason why. I venture this solution to my own conundrum. Visitors here find the country and the people so ludicrously, or rather so mournfully, different from what they have been taught to expect—The Isle of Saints; The Emerald Isle; "The land of chaste women and brave men;" The hospitable land, "a kind-hearted people;" "A people of sobriety and industry," are some of the epithets used—that, unless sickened into silence by the humiliating reality, they think of what they have read and heard as a joke, and, to keep back the tears, joke too. Some of the lady saints are uncombed, eczematous from dirt, and smoke black pipes. The gentlemen get drunk. The chaste women—phew! I should think so! "The brave men" club together and cut off people's ears, because they pay their debts, shave the heads of widows, or "crack their shins;" for the same cause, they gather around a man's house in the clouds of the night, overpower him and his family, by their greater number, carry them away, naked, to the nearest bog, and pitch them into holes, tenderly lined beforehand with thorns. They are so hospitable that if you come from some other land to live among them, they devil you into the grave or out of the country; so "kind hearted" that they cut the tendons in the legs of your sheep and goats, and leave them by the roadside to die, and twist and cut the tongues out of your cows, and are the only English-speaking people living, that practice the barbarities of the dark ages. So sober

that in every country, as well as their own, their chief traffic is whiskey; so independent and industrious that they are constantly petitioning the world for help.

The fact is, *savourneen*, that since Ireland abandoned the teachings of the devout Presbyter, Patrick, her people have retrograded, and brought so much reproach upon every thing they touch, even the great saint himself, that the better educated among them, and even the respectable illiterate with us, seem to be ashamed to call one of their children by his name. Any saint will do but Patrick. Francis, Timothy, Joseph, Ignatius, but the sainted missionary to Ireland, no; and if his name has been given to one of them by over-enthusiastic parents, they never get farther than the first letter in spelling it, as if it was a shame. Nevertheless, I feel that the sooner the world knows these uncomplimentary truths, the better for the respectable minority. There has been too much condoning of crime, sympathy with wrong-doers, concealing of truth, so much *Boylobrianism* that the natural law has been reversed—the morally and mentally strong are pushed to the wall—the unfittest survive to rule. I write this within a few yards of the Freeman's Journal, that tells such a different tale; and yet, if I had to die in a moment I would feel that I had written the truth. But about Dublin. What of it? It is certainly a place of handsome municipal buildings, and others, too, built in an imposing manner, and yet all that there is architecturally great in the whole city you see at a glance, the moment you cross Carlyle Bridge. The first view, therefore, is impressive in the extreme—the buildings magnificent, splendidly proportioned, symmetrical. You can see them all at once, and are delighted; but penetrate these vistas, and behold them—a suit of sixteenth century mail for man and horse, on Sancho Panza and his mule, or a gracefully painted window that shuts off an ugly view—all that you see at the first glance is all that there is. To be sure, there are many churches, perhaps one hundred, including Methodists, Moravians, Friends, Baptists, Unitarians, Presbyterians, Jews, besides those belonging to the two religious bodies most numerous here, the churches of Ireland and Rome; some of them of great beauty, ostentatious, to be sure, as if they were competing with each other in display, and yet with all this the city has none of those pleasant surprises

that you expect in old towns, and that you find even with us, and more so, I judge, in towns on the continent; that is to say, narrow, clean streets opening into wide courts, having buildings with carved fronts and pillars, and the like, or sudden bends in a street, where the common-place becomes magnificence. There is nothing of this in Dublin—no curious doors or windows, no "jutty frieze" nor "coign of vantage." Very often an attempt at grandeur, but marred by defective details. The interiors, too, as far as I could penetrate, indicating more the desire for elegance than the capacity,—gay-colored window shades, but torn; door and window curtains, but faded; window-boxes, broken and hanging askew, with flowers withering either from the smoky atmosphere or neglect—everything black from coal-dust, and no flowers at all; no wonder Moore wrote so touchingly about the last rose of summer. He meant the *only* rose of summer, for I searched the grounds of Trinity and everywhere else in vain for a rose or anything else that bloomed, and I feel, therefore, as if Tom Moore's rose must have been the last of its race; but what Dublin lacks in flowers it makes up in taverns. Myriads—to quote again from Adam Clarke—of groggeries and distilleries; one of these so large that it looks as if the muddy river that runs through the city was dug there merely to carry its barges of stout to people at the other end. It appears also here, like home, as if these same gentry, who become rich on the drunkenness of the people, were rather important factors in municipal affairs. One of these, Guinness—I feel, though, like apologizing for mentioning his name in connection with liquor dealers, as his commodity is stout—however, he is the philanthropist of Dublin, the restorer of St. Patrick's, the supporter of missionaries, the insurer of all his employés' lives, etc., and not only has a monument here by Foley, but was also knighted during the present reign. You remember Dickens, "the nobility can brew, but they can't bake."

The streets are ornamented with many good statues, including Goldsmith, Moore, Burke, Grattan, Stokes, Lords Carlisle, Corrigan, Eglinton, Smith O'Brien, and others; but the university, the gift of that friend of learning, Queen Elizabeth, is perhaps the chief glory of the town, while "the Liberties," a portion of which I explored to-day, is probably

her greatest disgrace. From the lanes and alleys that penetrate this malodorous district emerge the most curious race, I would judge, that has ever been found in a civilized town. Everybody here is dressed in somebody else's clothes. Here you find illustrations in abundance, not only of the "philosophy of clothes," but of the comedy and tragedy as well. This tendency to wear other people's garments being one of the characteristics of the tribe, the city being very liberal in the matter of supplying them with shops where they may procure their wares. In Cork the chief articles of commerce are cast-off clothing and "bits of mate," especially tails of things piled up on stalls; the clothing spread on the streets, while in Dublin, it is second-hand clothing and bones, sold in mouldy dens—"bone warehouses" twelve feet wide, yawning like Elijah's cave after the ravens had been doing the generous thing by him for months. In turning a corner, a fellow, standing on his knees (stumps), near one of these, accosted me, asking for money to help pay for a pair of cork legs, his own blown off in a dynamite "experiment." Why not Dublin legs, I thought. "He needed but five shillings more," he said; "they were already made, but the thief of a maker would not let him have them until he had paid every penny." Looking up into my face in a sort of confidential aside, he added, "True enough, sir; he's giving them to me at cost." In the act of contributing to the needed balance, a young lady of perhaps thirty-five autumns, and dressed in a crape hat, linen duster, split down the back, and who had overheard the pitiful story of the descendant of Simon Tappertit, approached and said: "Don't give him a ha'penny, sir; he has one pair of legs in pawn already; and he has two wives and nine children that beg for him besides. If you have anything to spare, give it to me, sir; I'm an orphan." What could not Herr Diogenes Teufelsdröch say about such a pandemonium of rags as are to be found here. "Happy he who can look through the clothes of man into the man." No difficulty here in being happy, if holes can help you. You are among a colony of savages, as much in conceit with their parti-colored wardrobe as a Mohawk with his beads. Everything, from the "goodly Babylonish" garments,—"the mantles of Shinar, from Assyrian looms" down to the cast-off tarpaulin of discharged or disgraced tars

are on the backs of the denizens of the Liberties. No one is wearing the clothes made for him. The unexpected is the most common. One fellow had on the cast-off coat of a policeman, too small to reach across his naked body, with a pair of trousers with scarlet stripes, billowing down to the uppers of his soleless shoes. Another barefooted man had nothing on but an ulster; another, daintily picking his way across the street to one of the rag and bone shops that are as thick here as leaves in Vallambrosa; and between his trousers and short-waisted jacket, with long tails, was a yawning gulf of dark flesh, that a crimson sash tried in vain to conceal. Another had on an overcoat with but one sleeve; a hole in the back large enough for him to thrust his head through; fastened down the front by having bits of the coat pulled through the buttonholes, and kept from slipping back by butcher's skewers. Knee-breeches, red coats, cocked and battered stove-pipe hats, swallow-tailed coats, costumes of every clime, together with the official garments of their own, in rags, are found here on the backs of scoundrels that look as if they would run from a bit of soap as if it was the plague, if, indeed, they would *run* from anything. The women, like the men, indescribable. The saddest part of it, the children; scores of half naked little souls, swarming around and looking as if all they ever had to eat they picked up in the streets; have nothing of childhood about them but its seriousness; children that have never been combed or washed; boys having nothing on but the trousers of men; the waistband tied about their necks; their arms thrust through the pocket holes, and the legs rolled up like the coat sleeves of "the Artful Dodger." One little fellow wore a swallow-tailed coat and stockings, nothing else; the strange thing about it they are not aware how curious they look; but the ladies—the very exuberance of grotesque finery they exhibit silences my modest pen, especially as it is now late, and I start to-morrow for home. Farewell.

P. S.—You know that it is a custom among the subjects of England to conclude all public meetings, especially of a secular nature by singing "God Save the Queen," the only exception to this rule, I believe, are the Irish Nationalists; they don't want God to do anything of the sort, and have consequently substituted for the National Anthem, a song en-

titled "God Save Ireland," which they sing in season and out of season. You can always tell the politics of a district by the number of fiddlers, *prima donnas*, tin whistle and jewsharp performers that play this new vent for patriotism. *Apropos* of this, in coming home this evening, I read on a great sign, at the door of a dingy little drug shop near the Liberties, the following combination of enterprise and patriotism (which struck me as being odd and which, for your amusement, I transcribed) punctuation points and all:

Prepared Castor Oil a penny a dose!
God Save Ireland?
Epsom Salts 4 doses for a half-penny!
God Save Ireland?
Seidlitz Powder 6 pence a box!
God Save Ireland?

and so on, all the way to the bottom, until God had saved Ireland, I think, some fifteen or sixteen times, but always after a powerful physic; the last line of the placard was

"Home Rule Forever!
God Save Ireland?"

HOME, June 18, 1887.

"Can a mother forget her child."
ISAIAH.

"When filled with thoughts of life's young days,
Alone in distant climes we roam,
And year on year has rolled away,
Since last we viewed our own dear home,
Oh! then, at evening's silent hour,
In chamber lone or moonlight bow'r;
How sad on memory's listening ear,
Come long lost voices sounding near;
Like the wild chime of village bells,
Heard far away in mountain dells."
GERALD GRIFFIN.

AFTER a long but pleasant trip of nine hours, in which the most notable thing that I saw was a man with his ears cut off by boycotters, for doing what Mr. Johnson did in Bantry, I was in the arms of my dear mother, looking just as bloom-

ing in her seventy-fifth year as when I left her twenty-three years ago; all the family well, had been anxiously waiting my return; brother Sam had been to the station a number of times, as the train was delayed, and all were on the tiptoe of expectation. I could hardly refrain from running home when I beheld the familiar street that led to our house; what conflicting feelings possessed me during the trip; now all are swallowed up in gratitude for being safely conducted into this dear haven of rest. How many pleasant surprises I have experienced during the past few days, not the least of which was hearing the household and everybody else calling me "Matt," as of old; I write this after being with my mother two days; have just kissed her good-night; God bless her; she has entered an adjoining room; I can hear her tremulous, yet exultant voice, as if glorying in God's goodness, praying for me now, and feel that this has been repeated nightly for all these years. Since my arrival I have had no time for even a line, because of callers and other things demanding care, and it is only thus, after midnight, that I have a little leisure to jot down my first word. In two days I have lived again all my past life. Next to my mother I think I am proudest of my nieces—everybody should at least have two of these, but the more the better; Lizzie is the nicest little lady I have met in many a day, except Mary; she is as much like you as two people could be; is well informed, methodical, draws well, is quiet, studious, observant, reticent, with the gentle lambent expression of feature, peculiar to Meyer Von Bremen's little mothers. Mary is also a good girl, generous and self-denying, constant in good works, entirely devoted to her grandmother and aunt, possesses a well-trained mind, is universally read, but would blush if she thought I said so; she is more correctly informed already than most girls, and yet is anxious to learn more; I hardly know which I like best. Then there is Jane, with her heart full of good-nature, and Louise, always beaming over with smiles; but I won't repeat the accomplishments of the family, it is so late and would take so long.

They were delighted with their presents, as pleased as Christmas, were bewildered with "the multitude of wonders," hyperbole you see: I was only sorry I did not bring more; I am ensconsed in a little bedroom on the first floor, as I write this;

my mother's room, looking out on a bit of green, besprinkled with hollyhocks, peonies and lillies; I sleep on the same bed on which I was born, and find it shorter for me than it was. A person's ideas are so enlarged by travel.. I stop between the sentences as I write, and look on the same curtains—as lovely as the curtains of Solomon—that I opened my eyes upon when I made my first bawling appearance on any stage, and I can hardly believe what has happened since; truth is certainly stranger than fiction. I try to review the events of my life here before I met you, and since—all comes back as distinctly as if it happened but yesterday, and I feel again as if no person was ever happier nor more fortunate than I. Everything worth wanting I have wanted and have got it; everything worth owning I have, children, wife, brothers, sisters, nieces, friends, pictures, books, and a noble old mother, sleeping as peacefully as a baby overhead; there is but one regret,—the voices that are silent, especially my good father; if he had only lived until this meeting my cup of bliss would not only have overflowed as it has, but effervesced, too. Good night.

HOME, MIDNIGHT, June 19, 1887.

"Pars sanitatis velle sanari fuit." SENECA.

"When by my solitary hearth I sit,
And hateful thoughts enwrap my soul in gloom;
When no fair dreams before my 'Mind's Eye' flit;
And the bare heath of life presents no bloom;
Sweet Hope, ethereal balm upon me shed,
And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head."—*To Hope.*
JOHN KEATS.

HAVE been receiving callers all day. In the evening took a stroll down Navenny Lane to Drennan—a village so called after Dr. Drennan, author of "The Wild Geese," etc. From thence passed over the wooden bridge to my old school; entered the grounds, and found it now the site of a Young Mens' Christian Association; no one around but an old woman, who did not know even the name of the former occupant. Vanity of vanities! Visited old haunts with such strange feelings, as if I had been dead and was just restored to life. Sam, my only companion; not a familiar thing around; no flowers, not even

a buttercup, nor daisy, nor sprig of ivy, as a reminder of other days, and had to be contented with a yellow cabbage blossom as a memorial of the dear old school and its saintly teacher, no trace of him or his family remaining. Coming home we met on the street a number of friends who had remembered me; just the same people I had left so long ago, looking as if they had been sitting ever since on the same blocks, standing on the same corners, and wearing exactly the same clothes. Around the bridge uniting the two towns much improvement; new coffee-house, station, and church, with the same weird arch, graceful river, and green fields as of yore. Trusk hills in the background, the foreground occupied by the thatched and slate-roofed houses of Lorohama; but yet much like all towns, with a few exceptions, that I have seen so far, dirty, unattractive, nobody caring very much what their homes are, if they but keep out the rain. What is the remedy? Nothing, except the adoption of English methods, as illustrated by the few English settlements in Ireland that I have seen; either this, or emigration to a thrifty country where they will be in the minority. Rather a scrubber of pots in the meanest kitchen in America than the daughter of a merchant in a small Irish town.

HOME, Sunday, June 20, 1887.

"A rural chapel, neatly dress'd,
In covert, like a little nest,
And thither young and old repair
This Sabbath-day for praise and prayer." WORDSWORTH.

"That the world is overrun with vice, cannot be denied; but vice, however predominant, has not yet gained an unlimited dominion."—*The Rambler.*

AT noon went to meeting. In the morning everybody attends some place of worship. Passed the chapel at the bridge, and found the door stuffed with bare flat feet and backs *a la* Cork; some of the women with shawls pulled over their heads, and held under the chins with their fingers. Our meeting-house, too—an unattractive whitewashed building, half filled with honest, hard-looking people, all dressed in Sunday clothes, still adhering to the old habit of learning by heart, the Psalms of David, Proverbs of Solomon, Prophecies of Isaiah, and the Sermon on the Mount.

We had a good sermon, the occasion the Queen's Jubilee. The preacher, Rev. Mr. Curry, read a beautifully appropriate chapter about the death of Absalom and consequent sorrow of David; afterwards discoursed for fifty minutes on Royalty—what it was, and what it was not. Said "It was in His *wrath* that God gave the people a king," when they demanded "one like the surrounding nations;" but since royalty was *anointed* by command of God, and *sanctioned* afterwards by Christ, and as we are taught "that the *powers* that be are ordained of Him," it is a duty to obey, and respect the position, even when we cannot the man. But be careful to render unto Cæsar *only* the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are His. He also added, "We have much to be grateful for, in the fact that our present rulers were persons whose characters, as well as positions, could be esteemed, especially the noble woman, who was not only the supreme head of the empire, but a noble example in virtue and good works as well." During the prayer the audience stood, with their *backs* to the preacher. After dismissal, we met a number of nice-looking people, strangers to me; all that I knew were gone. Spent the remainder of the day at home, and went wearily to bed, but not to sleep. I am perplexed, my peace of mind disturbed, and wonder if other countries are at all like this. Good-night!

INTERVIEWS.

HOME, June 21, 1887.

"No flatt'ry, Boy! An honest man can't live by't;
It is a little sneaking art, which knaves
Use to cajole and soften fools withal,
If thou hast flatt'ry in thy nature, out with't,
Or send it to a court, for there 'twill thrive." OTWAY.

"It is my pastime and my penance, too,
My pride, my comfort, and my discontent,
To count my sorrows ere the day is spent,
And dream, at night, of love within the blue
Of thy sweet eyes, and tremble through and through,
And keep my house, as one that doth lament."
Love Letters of a Violinist. ERIC MACKAY.

SPENT to-day spooking around town, shaking hands and answering inquiries, chiefly like the following: "Have you seen

my son Jimmy, now?" "Where is your son, Mr. Boynton?" "I don't know, sir; but I think they call the place the Mississippi, or something." "Well, old friend! But I must'nt be calling you 'old friend' now, when your head's not gray, and you're so young yet; you're welcome to Ireland; but have you seen my Mary?" "Maybe I have; where is she, Margaret?" "Well,—two years and a half ago,—last Easter, when she sent me a two-pound note, she was in the 'Rockies;' but maybe she's not there now, for she's never done flittin'; we always send the letter to John Connors; it's written down. I can't read—but I need'nt tell you that. Oh, you may meet her some day." Good, old Mrs. ——, too, whom I called on in her beautiful home, built and furnished by an admirable son in New York, spoke to me long about his goodness; also about America, with an appreciation, because founded on accurate knowledge, that made me long to return, yet glad to remain. Everything American was dear to her, especially American books. Hawthorn, Irving, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, besides Prescott's and Motley's histories, were as familiar to her as the flowers in her window and garden, most of which were raised from seeds and slips sent by her son from New York. A large Martha Washington geranium, covered with blooms, was an object of special pride; thus the morning was filled with kind words and variety. There are green spots in every land, made so by the sunshine of America.

In the afternoon a party of us went to Salmon Leap, at the head of the river Finn; drove through a pleasant country, and in the cool of the evening arrived at the home of Dr. Mathews. The doctor, who was expecting us, took us through his house —Isaac Butts, M. P., was born in it; gave us a peep at his collection of curios gathered everywhere; introduced us to his wife; we then emerged into the garden and through the woods in quest of ferns; got two unclassified specimens, and found other graceful plants. We scaled rocks that would have puzzled the dexterity of chamois goats, and slid into the yawning gullets of waterfalls, that made us dizzy with their steepness and deaf with their incessant roar. Salmon Leap is the rocky, precipitous bed of the river Finn, about eight miles below its source. The rocks here have been worn into fantastic shapes by the rapid current that has swept over them for centuries.

During the spawning season, coming from great distances, salmon leap up the falls, often a height of ten feet, to the smooth water above to deposit their eggs; hence the name. We saw thousands of eels climbing great, dry boulders in the bed of the narrow current for the same purpose. We returned late at night, and found mother waiting with her usual eagerness and patience, and after a long talk we went to bed. If I could only get her to come to us, but I am afraid we can't.

HOME, June 22, 1887.

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri
Quo me cunque rapit tempestas deferor hospes."
HORACE.

I CANNOT get the picture of the old women in Dublin out of my mind, and I needs must write it down. Passing the bald-headed statue of Tommy Moore, four days since in the capital, the steps forming the base, according to the usual custom, were the resting-place of as many vagabonds as they could hold. Among them an old crooning woman, wearing a man's hat and coat; her bare toes protruding through well-ventilated shoes; her chin on her breast as if in meditation. She was "sandwiched," and on the boards that enclosed her, was printed the following in large, black letters: "Come to Jesus." "The Gospel D. V. will be preached this evening at 8 o'clock at Merion Hall." She carried aloft a banner also with some religious device—not "Excelsior"—yet she was so stupidly drunk that it was only by the help of the pole that she kept herself from rolling into the street.

In the afternoon a family party crossed the Finn to Drumboe, the demesne of Sir Samuel Hayes. Like the Israelites, we passed over dry shod, on "steps," walked along the banks under the beeches, saw *many* unions among the overhanging branches, like that of the "Twin Oaks;" walked around the castle, the stables, etc., and found that the "great place," that had filled my imagination with thoughts of splendor and plenty for many years, is merely a large white house, without beauty either of architecture or site. How different from what I had imagined. We rang the bell, and were

admitted into the vestibule, the master being absent in Dublin. It was unattractive and dusty, and was occupied by a table containing a few indifferent books, various kinds of common gloves, a stuffed tiger in a glass case, the cranii of some animals killed in the chase, a hat-stand like a tree trained to a wall, and reminding me of "The Liberties," filled with shabby hats. We penetrated into the hall, containing a rusty stove; stairs covered with soiled, cheap, threadbare carpet, economically worn to the bone.

We were permitted to enter the library and parlor, I judged, in one, a room 20 by 35 feet. In the centre a table filled with curios, none of interest, a few common-place ornaments around, a couple of old, substantial cabinets and the like. One side of the room covered by a bookcase, filled with books in time-stained bindings—standard volumes printed in but one language; works chiefly of utility, but few volumes of fancy or imagination. At the other end of the library a conservatory filled with plants in bloom. The remainder of the house was closed. This was the luxuriant home of an Irish baronet, one of the landlords—heaven help them—that even when they can afford it, are usually generous enough to keep establishments in a country where they can scarcely live. We walked through the garden. Rhododendrons in particular grow high here, 10 to 12 feet, and bloom in great profusion. The gardener being off duty, we were not admitted among the flowers. Visited the shell house, the object of former wonder, and found it a little octagonal room about seven feet wide, the inside incrusted by Lady Hayes with shells from the Donegal coast; then we lay down on the grass, under the branches, and thought of home.

There are noblemen in Ireland, men who have committed no crime save that of inheriting honorably gained estates from honorable ancestors, whose incomes are reduced by the everywhere-present thriftlessness here, until they are less than that of a Home Rule member of Parliament, the only members paid—for it is currently believed in Ireland that these gentlemen receive $2,500 a year, chiefly from America—if their modesty will permit them to accept it. Of course they are as mute on the subject themselves as maggots are in cheese, and yet many of them are the real absentees, more so than most landlords,

for when *they* leave Ireland they leave nothing behind. They are in London when Parliament is in session, and everywhere else but Ireland, dressed in the height of fashion and stopping at the best hotels, when Parliament is dismissed. "The wailing place of the Jews" is confined to a little spot in Jerusalem, but these Jeremiahs it would seem, bellow their meretricious lamentations over the fair earth.

I thought of the above as we lay on our backs in the soft grass under the trees, looking through the tremulous leaves to the sky, and asked William what he thought of the probability of the world's discovering the real inwardness of the "national movement." "I think of it as I think of truth," he replies; "it's at the bottom of a well covered up with foulness; by and by the world will see through it, and then—what then? then we'll be all dead, or banished—indeed, the work of banishment has begun; but not to America as of yore,—that day is past. America is the curse of Ireland; by her generosity, or greed for power, or gullibility, or whatever it is, she by her presumptuous sympathy with evil here, has done more for the demoralization of our people than she can ever undo; we have had enough of her. Now our best people are emigrating chiefly to England's possessions, instead of hers."

I saw my informant was getting heated—indeed, it was a very warm day, and we arose and came home. Good-bye.

HOME, June 23, 1879.

"Grace is in all her steps, heaven in her eyes.
In every gesture dignity and love."—MILTON

„Ueber allen Gipfeln
Iſt Ruh;
In allen Wipfeln
Spüreſt Du
Kaum einen Hauch,
Die Vögelein ſchweigen im Walde
Warte nur, balde
Ruheſt Du auch."—„Wanderer's Nachtlied."
GOETHE.

TO-DAY was spent with mother. How active she is in her seventy-fifth year. Busy without intermission from morning

to night. She is happy, easily pleased, sufficient unto herself, genial, and always well. Our talk was chiefly about you and the children. She wondered if she would ever see you. Then, becoming lost—as if peering into the future, in a reverie, she said, "maybe." How have I been able to remain from her so long? I sit by her, looking into her face, or I look at her as she moves quietly through the house, and I think—Gerard Douw's "Sister of the Good Woman of Normandy" is come to life, the resemblance is so striking. Look into that noble face again, dear, and behold my mother. The lateral position of head, slight curve of spine at the upper third, like a Madonna brooding over her child, are the same. The same eyes piercing your soul, the same mouth, expressing gentleness, repose, daring, even the same costume—Normandy cap with broad bands, and shoulder shawl pinned at the throat. I think, too, of the name *De Wauchop*, then of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes that scattered her Huguenot ancestors to the winds, and fancy weaves a network of reverence and heroism about her. I arise as she approaches, and look into her face—it's my mother's, and I fold her in my arms. How can I leave her? How can I remain?

Always hers, and yours.

An Excursion.

Home, June 24, 1887.

"'My friend,' said the old man to the angel, 'show me the way to yonder city, for to view the wonders and see the glory of the land have I come.'"—*Gesta Romanorum.*

"'The cool shade seems the only friendly thing that is left,'—and there is not much of that."—*Outre-Mer.*

Longfellow.

This morning early we set out for Pallasless, a town of one short street, with a police station at one end and the poor-house at the other. The ride was long, hot, and dreary, through a district barren in the extreme. During most of the way, bald hills entirely bare of vegetation, fair roads (there are no bad roads in Ireland, thanks to English influence), but not a shadow of a shade; neither trees, bushes, nor briars;

not a blade of grass, nor a weed, nor the smallest flower, nor the slightest sign of anything that lived; absolutely nothing but bogs, naked hills, and blasted heaths, with now and then the contracted cabins of more contracted people, who seem to live on a minimum of potatoes and a maximum of whiskey. No living thing seemed to have ever haunted this melancholy waste except the withered men and women that we met, plodding, partially barefooted, the weary way, their legs and upper part of their feet covered with coarse brown stockings (*martins*), the soles bruised and bare—the same sort of people working drowsily in the small patch of poor potatoes that occasionally greets you like a benediction. Now and then we encounter groups of two or three barefooted women sitting on the naked rocks, or squatting on the roadside, knitting, and exposing their lank, measly shins to the knees. You come upon them so unexpectedly, too, that you are startled, as their scant clothing is the color of the rocks and ground, and they are as motionless as lizards, except their hands, and as quiet as mutes; or else, with faces entirely void of expression—as irresponsive as stones, you imagine—they *keen*, weird, melancholy strains, that pierce you to the soul, like the wail of lost spirits, or the blood of Abel, mournfully crying from the dust for vengeance. The bare recollection fills me even now with dismay. Then there are no horses either, the little bits of cultivated land worked entirely by women or men.

Many of the "homes" we passed suggested the wretchedness of the South, yet the people not knowing enough to be discontented. Much of the ground belongs to Lord C. He owns thousands of acres of it, as well as some much better; spent a fortune, that he brought from another country, in a vain attempt to make it habitable, planting trees that refused to grow, building school-houses, constructing drains—attempted to introduce enlightened methods; and yet his average annual income from rents, when rents were the highest, was but £1000, reduced now, in his old days, with the realization, too, of failure and no prospect of future success, to £600—all of which and more he always spent at home. Of course he lives here; where else could he live on that; and yet he is but one of many unsuccessful benefactors in Ireland who, with the reputation of "ill-gotten wealth," wrung from the shut fists of

reluctant tenants, are poor; not only poverty of pocket, which is inconvenient enough, but poverty of thanks, sympathy, society, friends.

Of all misfortunes, I can imagine none worse than that of inheriting an Irish estate. Just think of a gentleman, because unlucky enough to have "a property" in Alaska street entailed upon him, being compelled to either live in it, or be branded "thief" by a lot of adroit fellows whose tongues are their fortunes, and who have not only gained the ear of the world for their blatant confidences, but who have actually hypnotized all the politicians of America. Unless they are philanthropists, I can imagine Irish legatees therefore, like the legitimate heir in "Ruddygore," resorting to all sorts of disguises in order to escape their patrimony, allodial, and its consequent unrest.

We met a funeral on the way which was as follows: A two-wheeled dray, "chariot," O'Holleron would have called it, without springs, incrusted with the accumulated mud of ages, and drawn by a dirty white horse; the horse looking as if drawn by *Albrecht Dürer*. The back shafts of the vehicle, like a bifurcated tail, draggling in the dust. Placed diagonally on the body, between the great wheels of this primitive rig, was a coffin, covered with black cloth. On the coffin sat an old woman, barefooted, with shawl partially pulled over her uncombed head, and held at the throat by her finger and thumb, in the usual fashion. She sat at her ease on her husband's chest (no pun). On the front shaft of the chariot, her bare feet and ankles dangling about like the limbs of a royal marrionette, and decorated with the customery hieroglyphics of the fireworshipers, sat, as O'Holloren would say, "the princess Meave," her daughter, "like one well studied in a sad ostent;" her head, by way of coronet, also covered with a shawl; and peering out at us like a wild creature from beneath a thick tangle of matted hair; her back resting against the coffin, and apparently enjoying the luxury of the ride. Following were about twenty men and women, with short black pipes projecting from between shrunken lips, all of them smoking with their might. "They were people of consequence, too," the driver said, as indicated by the cloth-covered coffin; yet, anything more horrible, I never met. We learned afterwards that

the poor subject of this retinue of woe had died at the hospital, and they were taking him home to *wake* him (ditto about the pun). This is another of the anomalies of Ireland. The hospitals, poor-houses, free dispensaries, lunatic asylums, and all the multifarious charitable institutions of the Island are supported mostly by the loyal; the disloyal, almost exclusively, fill them. We passed a hamlet of six houses, containing one room each, occupied equally by cattle, chickens, ducks, geese, goats, pigs, and family. About a score of women were sitting on the *bare street* in front, knitting and cackling like hens; yet they never seem to think of making or procuring seats. This is the vogue also in some parts even of the *cities* of the South—among the extremely thriftless. Many have been "housekeeping" for years here without possessing either stool or chair; instead, a stone rolled up to the hearth for the old man; the women sit on the floor; many of the homes have neither table, bedstead, nor dish. Food consists of potatoes when times are good; Indian meal when they are not; this boiled in water with a little salt, and poured into wooden vessels—*noggins*—they eat walking around. If there are potatoes, they are either served in a basket or sieve, or poured on the floor, each helping himself, and using his thumb nail as a knife; a fistfull of coarse salt poured on a part of the floor previously blown clean, is the only sauce to this chief dish of the denizens in the wilder parts, and north or south, wherever the people are exclusively under the influence of the aboriginal *incubus* it is the same.

In such places the nearest spring, perhaps, being a mile away; when the bogs are dry, they suffer from constant thirst; the frightful prevalence of skin diseases is also, I imagine, to a great extent, due to this scarcity of water, and yet everywhere, by digging a few yards down, water can be found in abundance; nevertheless, wells are so infrequent that they are sometimes called "holy," especially if they have a bush growing near them, and are in out-of-the-way places; and it is not uncommon, in some quarters, to see the bushes growing near these "holy wells" covered with bits of rags. Investigate the cause, and you are told that the well and shrubs are under the management of the *wee folks—the gentry*—fairies; are supposed to possess powerful curative properties, and that if

the afflicted make a pilgrimage to one of them, does penance, and fastens a bit from his clothing on the bush, the malady leaves; and if patients, too ill to travel, will only send a piece from some garment that he has worn, the result may be the same; consequently, sometimes, miles from these resorts you may meet deluded sufferers traveling part of the way on their knees; sometimes large, wild looking enthusiasts they are, too, with yellow flannel coats (*wylie coats*), stout cudgels and knee breeches. As a child filled with dismay, I remember well the impression one of a band of these pilgrims made on me, as he went down Navenny lane on his knees, beating his bare breast theatrically with a stick, on his way to the holy well at Lough Derg; also, once, a gentle old man, said to be a penitent, I see him now, with his bowed head and looks of sanctity, his arms crossed on his breast like a sleeping templar, often since recurring to my imagination as if he was the original of Demonicheno's St. Anthony. When at this particular well, it was then and is still, I believe, the custom to make confession, hear mass, do penance on bare knees and be cured, this, notwithstanding the fact, according to Father Prout, that "the Papal hierarchy in this country have repeatedly discountenanced such unholy doings," in attestation of which, he continues, "witness their efforts to demolish the cavern at Lough Derg called St. Patrick's Purgatory,"* but this is a digression. However, after traveling for hours through a district like the above, during which all attempts at hilarity were a failure, at last the steeple of Pallasless Chapel appeared behind a cluster of trees; we drew a long breath, made a sudden turn in the road, when, looking up, we discovered that instead of being on the church the steeple

* For an interesting description of this at one time world famous resort, see Camden's account of it in his *Hyberniæ Descriptio* edition of 1594, p. 671, also Rev. Francis Mahony writes in a "A Plea for Pilgrimages:" "It is a singular fact, though little known, that from the visions, said to occur in this cavern and hinted abroad by the fraternity of monks, whose connection with Italy was constant and intimate, Dante took the first hint of his *Divina Commedia Il Purgatorio*. Such was the celebrity it had obtained in Spain, that the great dramatist, Calderon, made it the subject of one of his best pieces; and it was so well-known at the Court of Ferrara that Ariosto introduced it into his Orlando Furioso, Canto x, Stanza, 92."

"Quindi Ruggier, poiché de banda in banda
Vide gl' Inglesi, andò verso l'Irlanda
E vide Ibernia fabulosa dove
Il santo vecchiarel fece la cava
In che tanta mercé par che si trove
Che l'uom vi purga ogni sua colpa prava"

was built on the top of a hill! why is the spire detached from the chapel asks James, "Well, they wanted a steeple," says the driver, "and they had no money, when one of the great men, Jammey Boyle by name, said, 'there's your hill, and it is just the height of the chapel roof,' says he; 'why not build your steeple on that and save the price of the lower stories,' says he; and so the steeple was built," an unexpected illustration of consamility of thought, you observe, *Meine Liebchen*; the mind of Giotto of Florence and opportunist of Pallasless ran in the same channel. We remained in this town of about eighty houses, and which is "next in importance to Dublin," as the natives say of every village, for three mortal hours, the only shelter from the torrid heat while dinner was being prepared—there was no room in "The New York Hotel"—was under some beeches in the yard of the poor house, the only available place for waiting, where, stretched on the grass under the shadow of overhanging boughs, we waited the coming on of events; when about ready to break in two, from downright famine, a barefooted *courier* from "The New Yark" announced "the salmons are on the table, sir!" We sprang to our feet—Sam called it a "salmon leap"—and in double quick fell to, and if ever a fish was swallowed, scales, fins, bones and all, down or up to his very teeth, that was one. At five o'clock we shook the dust of the little town from our feet, and taking a new road drove through perhaps one of the most beautiful districts in Ireland, "The Finn Valley;" on our right the charming loch that gives the river its name, banked with verdant mountains, before us the winding river, lined with splendidly cultivated fields, handsome farm houses and cattle upon a thousand hills. At eleven at night, at the end of the long twilight, our little nag trotted gallantly to the door; mother and Jane as usual were waiting; shortly after, foot-sore and weary, we went to bed. Farewell.

A Scheme for the Regeneration of Ireland.

Home, June 25, 1887.

"And it falls out in this case, as the physicians say of an hectic fever, that at first it is easily cured and hard to be known; but, in process of time, not being observed or resisted in the beginning, it becomes easy to be known, but very difficult to be cured."—*The Prince.*

Nicolo Machiavelli.

The wisdom which aims at something nobler and more lasting than the kingdom of this world, may now and then find that the kingdom of the world will also fall into its lap."—*Guesses at Truth.*

Augustus and Julius Charles Hare.

The Land Bill of 1881 provided for the appointment of commissioners for the appraisement of land and fixing rents according to the value at the time. The law required the land even to be dug by the examiners, when necessary, in order to discover its true quality, such as fertility and the like, before estimating its value, the owner in no case to be consulted. This appraisement, which was to continue for fifteen years, compelled landlords to receive the rent affixed by the court, or nothing. At the end of this "valuation," there is to be another, if demanded by either party, the rents to be increased or diminished as circumstances justify. Since the enactment of the above, great reductions have been made. It has been estimated that the rental of all farms taken into the "Land Courts" have been reduced at least 25 per cent., in many cases, more. In consequence, incomes in many cases have been so much contracted that societies have been formed in England and Scotland for the assistance of landlords reduced almost to penury by the diminution of income, caused not only by the decisions of the courts, but also by the many who do not pay at all. Tenants five years in arrears are said to be common, and some have not paid a cent for even fifteen. Besides such a state of affairs as this, the dominant majority, too, giving as it does a sort of sanction to crime, if not always openly expressed, at least tacitly and implied, has resulted in completing the demoralization of much of that part of the country that I have seen, and makes the lot of a landlord, or indeed anybody but a patriot, not a happy one. When you

realize this, and also that most of the property owners of Ireland are the thrifty and enterprising *natives*, who, while their "patriotic" countrymen were spending their days in oratory, were diligently attending to their affairs, that their families might be raised above want, and be provided for in their old days, and that by the establishment of such laws, and the existence of such customs, such consummations are impossible, you can imagine the straits to which many of the best people—the people that formerly upheld the reputation of the country for hospitality—are reduced. But you must be here and see for yourself to understand fully all the indignities put into practice by the generally conscienceless multitude against this helpless minority.

In addition to this, in 1883 the franchise was so extended as to allow a vote to every adult male renting a house, or living permanently in one place. Consequently, men unable to read, and paying but four pence or six pence a week for the hovels they call home, are on an equality at the polls with the best people. What we have learned to be a mistake—universal suffrage—even with a better class of citizens, here—thanks to the statesmanship of the erratic old man—has become law. In districts, therefore, where the majority of voters are as the above, it is easy to see that the more intelligent voters are not represented at all. It is owing to this, therefore, and not because the views of the more enlightened people of Ireland are changed, that the great majority of M. P.'s are Home Rulers.

Land Leagueism is not "a religious movement in disguise" either, as some think. It is simply a fight in which the people who have something are pitted against those who have not. In questioning business men about it, north and south and of all creeds, the almost invariable answer was, "It may be good for those who have nothing to lose." Looking at it from the theological standpoint, therefore—and everything is viewed in that way in the "Emigrant Isle," you know, from the christening of a baby, all the way up to a funeral. If you wish to buy a mackerel from a fish dealer, you always inquire of somebody beforehand the name of his church, and you judge of the quality of the fish, not by the fish itself, but by the theology of the man who sold it; and so of politics, education, charity, temperance, "kraps," the sort

of ribbons you wear on your bonnet, the color you paint your house (if you paint), your diseases, the flowers you raise in your garden, your favorite bird, everything has some reference to religious belief. You will excuse me, therefore, if for the nonce I, too, adopt this national trait, and regard Home Ruleism from the standpoint of creed.

My observations in various quarters force conclusions something like the following. Most of the poor and honest Catholics, and also the disreputable, are in sympathy with it, perhaps, too, because of religious prejudices; their wealthy and cultured co-religionists, yet with many exceptions, are opposed to it; while almost all Protestants, high and low, regard it with relentless disfavor—religious prejudice also being an ingredient of their dislike.

You see, therefore, that notwithstanding the fact that bigotry is somewhat mixed up with it, nevertheless convictions in reference to Home Rule are influenced more by finances than by faith. As for me, I am weary of it, and the whole labyrinth of impenetrable mystery that envelops it about. I never think of it long without getting dizzy—like a dog running after his own tail; and yet it is not nearly so much of a disturbing element here as it is in Boston or New York. Nevertheless, if I were a saint and a millionaire, and could "speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and if I had charity and understood mysteries, and had all faith and could remove mountains," then I would become a patriot, too; and instead of agitating, and legislating, and making the devil of a fuss in general, disturbing the peace of nations and attracting the attention of the world to *myself*, I would simply go quietly to work in God's name for the political and mental redemption of my countrymen, as some Quakers and others have been doing here for years, without other reward or applause than quiet, perfect success. Have you ever noticed—*la mia cara moglie*—that success is always quiet. I would begin with soap and water, and lead to the stars; for you can do nothing in the matter of civilization anywhere without these two essentials. When I say I would *begin* with soap and water, I do not mean the water that comes through the roofs of houses or from the eyes of whining mendicants here, nor do I mean the sort of soap commonly used by orators; there is too much of

these. I mean water in a well, an abundance of it—the great lack of Ireland—at the door of every cottage; and I mean the sort of soap that would make men, women, and children clean. Then I would have a corps of teachers, who would work under the sanction of both branches of the local clergy, to give personal instruction in housekeeping, baking, cooking, sweeping, and self-respect. They would teach the people to boil potatoes, make clean butter, and take care of children, and would pay them when under tuition. They would train them to raise gooseberries, cherries, apples, pears, raspberries, and all sorts of garden stuff, and to cultivate to its utmost capacity every foot of ground. They would be taught to till the soil and produce three crops where now there is but one. The stone walls separating "farms" would be utilized to build houses, and the space they occupy would be covered with fruit-bearing shrubs. They would be instructed to lay in store for the winter; to rely on their own efforts; to die rather than receive charity; to knit stockings, mittens, shawls, and fly-nets for horses; to make toys and inlaid work with the hard wood and rich-colored marbles that abound. They would be taught to make magic-lantern slides. and trusses; to carve in ivory and wood; to stamp leather and to embroider. In mountain districts they would be trained in the care of silkworms and mulberries, bees, chickens, and eggs—that are now brought from Belgium—and, in damp regions, in the cultivation of mushrooms, ducks, geese, and the like, for the London and other markets. Everything that could be done at home, with a small capital, they would be shown how to do, from the making of toys to the weaving of tapestry. They would be instructed in domestic architecture —to build houses with chimneys, wooden floors, and real windows; to construct heneries and *byers* for domestic animals, and taught to keep them scrupulously clean. And, above all, it would be impressed upon the brethren of our commonwealth that in a neat cottage, even if it has but one room, with flowers in the windows, godliness with contentment is great gain.

Then I would have my countrymen supremely interested in some one great book or author; and since we have none of our own, except perhaps Burke, we would adopt Homer or Dante, Shakespeare, Sir Walter Scott, or the Bible. It would not

matter to us which Bible, for our plan implies the discarding of sophistry. Then every member of our community—which would include the whole army of malcontents—would be obliged to commit to memory the part about the three rings in Lessing's "Nathan, the Wise," as the sheet anchor of our liberty, until we had produced *our own* great man. Then all trouble would be at an end; for I am convinced that one Sir Walter Scott or Robert Burns, one Dickens or Dante, to unite upon, or to weld our union, and placed upon the above foundation of industry, would make permanent our peace. Then I would attempt to convert all the quacking orators into district Oberlins, without that philanthropist's microscopic inquisition into the moral details of the inhabitants, and if I failed in this —for it is very difficult to change an Irish orator into anything useful—I would engage all of them, not employed in tearing England to tatters, to convince their countrymen that they *are not the greatest people in the world.* This, I admit, would be difficult; yet it would needs be done. Conceit is the flaming sword that has prevented the entrance of improvement into this "patriot's" paradise, and would have to be "removed;" for what people can be raised who are not only far ahead of every other people already, but are even many degrees beyond perfection herself.

Besides the above, a thousand and one things could be done for Ireland that are not done, that would add to her material and moral wealth, and would do more, I seriously believe, for the establishment of her independence than all the legislating and speechmaking, and begging, and dynamite of all the political Parollës' of Christendom. What is the use of home rule, if there are no homes, and if, as Milton says, "Our country is wherever we are well off." Surely, then, Ireland would be more our country under such circumstances than under the present, where patriotism seems rather a disease, engendered by I know not what, than the inspiring feeling that ennobles the actions of the people of other lands. I go on no more excursions; I have seen enough already. I cannot even solace myself with a book, I am in such an unhappy state by what I have seen in North and South. It is hard to conceive of a people that do so little for the improvement of their circumstances as the people of this melancholy land. Con-

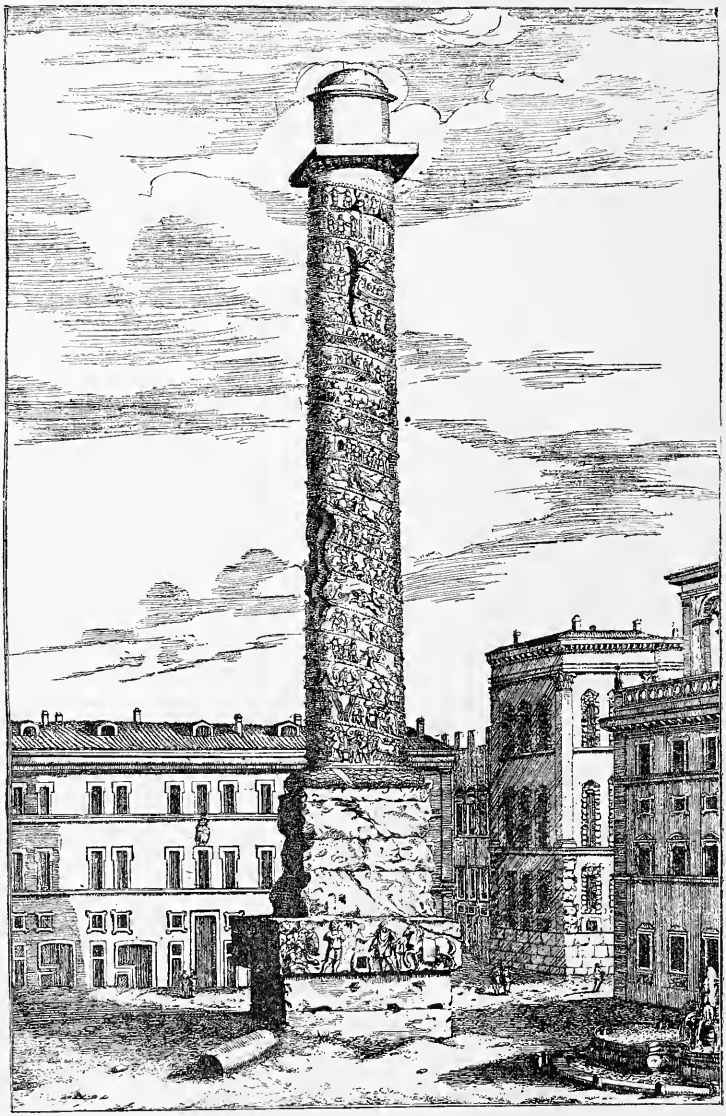
trary to expectation, there is no progress at all. Things are perhaps worse, rather than better, because the best people have gone, and are going, away. From one of "The Traditions of the Patriarchs," that I remember having read, this sentence remains: "When Abraham came to Gerah, and saw that the land was barren, and that there was not an abundance of grain," he said, "surely, the love of God is not in this place." Every new prospect of sterility and disorder, therefore, that I see, and, look where I will, I observe but little else, I am reminded of the patriarch's remark. For example: A "farmer" builds a house in the middle of his three, five, or eight-acres farm; a rood or two of potatoes around it is the extent of his labor; on this his family starves the year round: of farming, or anything else, he knows (correctly) absolutely nothing. The house where he lives is often half under ground. It is easier to dig a hole than build a wall. It will be insufficiently covered with thatch or sod; a hole in the roof is the chimney; another in the floor is the fireplace. When a fire is made, the single room, with clay floor, that constitutes a shelter equally for live stock and family, is filled with smoke. Every time it rains it puts out the fire, and it rains nine days every week; consequently they are always building fires; the orifice in the roof, like the contracted crater of a threatening volcano, constantly emitting smoke, yet not rapidly enough to prevent the house from being filled. It is because of these nearly always present clouds of smoke that all the babies and most of the old people have sore eyes; the poor children in particular, whose dirty faces, excoriated with rivulets of burning pus from inflamed lids, haunt you even in sleep.

We have seen whole settlements where every house, like this, was the sleeping place in common for family and cattle, notwithstanding the law against it; not only pigs occupying the same room with the family, rooting up the floor and sleeping under the bed, when there is a bed, but chickens, geese, ducks, goats, horses, and cows! with the man and his wife, sons and daughters, all huddled together like eels in a pot—*pigging*, they call it, in the South, and this not by squatters either, but by people whose ancestors, according to the modest assertions of our sapient antiquary, were the civilizers of Europe in the past, as their successors are of England and America in

the present. I have been in "homes" where because of the filth on the floor, stepping stones were arranged leading to the different points of interest, such as dresser, fireplace, bedstead, and door; a clean spot near the fire for the brooding family, "descendants of the Hindus," says O'Holleron; "for they sit cross-legged on the ground like Vishnu, the Brahman divinity;" and if you happened to slip from one of the stepping stones, your awkwardness is rewarded, as I have learned to my sorrow, by a coating to the ankles of foul smelling fluid, difficult to remove. I have seen in other "homes," where the possessor's live stock was confined to fowl, thick stone walls, about five feet high, built partially across the only room, that without this was too small, as a roosting place for the egg makers of the family, and which also roosted on the few articles of furniture around—tops of the dresser and bedstead, and backs of chairs; the damp part of the room occupied by ducks and geese; this in places where stone encumbers the ground, and plenty of ground untilled, too, where houses might be built apart for these friends of humanity. A gentleman, whose word is law, told me lately that he visited a little hamlet, every house of which was roofless; a few boards arranged over each bed "to keep af the draps." This, incredible as it seems, I can readily believe now, because of what already observed. I have also seen dwellings, *some of recent build, too*, entirely without windows, the only light coming through the "chimneys" and the doors; the doors divided into upper and lower halves. The lower half closed during the day, perhaps, to keep the pigs out for an airing, or to keep a sick cow or a sick baby in; the upper section open to let in the light. A common sight, therefore, as you go through the country, is the head and neck of a cow projecting over the half door of a kitchen or parlor, and looking placidly up and down the road as if expecting a call from a friend; and just beneath it, as if hooked on the half door by their noses, a row of bright, but, alas! inflamed eyes, from under a tangle of thick hair, peering wistfully at you as you pass, while across the road a group of villainous looking vagabonds, ready for any kind of rascality, are lying on the grass smoking; and over in the bog, a company of bare-legged women, their mothers and wives—sisters absent in America—with kerchiefed heads, cutting peat. We

have seen houses also, where, instead of thatch, the roofs were of turf, built over the rafters in form of a pyramid.

O'Holleron, as usual, brought his antiquarian lore to bear on this custom, and found in it proof of the aborigines having been Egyptians. It would seem, from the amiable conclusions of my learned friend, as if all the great peoples of antiquity had contributed their very best material for the make-up of the present and past of Ireland. "Yet I am not aware that the Pharaohs built *their* pyramids on the tops of their houses," Dripps ventured to oppose to his confidence. "Yes, but they did build their pyramids on the tops of their houses," he replied, with scholarly zeal; "and when governments are liberal and enterprising enough to investigate in the desert the foundations of those old tombs of the teträrchs, you will find that they are built as the Irish are—over their homes." "Well, at least they did not use them for fuel," I said. "I will admit it," he answered, triumphantly; "that honor was reserved for the Emerald Isle." However, as cold increases, the turf is removed from the roof to the fire, and if winter begins early or is unusually severe, the whole covering is burned off the house, the occupants exposed to the elements before winter is over. Then, "The landlord, bad luck to him, did it all." It is a common sight to see cart-houses with roofs made in this manner, the house barely large enough to take in the body of the cart, the shafts sticking out like the legs of some monster who had run, like an ostrich, until he found a covering for his head, while his poor extremities, instead of being measled like the pyrolatrous daughters of Hulda here, are worm-eaten, corroded, and rusted by wind and rain. Until recently I have been of the opinion that a love of the beautiful was *the* ever-existent quality of humanity, being present not only in the mentally undeveloped, but also in the mentally wrecked, as well, but am convinced now that I was wrong, as I have passed through districts in which there was not the slightest attempt at the beautification of anything; districts without ornamentation of mind, body, or estate. You remember, Tristram Shandy suffered the hourly annoyance of a creaking hinge for a year, before resorting to the *quietus* of a drop of oil. Here hinges creak until devoured by rust; the doors hang on one hinge until they also succumb to the inevitable, when they are used, perhaps, as a bridge



COLUMN OF ANTONINUS.

for spanning the space between midden and door, or to stop "lakes" in the roof. I am talking of literal facts. I could not understand for some time the predilection for hanging doors on one hinge, as observed in the regions around Cork—thought it was done by deliberation. I had invented various theories on the subject. It permitted the door to be converted into a sort of shed or awning. It enabled the domestic pig to enter without resorting to the use of the latch. It permitted free ventilation without the necessity for taking off the roof. Then I thought of there being luck in odd numbers, and that consequently one was better than two. These and many other theories were advanced, only to be rejected as inadequate. At length I consulted O'Holleron; he knows, if anybody does; but, unfortunately, like all antiquarians, he resorts to his specialty for an explanation of everything. Consequently, he began to talk about the doors in the round towers of Yucatan, mere square openings at the base, he said; other towers in Phœnicia, where the doorless apertures were at the top. Then he talked of the wicker houses from the *Column of Antoninus*.

Oh! this Column of Antoninus, I thought, dreading what was to come; if the gods would only make mill-stones of it to grind antiquarians exceedingly small, how much better would be its last use than was its first; but they won't. O'Holleron had been using this storied shaft to fill up every gap and crevice in his theories ever since we had met in Queenstown; just as his towns-women employ old hats and the like for window panes; I was tired of it, yet here he was rolling it in again. "The wicker houses on this everlasting column," he continues, "unlike the above, had doors, but no hinges, which brings us to the doors of Kerry and Cork, that have *one*; a decided improvement you will admit; for, if one loaf is better than no bread, then by the same token one hinge is better than no hinge." I knew Erin was going to come out ahead, for things that only present the merest imperceptibility of a bud in other countries, always blossom into perfection in Ireland; but yet, not satisfied, I decided to investigate for myself and discovered, as you may have suspected, that they were all due to a sort of retrograde evolution of the method of Tristram Shandy, the drop of oil not forthcoming, the hinge

rebelled, struck; this so common that it might be thought the deliberate, instead of the accidental mode. There is but little attempt at the ornamentation of anything; no mending of broken doors; no removing of the objectionable; no effort to make the best, even in theory, of what they have; no attempt to combine beauty with utility; you *never* see a flower in a pot or box in a *cabin* window, nor in the open air around; what in other countries is a flower garden, in Ireland is a *midden*, viz., a manure pile, which with the "well-to-do" in some parts stretches the whole length of the house, leaving but a narrow avenue, a sort of waterless Styx, separating two evil places, between, this usually covered with straw until reeking with decay, when another layer is put on top. It is common to see stones placed in this putrifying mass, to enable the occupants of the house to enter dry shod; the idea of removing all this filth is as foreign to their thoughts as Hebrew is. You never see a patched garment, a darned stocking, nor anything mended; you rarely see stockings at all in the wilder country places; they sometimes wear stocking legs, with elongations in front, stretching over, like uppers, searching for their lost soles—*martins*, they call them—and when these primitive coverings for the instep are twisted around, as they usually are, the string fastening them to the great toe, breaking in the beginning of their career, they look oddly enough, flapping up and down as if going to fly, "An evolution from the winged feet of pinioned Mercury," says our unctuous antiquary, always awake for a classic resemblance, when he first observed these curious appendages, "and if I mistake not," he adds: "some of the more heroic figures on the Column of Antoninus, wore the same, at least the legs, the tarsal supplements being the improvement of ingenious Erin, never satisfied but with the best;" besides the above prodromata of civilization, conspicuous here by their absence, it is also true that you never see a woman sewing, washing, scrubbing, sweeping, except with a shovel or *grape*, that is, a pitchfork with four or five prongs. Never sewing on buttons—which indeed would be a work of supererogation, as many of the farmers never take the trouble to use them—or attending to any of those domestic duties that women in other lands are alleged to be skilled in, although we have seen them carrying manure to the fields in creels on their

backs, and once we actually saw a woman combing a child's head; she was on the inside; holding the child over the half door she combed at arms length, from her, into the mud on the outside; between Bantry and Glen Gariff it was that we saw this philanthropist at work. We have been in houses in which families have been raised that have never known the use of a chair, dish or stool; pigs under the only bed, a cow and calf in one corner, goats in another; chickens, ducks and geese everywhere; and from the cow and goat quarter an odor of fetid fermentation that the occupants call "a warm smell," and yet here families are being, and have been, raised until large enough to be shipped to America or Scotland, England or Wales, except the diseased, which are not allowed to leave, at least for America, our Emigration Commissioners preventing that. It is because of the admirable way these officers perform their duties that the notion is prevalent in the "States" that the Irish are a vigorous race, whereas, the truth is, they are only prolific; with such large families they can afford to lose the weaklings, as they do, the strongest only attaining vigorous manhood. I think it was Malthus that made the assertion that fecundity was in proportion to famine; you see it verified here.

In reference to physical force the facts are about as follows: The average family consisting perhaps of eight children, three are dead, one or two are disabled, deformed, or the like, and the remainder, most vigorous when born, remain so, a couple emigrating to America, the balance staying at home, perhaps, because not allowed to leave; consequently, we seeing only the best, physically, believe all are like unto these and are not aware of our error until convinced by a trip. I have traveled as you know in South America, in the West Indies, and have been in many States at home, especially the negro States of the South, and yet I have never seen people so imperfect physically as here—so many with club feet, bent bones, rickets, all sorts of curvatures of the spine, broken backed, limbs twisted like ropes, undeveloped people, scrofulous, with great clusters of suppurating cervical glands or the scars of such. I have never seen so many idiots, people with epilepsy, imbeciles, lunatics and deformed, and have never seen such a large percentage of people with inflamed eyes. In some districts until

nine or ten o'clock in the morning the young and old are as blind as puppies, the eyelids glued together with solidified pus, remaining adherent until the accumulated matter, by its very quantity, bursts open the lids, permitting them to see, and escapes, inflaming by its virulency the parts of the face over which it runs. Please excuse the pathological particularity of the above paragraph. Its truthfulness is its greatest fault; and as for cutaneous affections, such as scabies, eczema, psoriasis, pemphigus, *favus capitas et corporis* phthiriasis, lupus—their name is legion, and children and adults are encrusted with these so frequently that you are constantly meeting them in some form; and as for vermin, you can imagine that where people but seldom comb either their own hair or their children, where the common condition of what Solomon calls "the crowning glory of woman," is alive, and where the unconscious scratching gesture a la Dublin, Kerry, and Cork—*grousing* they call it, with characteristic aptness, which I supposed was due to embarrassment, is really induced by *too* much life—you can imagine, therefore, how an inexperienced person feels, a foreigner I trust, passing through a town or part of a city not touched by civilization, such as some parts of Dublin and Cork, and some districts of the south and extreme north. The people generally have complexions the color of linen dusters. In addition to these facts another remains, namely: In every considerable town the building of chief attraction is the lunatic asylum, accent on the second syllable. It is always filled, and yet there are enough mad men still—amateurs and professionals, running at large through the country—to strike terror to the heart of a wooden Indian. I have never seen such impenetrable ignorance and such faultless oratory and so many schools as here; any collarless young fellow that you may pick up in the larger towns will jump on the head of a barrel, and if he doesn't fall through, will convince you in five minutes that England is the mother of lies, the friend of publicans and sinners, the corrupter of the universe, the tyrant that conquers to destroy; but down-trodden Erin, the singer of the nations, the elevator of humanity, the syrup in the soda water of effervescing charity, although at present flat, will soon, like the phœnix, arise from the smouldering ashes of her present

and soar into the empyrean. If she would only never come back, you say. Seriously, there is a lamentable ignorance in reference to subjects of general utility, things that maketh for peace, and an intelligence on some subjects—distilling and political affairs for example, that surprises. "English history," that is to say every thing that England has done that she is ashamed of, they have at their finger ends; to be sure they get somewhat mixed in dates occasionally. Actions committed centuries ago, before the Reformation, they talk of as if done yesterday; the telescope is preferred to the mantle of charity. In reference to fermentation they know how to convert everything into *poteen*, and, although the illicit distillation law is strenuously enforced, yet you can scarcely enter a country house by a road side that has not its crock of contraband whiskey, which they are indeed ready enough to transmute into the coin of the realm again. There are no societies for the discussion of social, domestic, literary, scientific, or religious subjects; moral stagnation seems to have enveloped them like a pall, and *this*, as far as I, a native of Ireland understand it, *is Ireland;* when there is anything better than this it is either due to the inculcation of English or Scotch methods, or the introduction of foreign ways; and yet Ireland, paying the least into the Imperial Exchequer, receives the most; Government money given her for public purposes is much more than either her population or her payment in taxes entitle her to receive. For the past thirty years each man in England and Wales paid in taxes per annum £2.5.0; each man in Scotland £2.7.1 per annum, while Ireland has only paid £1.2 2; this chiefly by the loyal, too; hardly enough you would judge to support the poor-houses, lunatic asylums, jails and schools—the people that make all the fuss paying the least. The fact is, there is hardly a good thing in Ireland but what England or Scotland or their descendants, or the descendants of other foreign people put there. Even the education that so many Irishmen use to traduce England is her free gift.

The people of Ireland, in either north or south, that are under English influence, are equal in civilization to any people on the earth, and the people in Ireland that are *not at all* under English influence are sunk lower than the imagination

can conceive. It has nothing to do with religion, only with civilization, and they are not civilized only as England has done it. No country ever has, or ever will, or ever can, do as much for Ireland as England and Scotland has, and the success of her future will be in proportion with the closeness and friendliness of her union with these two. The distinction therefore is not geographical, as is sometimes said—the north being all that is good, the south all that is bad. For you might be as ignorant of geography as Kit Marlow or Æschylus was, and yet, wherever you are here, you find good people and bad; the good are so because of English, or other foreign, influence, immediate or remote; the bad are the people that have degenerated from the old pagan or early Christian ways, and that, either from a lack of capacity or national antagonism, or both, have refused to fall into the line of enlightenment. This is true also of the best of the Home Rulers—men who are English in everything but birth and predilections. There are some exceptions to the above, of course, but this, as far as I have seen, is the rule; it is true also of the mountaineers and of most of the people in the *Irish* towns, for there are English and Scotch towns in Ireland which, as I have said, compare favorably, as our town does, with any American settlement of the same size; besides, the better parts of Cork and Dublin are English. If dropped into these you would not think you were in Ireland at all, as order, cleanliness, sobriety, flowers, books, music, contentment, industry, and self-respect prevail. In these districts you find a class of people, thanks to English methods, and especially English books, that would be an honor to any country, for, after all, it is the Hunts and Lambs, Scotts, Thackerays and Shakespeare, Addison, Tennyson, Emerson, Holmes, Dickens, Ruskin, Browning, Hawthorn, Eliot, and the like, occasionally supplemented with the refinement of France, that makes them what they are: that is, as near what they ought to be as men can. But I am weary, and so are you; and mother, who has been sitting by me, with her usual amiability and patience, is also. And as the mess of trout, received as a gift from Sam's man this morning, is already cooked and served, and none of the others wishing to eat the "wee things" (they prefer whales), I cease, in deference to my company and the pretty kettle of fish inviting me to come and eat them, and say good-bye.

HOME, June 27, 1887.

"Yes—we had nights of that communion free,
That flow of heart, which I had known with thee
So oft, so warmly; nights of mirth and mind,
Of whims that taught, and follies that refined."—TOM MOORE.

"Poscia ch' a te lavor de' miei primi anni,
Accio c' habbia nel duol qualche ristoro,
Mi chiaman nell' etá grave gli affani."
GIOVAMBATTISTA GIRALDI CINTHIO.

THE time for me to remain is so short that I have decided to give it all to mother. This morning we spent roaming through the fields. I am more proud of her splendid qualities than ever. She talks much about you and the children, and more than once has expressed a longing to meet in the flesh. I feel as if I was only getting acquainted with her; when I left her I knew only of her love; her letters told me of her comprehensiveness and sympathy; now I am learning of her impressive and penetrating personality, her righteousness, fidelity, courage, faith. To these more stable qualities she has added the "whatsoever things are lovely" of the apostle—the Christian graces that make her—my mother. Even when silent—sitting motionless in a chair (which is not often), with the repose and dignity of a goddess, she teaches, —reminds me of a gothic tower, rooted in the earth, pointing toward Heaven, and ornamented with everything that delights.

A number of neighbors having called, we spent the evening in listening to stories. I told of O'Holleron, and of the way he introduced a lot of us to a friend—a barber. My last morning in Cork, needing to be shaved, and my razor ruined by the ravages of the salt sea *et al.*, I decided to consult a barber. It was nine o'clock when O'Holleron and I came to his closed door and shuttered window, and found two applicants impatiently waiting. They had been knocking a long time; wanted to make an *early* train! I succeeded them until tired. Presently another customer arrived, quite fresh, and he gave the door a pounding that would have almost waked the dead—certainly Macbeth's porter. "Murphy's a brisk fellow, and will be here soon," says O'Holleron. "He's the finest shaver

of the nation, and uses everything of the best. It will pay you to wait, gentlemen. He's a Galway man, but has been in Cork since Parnell took the leadership." Just then we heard a scuffling inside, and a chair or something heavy, being rasped over the floor to the door. "That's he—I know the stamp of his club foot; and that's the shaving chair," says O'Holleron, who could no more stop talking then, than at a proscribed meeting, he could have ceased hurrahing for O'Brien. Then there was a thumping on the transom over the door. It flew open, and a red head was thrust partially out. "That's he," says our friend, as he caught a glimpse of the strawberry crown. "That's he; his mother was an O'Neil, gentlemen—a descendant of the Red Hugh O'Neil that defeated the English at the Blackwater." Presently the owner of the auburn locks—he had turned his head sideways to get it through the narrow opening—moved it slowly around, looked down, and said, "What's the matter, gentlemen—what's the matter—waking a man *up* in the clouds of the night!" It was then half-past nine in the morning. "We want to be shaved—have to make an early train," says the first two, in concert. "An early train? Is the world coming to an end that you won't sleep yourself nor allow others that blessed privilege! How many are there of yees?" "Five." "Not enough; Oi'll wait until you'r eight;" and he began to withdraw. In the act of retreating into the privacy of his atelier, O'Holleron shouted, "Fitz! Fitz! let the gentlemen in; they are friends of mine." Fitz twisted his head around and looked down. "Oh! Sylvester, is it you?" "It is;" and with Fitz's red head craned through the transom, like a turtle's protruding from its shell, Sylvester introduced us—me in particular—as his American friend. "Gentlemen, my friend Fitzmaurice Geraldine Murphy. He unites in himself the names of three of the great Irish houses, although the first two were originally Frinch." "He's a United Irishman," says Dripps. The Murphy nodded proudly, as well as his constricted position would permit; said he was delighted to meet us this beautiful morning. "Cark has glorious skies, gentlemen; they are well worth getting up to look at before disfigured by the smoke. But, talking of smoke, did you see the illumination on Saturday night in honor of the return on of O'Brien? The world has

never produced its equal; every hilltop on the coast was decorated with a blazing barrel. It was a glorious sight—a great day for the oppressed;" then he added, only with less pride, "I am sorry, gentlemen, that you find my head thus on the *threshel*—if the door was upside down; but the truth is (here he lowered his voice until almost inaudible) I have so many friends—they call at all hours of the night, and won't be resisted; and in order to get to bed at all like a Christian, I have my kinsman Desmond, the policeman from the Patrick Street beat, to lock me in at one o'clock every night, and let me out at ten in the morning. Sylvester, will you go around for the key, and I'll come down. Good-morning, gentlemen."

The head was drawn in, leaving a bewildered quartette, smothering with suppressed laughter, waiting for the return of our Peter, *pro tem.* I think it was while thus waiting that my conversion from Home-ruleism, begun by the sights in and around "Carporation Market" on Saturday night, continued by the experiences of Sunday, was consummated; the third state, consummation, being completed as O'Holleron came back keyless, because Desmond had gone off with an arrest. An "O'Brien patriot" had been celebrating too boisterously the home-coming of his hero, and he could not return until the tyrant-government had locked him up. When we heard this we came away irritated, yet laughing, leaving poor Murphy in *duress.* The unabashed O'Holleron said he was sorry for the mishap, as Murphy was the best shaver in Ireland, and he wanted us to know, if only for once, what good shaving meant.

James told of a Connaught man who once drove him to Dunloe. He asked, "How far are we from Dunloe now, Mickey?" "We are just a mile and a *phile*, sir." "How much is a mile, Mickey?" "Oh! it's as much as you please, sir; sometimes more, sometimes less." He also told of another man (this cribbed from Carleton, I suspect) who had attained to the luxury of a pin for the collar of his shirt. When, in dressing after a fight, he came to the pin, he would say, "Heaven forgive me for my extravagance! My father—God rest him—never used a pin. If it's a sin, Lord, let it fall on my wife." By the relation of such as these, most of them inimitable, the evening fled like a bird until the wee hours, when we retired to laugh. Good-night.

HOME, June 28.

"Mr. William Livesey, of Poulton-le-Fylde, has collected some very impressive facts on the drinking propensities of Ireland. The quantity of drink consumed in the country is alarmingly increasing. In 1886 there were 4,754,470 gallons of spirits, and 76,565,052 gallons of beer, valued at £10,497,048. For 1887 the figures are 4,954,428 gallons of spirits, and 81,162,144 gallons of beer, the cost being £11,041,588. The increase in the quantity of spirits is 199,958 gallons, and of beer 4,597,092 gallons, and the cost is increased by £544,040. Now, bearing in mind there are 146,797 fewer people than in 1886, Mr. Livesey contends that Ireland cannot be otherwise than poor, with a drink bill of this magnitude."

"All the crimes on earth do not destroy so many of the human race, nor alienate so much property as drunkenness."

LORD BACON.

"Intemperance is a great decayer of beauty." JUNIUS.

"There is not only disgrace and dishoner in that, Monster, but an infinite loss."—*Stephano to Caliban*—"*The Tempest.*"

YOU ask me about the drinking habit in Ireland. If anybody else had mentioned it I should have remained silent, but who can be mute to the interrogations of an interested wife? I have decided, therefore, to remain at home to-day and devote it entirely to mother and you. It has been said, "whiskey is the curse of Ireland," just as we say of certain people "they have been ruined by rum;" whereas, the facts often are, that people have ruined themselves; then they drink to forget it, and we seeing only the ultimate result, say "strong drink is a destroyer," although *they* were really destroyed before they began. Surely, it is no sin to take a social glass, may be said; if so, Christ was a sinner, who not only drank himself, but even performed his first miracle for the purpose of prolonging a convivial feast—the marriage in Cana of Galilee—when he converted water into wine (the claim of some that this was only the unfermented juice of the grape is too shallow for refutation); besides, was it not the devout Jeremy Taylor, "the Shakespeare of the pulpit," who, in "Holy Living and Dying" said, among other things, in proof of the divine origin of our faith and its superiority over other religions, that "Christianity permits and encourages its adherents to drink wine—Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Par-

seeism, forbid it." And did not Paul also recommend wine to his disciple Timothy? And did not good Martin Luther, author of the Constitution of the United States, and the most complete man that Heaven ever made, write a stanza in praise of it? And did not David eulogize it? And was it not indulged in by the church fathers? And has not its praises been proclaimed by sage and bard, and approved of by Popes? Nevertheless, "wine *is* a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

In this "country of saints and sages" the drinking of whiskey seems to be almost universal, for from the moment that we landed at Queenstown until the day, two weeks after, when we reached the extreme northern border of Donegal, having traversed the island, going through the better parts of the south, crossing the mountains of Kerry, passing through Munster to Leinster on to Donegal—we did not see the worst part of Ireland—Connaught; in every city, town and hamlet the victims of intemperance presented an appearance, in numbers and depravity, appalling in the extreme. In Cork, the city where forty years ago Father Mathew began the temperance crusade, which not only did so much for Ireland, but threatened at one time to deluge the whole English speaking world—with water, you can now, in broad day light, see dozens of half clad men and women in all stages of intoxication and rags, scolding in the market places, and reeling through the principal streets drunk, with no one apparently shocked or surprised. In an hour's walk in one of the chief promenades on a Sunday afternoon, we counted eleven drunken men and ten uncombed women, exceedingly boisterous and belligerent from the "genuine Irish whiskey," of which they are so extravagantly proud. These, with the usual accompaniment of ragged children, little creatures as innocent of soap, water, and comb as Hottentots, made an impression not soon to be forgotten. The strangest feature to an American of these frequent illustrations of the curse of drink in Ireland, is the number of elegant looking ladies and gentlemen that will pass them by, without exhibiting the slightest antipathy or surprise. This is in the best parts of the city; the sights in the poorer places are simply frightful. While travelling through the country we observed less of the vice,

because there were fewer people; but when we did come to a cluster of hovels by the roadside, the inhabitants would rush out with bottles and tin cups, clamorous for us to "take a sup of mountain dew and goat's milk," many of them so persistent that almost nothing short of beating or throwing them the expectant sixpence could drive away. All of them barefooted, all ragged and unable to read, but not one, so far as we could discover, but that knew how to make their favorite beverage from potatoes, barley, wheat, oats, or whatever came to hand, so that in this way much of the food of the country is converted into spirits, and the grain that should be transubstantiated into porridge and bread is illicitly distilled into rum. Nearly all places of especial interest, also, such as the Gap of Dunloe, the Lakes of Killarney, etc., are made extremely objectionable by the number of dreadful men and women—especially women—uncombed, barefooted females with brazen faces, their only stock in trade being two bottles and a tin cup, who in their eagerness to get you to patronize them offer every inducement, and exhibit cheek enough to make their fortunes as politicians in Boston or New York.

Glen Gariff and the Giant's Causeway are the only places that we visited that are free from these furies; but *they* are under the control of the descendants of an alien race. Dublin, if anything, is worse than Cork. In the capital of the South I once saw a drunken pair, man and wife, keeping themselves from falling by leaning against the Father Mathew Monument on St. Patrick street; but in Dublin, around the bases of the statues—Tom Moore, Smith O'Brien, and Grattan being preferred—even when only partially conscious, as I have noticed, political preferences are exhibited—you can always find a large assortment of both sexes of the worshipers of John Barleycorn, presenting a weary monotony of rags and rascality, sleeping off their debauches, and seeming to be as carefully protected during these fits of somnolency as if they were persons of especial sanctity—the city's favorite wards. As I said, the steps of the Tom Moore and Grattan monuments, near O'Connell bridge, seem to be the favorite roosting places for these strange fowl. Of the smaller and poorer streets you will have to imagine what phases of iniquity—most of them, as we are in the habit of saying, having their origin in drink—are to be

found there; but the impression of the sights of these places, so numerous in Dublin, is so horribly distinct even now that I do not wish to make it more indelible by repetition. Belfast is better than the southern cities, but even there intemperance is frequent. Londonderry is also liberal in the matter of drink; but these two places differ from the cities above mentioned in this, that you have to go to the low quarters of the town to see it. Drunkards are an isolated class, and the wretched creatures feel some necessity for crawling into obscure and unfrequented corners—out of sight—where respectability but rarely enters. The strangest thing about this strange country is, that the smaller towns are usually worse than the cities. In talking of countries we often hear it said—"The towns and rural places are comparatively exempt from drink and sin. If you want to see vice rampant you must go to the large cities," but this cannot be said of the Emerald Isle, as it is perhaps more of the country places that you feel like saying: "God! what base ignoble faces; God! what bodies wanting souls."

We passed through hamlets of from ten to twenty houses, the people half-clad, with absolutely no furniture in the one room that constitutes their home, but a bed, and a pot for boiling potatoes or mush; sometimes not even a bed in a room where generations have been born. Yet every house contained the inevitable bottle or crock with the fluid that serves them both for meat and drink. Many houses contain not a drop of water, with the spring a mile away, as we often discovered to our sorrow, but all having the "drop of the creature" that makes the inhabitants so indifferent to the necessities of life that rather than dig a well they will travel a mile to a spring; so that even in these out-of-the-way places old and young are under the influence of whiskey or tobacco, or both. Women, as men, especially in these country districts, smoke black, foul-smelling pipes, the bowl generally held a little to one side; most of them with blistered lips (*incipient epithelioma*), due to the hot shank, and all of them as pallid as the plague, as wrinkled as antiquity. Odd figures enough they make against the sombre background of windowless and flowerless cabins. They are usually barefooted and uncombed; skirts short enough to exhibit their shins; their left arm, at an angle across the

waist, serves as a rest for the right elbow, the right hand supporting the bowl of the pipe; shrivelled lips contracted around the stem, and cheeks indented in an effort to draw. In this way they stand motionless, staring at you like Dodos, or, as classic O'Holleron says, "for all the world like Caryatides, that had just stepped from the pediments of Greek temples to rest." There seems to be no intellectual life at all; no conversation, except to quarrel; no books, papers, or flowers; as indolent and as uninterested in duty as the deities of Epicurus, but without any of their attractions; no care for children; no soap, that great civilizer; no domestic life. Many of the houses are without seats, except in some cases a couple of stones that have been rolled in from the roadside when the house was built, or, during the exuberance of the honeymoon, as a bit of extravagance indulged in by the newly-married man for his bride. Not the slightest attention is given to the training of children. Some of the best, physically, are shipped to America as fast as they grow up, the weakest remaining at home; intermediates going to Scotland, England, and Wales, chiefly during the harvest, to return in the winter if not overcome by drink; if so, remaining in these countries, usually in the manufacturing towns, where they huddle together in districts that seem to be exclusively their own, and where without the necessary five years' residence, thanks to the extension of the franchise, they send Irish Home Rule representatives to Parliament from these English, Scotch and, I think, even Welsh towns. You can imagine, therefore, that Ireland is not a very promising field for the establishment of temperance. Yet temperance people are active even here, and in almost every town you may find a faithful band striving to stem this tide of iniquity, with what obstructions to prevent their progress you can imagine. We stopped for a number of days in a village of four hundred and eighty inhabitants, with twenty-seven taverns by actual count, yet having an active Temperance Society, where the members instruct the children of the town and surrounding country according to the English method (adopted largely by our temperance workers now), in the ethics, and chemistry, physiological and moral effects of alcohol; but since in this exceedingly *irreligious* land—another anomaly—almost every question becomes a *theological* one, the people

who attempt to unite such incompatible fluids as goat's milk and whiskey will *not* unite in any good work because of unimportant theological differences. Ireland is a country of contrasts.

"When it is good it is very good indeed,
But when it is bad it is horrid."

This is in no way better illustrated than in the difference between its teetotal towns, its Scotch-Irish, its English-Irish, and its *distinctively* Irish towns, or, in other words, Scotland and England in Ireland is a very different thing from the Ireland that I have been attempting to give you a few guarded glimpses of, being as careful as the truth will admit to not shock your sensibilities too much. Take this bit of teetotalism for example, one of a few specimens that I saw: A town made up of the employés of a large mill, owned by a company of Irish Quakers, which has left such a pleasing impression, and yet which has only helped to incense me more with the unfortunate contrasts mentioned above. In this little town we found clean streets, well-clad children, men neatly dressed, respectful without obsequiousness, something not common in Ireland; women modest, devoted to their families, intelligent and clean; a well-patronized library, a hall where lectures were delivered on such subjects as chemistry, astronomy, botany, literature, history, etc.; houses mostly uniform in shape and size but ablaze with flowers—in every window, boxes of mignonette, cowslips, geraniums, etc.; with the odd corners of streets and scraps of soil around the handsome railroad station cultivated with the greatest care and brilliant with every variety of flower and shrub, the projectors of the towns, after the English method, giving prizes for the best specimens of each. This, as compared with the whiskey-drinking hamlets, with their straggling avenues of mud and flowerless haunts of men, frowsy women, neglected children, hopeless depravity and ignorance is, indeed, the difference between "Sloughs of Despond" and "Delectable Mountains." And I am sure that you can find no such convincing proofs anywhere of the beneficence of civilization and teetotalism than such examples as these. Notwithstanding what I have said above, there are here and there, scattered over the island, but especially in some of the northern counties, many towns that in the beauty and order

of their arrangement and situation, and in the intelligence and refinement of their inhabitants, are equal to what can be found in any country, even our own. I am simply writing what I have seen without, as much as I can, any feeling but a desire to tell the truth. Of course, you know that there is also a very broad remnant of Irish people that, whether at home or abroad, are the very best illustrations of that temperance, combined with sympathy and intelligence, which softens rocks and subdues all hearts. Farewell.

HOME, MOTHER'S ROOM, June 29, 1887.

Ἠῶς τ' ἄρ ἕοι τάδε ἔργα : τί ῥέξομεν Εὐρύπυλ' ἥρως ;
ἔρχομαι, ὄφρ' Ἀχιλῆϊ δαίφρονί μῖθον ἐνίσπω,
ὃν Νέστωρ ἐπετελλε Γερήνιος, ὄυρος Ἀχαιῶν·
ἀλλ ὀυδ ὣς περ σεῖο μεϋθήσῳ τειρομένοιο.

IL. xi, 837.

"Let us offer sweet incense to the devil, and live at ease on the fat things *he* has provided for the elect."

SARTOR RESARTUS.

How often we are disappointed with the changes produced by time. When I left home, nearly a quarter of a century ago, the town was the centre of the universe; everything great, including a great brass band, of which I was a member, was here. The streets were the finest, the houses the handsomest, the people the kindest and brightest that ever breathed. The winding river filled the imagination with thoughts of beauty; the fields were the greenest and the skies a never ending delight. Oh! the gleam, too, of the tremulous daffodils, nodding their yellow heads to the sun; the peeping primrose; the song of the thrush; the twittering of the summer swallows from their clustered colony under the eaves; the nest of the hedge-sparrow, with its five eggs of baby blue. Has the earth ever afforded another delight equal to that of finding one of these? Where, too, in this wide world were there such places for birds-nesting, swimming, fishing, and hunting as in this happy valley? But how different now. The broad avenues are contracted into the narrowness of ordinary streets; houses are diminished and sadly in need of repairs; the old standard inhabitants

have dwindled into the grave; their families dispersed; their places mostly taken by strangers; the fields, instead of being ever green, are faded and parched; the birds have fled; old companions are no more. The summit of the loftiest hill is hardly as high as a house—everything is on a lower plane. I can walk through the impenetrable woods, and in fifteen minutes come out at the other end. I can wade across the river; and the band—even its glory, like most of its members, is departed; nevertheless, Lorohama is still a place of kind hearts and true; and there are sad histories, too, concealed behind many a smiling face.

In strolling around old haunts lately, I nearly tumbled over a young fellow, like a dryad, sitting on the grass and leaning against a tree; a boy of about sixteen, dressed in that sort of sleeved waistcoat of moleskin, and trousers of corduroy, that chameleon-like, changes to the color of the thing it touches. I would have passed without further notice, but that the leaves of a book he was reading fluttered in the breeze. A boy reading a book! You can't imagine how startled I was by the pleasant apparition. The rustling of printed pages is the most suggestive of sounds; and everything readable, from Mother Goose to the Pandects of Justinian, and all between, are objects of my reverence and esteem. And I had been so disappointed because of the absence of reading matter in the places through which I had passed, that the books at home and the few readers of books in Lorohama, had pleased me as botanists are said to be pleased when finding flowers in a desert. But to meet thus, unexpectedly, a lad so absorbed in reading as to be oblivious of all else, was indeed a surprise worthy of record, even if the book had been an ordinary one, as it was not, or an English book, as it was not; but Greek, as it certainly was, and of all Greek books the one you would least expect, "The Odes and Fragments of Anacreon," printed in Leipsic, with long, wailing, yet elucidating comments, also in Greek, by Herr Wilhelm Börne. And which reminds me that, when leaving Philadelphia, I had hoped to be able to make a collection of Irish authors, if possible, printed in their native towns; if not, at least bought there as a memorial of my travels; but so far had been sadly disappointed.

Dr. John Anster, the first translator of Faust into English,

was a native of Cork. I had intended, therefore, procuring this book there, if possible; also, Mahoney's "Relics of Father Prout," "The Collegians," "Holland-tide," or something else, by Gerald Griffin, who ended his too short life in a religious brotherhood in Cork; but I failed. Crocker's "Songs of Ireland" and "Songs Illustrative of the French Invasion of Ireland," were also to be purchased in Cork; besides what I could find by "Sir Morgan O'Dougherty," (Maginn) of Frazer's and Blackwood's Magazines, who was also a native of the "Capitol of the South," and the original, perhaps, of that Capt. Shandon in *Pendennis*, who so extensively peppered his sentences with learned extracts from "Burton's Anatomy." But in vain; I found neither these, nor even a scrap by James Sheridan Knowles, nor Banim, Carlton, nor T. C. Grattan, all born within the sound of Shandon Bells. A few denominational books, such as "The Lives of the Saints," fat and flabby, as if like Aaron's serpent they had swallowed the rest, was all that I could procure. Nor was fortune more favorable in Dublin, for although I visited the bookshops of Sackville street and a few smaller places, yet I was unable to find anything by even Goldsmith, Burke, Swift, or Congreve, the most witty and least amusing of dramatists, who, like Swift, was educated at Kilkenny and Trinity. Nor could I find a line, strange as it may seem, by Robert Boyle, the creator of the Boyle Lectures, and the son of that Earl of Cork whose parti-colored tomb in St. Patrick's is ornamented by life-sized statues of himself and wife, surrounded by their sixteen children—a very Job. It was a descendant of his, a professor in the University, of whom a local orator, dilating upon his accomplishments, said that he was "the father of modern chemistry and nephew of the Earl of Cork." Nevertheless there was none now, by a line, to do him nor his great kinsman reverence. I was also unable to discover a scrap in memory of Farquhar, the author of "Love in a Bottle," "The Beaux Stratagem," and much else not worth knowing, who, although born in Londonderry, where his father was a clergyman, went to the University here, adopted the stage as a profession, which he soon abandoned though, because of having wounded, almost mortally, an antagonist in a fencing scene. I was equally unsuccessful in regard to poet "Parnell of Unblemished Mediocrity"—no

relation to "the Uncrowned King." Of Sheridan, Tickell, Steele, Lady Morgan or Miss Tighe—not a vestige. Nor could I discover a line by that once popular idol, Charles Robert Maturin, the reverend author of *Bertram*, "as heavy a nightmare as was ever bestrode with indigestion," says Byron. Yet neither this abuse by an Englishman, nor *The Milesian Chief*, nor *The Wild Irish Boy* could keep his name before his countrymen. Sir Walter Scott, who wrote his life, says, that "when composing, he stuck a wafer on his forehead as a signal that if any of the family entered the *sanctum* at the time, they were to keep silent;" yet, even he was not represented by a book. Lever and Lover, yes; but only by cheap foreign editions. Arch Deacon Trench, too, whose "Study of Words" you would imagine everybody would need, was unrepresented, as was also Thompson, the physicist. Lecky, the historian; Sir Philip Francis (Junius), the satirist; John Tyndal, the electric light of science; and even Francis Power Cobbe; nor could I find Maxwell's "Stories of Waterloo," that I wished because of old memories—the second book I ever read—the author a clergyman somewhere in Connaught.

It was equally in vain that I sought for Lawrence Sterne and others, that it would only be adding to my humiliation to mention, yet I desire to be particular at the risk of being tedious in giving you this list of distinguished natives of Ireland; neglected at home, honored abroad, not only because of its melancholy significance, but also of the depressing effects it had upon my spirits. I believed with Aurora Leigh. that "the world of books is still the world," to have found, therefore, that my old home was not *my* world, was sadder than I can tell. All these *natives* are, indeed, evicted. A much worse eviction surely than putting a man out of a house for which for years he has refused to pay rent. These have paid, pay still, return good for evil, for the only glory that illuminates their native land, except what is manufactured, is reflected from them, and yet *they* are expelled, and in their stead, what? "Lives of the Manchester Martyrs," "Histories of the Fenian Organization," "Lives of the Blessed Virgin," of "the Saints," of "the Hon. Timothy O'Leary, Q. C., the Sworn Enemy of Perfidious Albion," "Lives of the Irish Orators," of "the Popes," "Columbus,"

"St. Theresa," "St. Philip Neri," "Patrick Francis McGarry, the Terror of England," "St. Ignatius, of Loyola," together with the omnipresent *Acta Sanctorum*, the inevitable "Father Burk's Sermons" and "Refutation of Froude," with an occasional Cardinal Newman's self-delusive *Apologia pro vita sua*, and Bossuet's "Variations of Heretics," by way of variety. These, *only*, in the book stores of Ireland. Some of these I had intended getting in Italy, not here, and thus to my great disappointment I was obliged to leave these cities with but a few additions to my collection of Irish books. I mentioned this exodus of natives, invasion and possession by a foreign host to my mother as we roamed through the fields. "On the same ground you might have searched in vain, too, for Bishops Berkley, Whately, and Usher, Miss Edgeworth, or even Miss Jameson, notwithstanding her 'Legends of the Monastic Orders,' and of 'The Madonnas,'" she replied. "You say they are evicted; my dear son, they never had possession; these and all those you have quoted have been enabled to benefit and delight humanity, not because of the encouragement of their countrymen, but because of the liberal enlightenment of England. Through her they have been introduced to the world. Even Tom Moore would hardly have been known if it had not been for Saxon fair play and generosity." This was severe, I admit, yet, because of centuries of contention and misconception here, there are certain chords that if touched elicit nothing but discord and harshness. However, she continued, and in the fewest words let me see as I never did before, for I always resented the encyclopædias for calling these men "British authors;" that the writers whose names I had quoted, although to them Ireland owes most of her credit for brilliancy, learning, and wit, with a few insignificant exceptions, were not Irish at all, but English born in Ireland. "Are you not aware," she added, "that there is a better way of classifying people than by the place of their birth; and that is, by mental bias. Even in this little town you will find people possessing the characteristics of every nation. We have Englishmen, Scotch, Americans, Germans, French, Greeks, Romans, Turks, and some too nondescript to be classified at all, representing, perhaps, the undiscovered countries; so that, to circumnavigate the earth, you need only to survey the variety

presented by your native village. These you have mentioned are Englishmen born in Ireland; are no more Irish than Thackeray, Canon Farrar, and Mrs. Humphrey Ward are Indians, because born in Calcutta or Bombay; are no more Irish than Augustus Hare was an Italian, because born and bred in Rome. Ireland is simply the place of their nativity. *They* are English, educated according to the English method, connected with the English church; with the exception of Banim and Griffin, they were all of English extraction, and owe little to Ireland but their birth; are not read by the Irish people to-day, or they would be found for sale in Irish book stores; and, indeed, I doubt if they were ever read by their countrymen, who are not readers of books at all, except the sort of books you have enumerated, and there is a suspicion that even these are not read, but merely kept for show, just as a man hoists a flag on a certain day to tell his politics." This suggested another anomaly that almost everybody observes in travelling here, namely, that the handsomest shops and largest firms, most successful professional men and most original thinkers in Ireland are men of foreign origin, chiefly English and Scotch—with a sprinkling of French. For since Pope Adrian IV, in 1155, issued a bull authorizing the English King Henry II to take possession of the island on condition of paying into the papal treasury a stipulated annual sum, until quite recently, people from other countries have been making Ireland their home, until, in Cork and Dublin, most of the chief people are the descendants of English emigrants, and differ but very little, if at all, from the English of London.

The ruling people of the North are the descendants of foreigners, chiefly Scotch, who have transformed the land as the English have, and conformed the natives to their Scotch dialect and many of their intelligent ways. The descendants of the Huguenots, who fled here, as they did also to England, Switzerland, Holland, and Germany, wherever protected from persecution because of faith, are found everywhere over the Island. Through Kerry, Limerick, and Cork, in abundance, are the progeny that sprang from the Spanish settlement on the Kerry coast. The descendants of Finns are here, also, and the Milesians, who may be called *natives*, are scattered every-

where, but make up almost exclusively the population of Munster and Connaught. Besides these there are many unclassified specimens, like the accompanying. It is from these foreign people, therefore, especially the first three, as far as modern thought is concerned, that most Irish writers have sprung. "But what about the young man," says mother—who for some time had been exercising her maternal prerogative of reading over my shoulder—"what of him? Please hurry up; tell me all about him. Don't be as prolix as Laurence Sterne, unless you can be as witty." This brought me to my senses, when I proceeded forthwith to write about the strange boy, his intimate knowledge of Latin and Greek, when she interrupted me by saying, "Oh, Andrew Wallen's nephew?" "The same." "Did you notice"—before she had completed the question I nodded "Yes." He had but one ear, the auditory canal, deprived of the external parts, looking oddly enough; for just as twisting the tail of a cow, *a la* Bantry Bay, adds to the angularity of the tailless extremity, so, deprived of the ears, the longest head looks curiously round. This in itself would have attracted me to him, independent of his intimacy with classic authors. In talking with him about books, I found that he knew nothing of modern writers at all. With the ancients—Greek and Latin—he was acquainted from his earliest years. He was not only ignorant of modern authors, but also modern ways. He knew, for example, all about Homer—was familiar with every description and thought he contained; talked of Polydamas, Telamon, Aias, Agenor, Sarpedon, Nestor, Hera, the ox-eyed, Achilles, and the rest, as if people with whom he had lived. In conversation, the stream near by, rippling over pebbles, he unconsciously called "fair flowing river of eddying Xanthos, created by immortal Zeus," where the stunned Hector was carried by his comrades—and a truly eloquent picture he made of the event—the overshadowing shields of his friends protecting the wounded hero from the "showering shafts," as he said, of his enemies. Although knowing Homer thus, as a man knoweth the face of a friend, yet he was not an enthusiast, as most readers of Homer are. He did not know the name of one of his commentators; could not understand why a commentary was needed. I had to explain. He had never heard of the translations by Chapman or Pope, nor even the

prose translations by Andrew Lang and friends; and when I told him that Gladstone had contributed a book to the literature of the subject, he hardly knew what I meant. Gladstone he had *heard* of, but Homer he *knew* through his ascribed works. It was the mind and art of Homer that to him was Homer. How such, therefore, could be a myth, when he had both felt and seen it, was to him incomprehensible. He thought not of the man; it was the same with other authors. His father had taught him Latin and Greek, he said, so long ago that he had forgotten when. Had selected his books; they had read them together until *he went away.* He talked in a dreamy, far-away manner about this, as if his soul was still in the Grecian tents or with his father, whom at first I supposed dead. From the beginning I was anxious to learn about this strange, contemplative youth; but he was so reticent about himself—a condition that only excited my curiosity more. There was so much mystery about him. Deprived of an ear; dressed as if the son of a laborer, yet with the manners and words of a Greek prince; a dead father that had taught him so strangely; an accent that savored strongly of Kerry, yet his conversation interlarded with such a profusion of Greek and Latin purisms that he was difficult to understand; so ignorant, also, of contemporary things, that he seemed more like a part of another civilization projected into this, than as if belonging to the life around. I noticed, too, that the ear, evidently cut off with a sharp knife, although healed, presented an ugly, livid aureola, that only made the little aperture of the auditory canal more apparent. I at last asked him about it. He blushed—covered the auditory orifice and wound with his hand; but when I apologized for my curiosity—said I was sorry I had hurt him—he removed his hand again, and, in the same dreamy way—like a policeman at midnight—told me how it was done.

"My father, sir," he began, "was a tenant of Lord T——. We had thirty acres of land, were getting along well, and rent was so low that when the other tenants entered the Courts of Commission, he refused. They got a reduction. Then the Plan of Campaign, as was the custom in our part, demanded that rents be paid to them instead of to the landlords. This father refused—was threatened with punishment. Never-

theless, sir, he continued to pay according to the original contract. It was a matter of principle with him, a debt of honor. He said, 'even the pagans paid their just debts, and could a Christian do less?'" Here the young fellow quoted quite a number of corroborative passages to prove the correctness of his father's resolve to do justly, which I will not repeat. "At the beginning," he continued, "of our career of opposition it was but a neighborly coldness that we noticed. Acquaintances looked to the other side of the road as we passed. This was sad enough, but something worse remained; and if it had not been for the refuge that father found in his books, it would have been more trying than it was. Finally, worse came; we found our sheep on the hillside—'Many fountained Ida,' my father called the hill, from the Iliad, sir, although it had no fountains, but a spring, which was generally dry—however, here and by the road we found our flocks unable to walk, the tendons of the hind legs severed with knives that made but small openings in the skin, although some, too, as if done in a hurry, were gashed to the bone. Still father was resolved to pay rent. The injury to our cattle was bad enough, but more general persecution remained, for when we made an effort to sell them we found the butchers unwilling to buy. We could not eat all; we were prevented from dividing them among our neighbors, as they refused to speak or even look at us as we passed. With all our care the wounded animals died, and we had to bury them. Still father paid rent to the landlord. Then we were *boycotted*. The worst punishment ever invented, sir—worse, father says, than excommunication was in the old days. When boycotted the baker can't sell you bread, nor the grocer provisions; the miller won't grind your corn, nor *scutch* your flax. It means that shoemakers refuse to make your shoes, and cobblers to mend them nor will blacksmith's shoe your horses. You are abandoned by every employé; help leaves you; friends desert you; your crops rot in the fields; and when sheep are prevented from walking by having the tendons of their legs cut, your cows deprived of their tails or their tongues, butchers will not buy them; they sicken and die, and you are not afforded even the poor consolation of selling their hides. Besides this, sir, it means that the family supply becomes more

limited every day. It means that children cry for bread, and there is none to give. Mothers turn pale, fathers stern, and families desperate. It means being obliged to go to a distance like robbers, where not known, for supplies, when you only procure what you need because unrecognized. These, with all sorts of nameless pangs, we bore, for the very Fates, sir, seem united against the boycotted man. And still father refused to recognize the Plan of Campaign and continued to pay rent. At last, as sunshine from a lowering sky, people, like gods, came from unknown parts and brought in our over-ripe crops. All was again well; we had found friends and were at peace."

During the relation of the above, which he repeated sometimes with vehemence, sometimes with a painful sort of dreamy introspection as if seeing and feeling all that he said, he had arisen from the grass and had unconsciously assumed a sort of Hector-reproaching-Paris attitude, as if one of Homer's vanquished had, indeed, reappeared to tell the story of his misfortunes; but when he came to what follows his whole nature changed. We had walked from the tree, against which he leaned, reading, when I found him, to a cluster of sallies a few rods from us—willows growing aslant a brook. He fiercely took hold of some of the branches, broke them into fragments, the muscles of his hands intensely contracted, the veins cyanotic by the effort put forth, as he continued: "But our peace was of short duration; our house was as if struck by a thunder-bolt, hurled by omnipotent Jove. In the clouds of the night we were surrounded; a masqued band forced the doors, entered the house, found father's bed-room, gagged him, mother and brother, cut off their ears; they, too much surprised to resist, until the scoundrels began preparations to shave mother's hair, who was sitting in bed all this time, petrified with fright; at this additional outrage, they were aroused—knocked three of the masquers down and would have killed them, but were overcome by numbers.

"'Oh, friends, play man and take shame in your heart!' I exclaimed, excitedly in Greek, forgetting but that it was a butchering scene from the Iliad; yet they continued with soap and razor to inflict this cowardly indignity on mother. I disappeared; returned soon with an axe; knocked the fellow senseless; when I was caught in the arms of a couple of them and

in the act of being cropped—with one ear off as you see—dramatically pointing to where that appendage had been, darkness covering my eyes, sentinels on the outside gave the alarm, Police! When all fled; fled, sir, 'like peers of swift Ares.'" Not caught? "Oh! no; such nearly always evade arrest, sir. After committing such crimes, they become as elusive as phantoms; are concealed in chests, up chimneys, and under beds, until shipped to America, where they are metamorphosed into heroes——"

"By their *confrerés*," I corrected. "Where they become heroes!" he repeated; apparently irritated by interruption. From the comparatively pacific Hector, merely reproaching an enemy, the now thoroughly aroused young man became Ajax defying the whirlwind and lightning. "But we shall have our day," he exclaimed; "brother is dead—he died cured. Father and mother, unable to sustain the disgrace of their mutilation, have gone to Australia, where I expect to follow, although my choice would be the States." After a long pause, during which I could hardly repress my indignation, so incensed was I by the outrages he had recounted, you can imagine the curious revulsion of feeling produced by the conversation that followed. When he had recovered breath, and had regained his original calm, he asked, "Is it true, sir, that in America Irish is to be proclaimed the State language, and English abolished by law? Alderman Cannon, of Missouri, came home to our town last summer to visit his brother—a martyr in jail, sir, for having shot a policeman—and he told us that *Erse* was to be made the official language of the Republic. Is it to be soon, sir?" The poor boy asked this in all seriousness, and in spite of myself I was startled. To be sure I had been absent from home a month—it seemed twenty. Could I talk positively on the subject? "We are an exceedingly progressive people, you know," I replied; "except the streets, which are in a chronic state of eruptive impassability, everything changes every four years, sometimes less; and our legislative bodies, too, are so delightfully independent that you really cannot tell from day to day what sort of resolutions they may pass." Already—just like a boy—or rather, I don't know what—a curious study he was; as contemplative and irresolute as Hamlet; as inconsistent as any genius, he

presented an example of that impressibility, combined with indifference, that I ought to know well. Already, he seemed to have forgotten his past, was interested only in the future. "I am learning Erse," he continued, "and if you thought there was any probability of what I mentioned becoming law, I would study day and night, and emigrate as soon as qualified to be of any small service in public affairs!" I thanked him—told him—more in sorrow than anger, that qualifications were not always regarded. We talked long after this, about books; in his specialty he was perfectly at home; spoke with a calm lucidity and precision of expression far superior to enthusiasm, flashing into sentences occasionally, especially while talking of his favorites, Lucian and Homer, that made obscure places luminous with new meaning and suggestive thought. We talked of America—simply to him a place of wonders, where every imagination and hope was realized, and without effort. Already he was crossing the Atlantic, and as he knew almost nothing correctly about the country, it was interesting to notice how familiar he was with the past,—the past of his books,—how ignorant of the present, how confidently hopeful of the future; but when he began to talk about his father and mother again, his whole attitude changed; he lost his enthusiasm, his voice faltered, his eyes filled with tears. He apologized for exhibiting so much emotion, and walked in silence towards the little stream. I felt that his feelings were too sacred to be intruded upon; said only good-bye as I crossed fields to the main road, over which I walked alone, thinking of his sad history and desolation, although having for his companions heroes and demigods. Hours afterwards,—I returned, and found him sitting under the same tree as in the beginning. I approached; his book was open on his knees; he was not only lost in thought, but asleep. Like the spouse in the canticle, he slept, but his heart watched—*Ergo dormio et cor meum vigilat;* and in order to not disturb the placidity of his slumbers, I turned my back to the dreamer and wended my way home. Farewell. "We have all of us sufficient fortitude," says *La Rochefoucauld*, "to bear the misfortunes of others."

Yesterday a number of friends were gathered in the house talking about everything known and unknown, mother comfortably ensconced in an easy chair in the corner, and, as

usual, a quiet though appreciative auditor. The conversation from being general, became particular, personal, uncharitable—the subject a man who had risen honorably from the ranks, and had recently fallen into disgrace. Just as a defeated rival was dragging in his grandmother, too, who it seems was something or other, mother raised her finger, and to everybody's surprise began:

There's a fish called the flounder, perhaps you do know,
Has one side for use and another for show;
One side for the public—a delicate brown—
And another side white, which it always keeps down.

A very young flounder, the flattest of flats—
And there's none of them thicker than opera hats—
Was talking one day more than charity taught
Of a friend and relation that just had been caught.

"My!—what an exposure—just see what a sight!
I blush for my race!—he is showing his white!
Such wriggling!—and twisting!—oh, what can he wish?
How painfully small to *respectable* fish!"

Then up speaks an old sculpin: "My freedom excuse,
But you're playing the cobbler with holes in your shoes;
Your right side is up, but just wait 'til you're tried,
And you'll find that all flounders are white on *one* side."

"Oh!"—"oh!"—repeat all, including the critic; then an encore, when the really amiable commentator came up, shook mother by the hand, thanked her, admired the poem and the manner of its delivery; but "Who wrote it?" inquires the united company. "Who wrote it?" replies our Tragic Muse, *pro tem.*; "who could write it but our Professor, Poet, Autocrat—Oliver Wendell Holmes!"

HOME, June 30, 1887.

„Wenn du nicht kannſt, nicht willſt — ſei's! Weine nicht,
Ich bleibe bei dir. Was nicht möglich iſt,
Nicht iſt, in deiner Kräfte Kreis nicht liegt,
Was du nicht leiſten kannſt: die Götter hüten
Daß ich es von dir fordere! Geht, ihr Jungfraun,
Geht; kehrt in eure Heimath zurück!"—**Penthesilea.**

KLIEST.

TO-DAY is bright and uncomfortably hot as all days have been since my advent. Went to meeting at 12, and heard a

good sermon in the same old house—surely such words cannot return void—this time my dear mother by my side. We travelled slowly together in the broiling sun, talking of old times. How vividly returned to me then an incident that occurred on this same road—my mother being the heroine—twenty-three years ago. In our town was "a woman who was a sinner," her prowling place was here. On a dark night, mother and I passing along at the end of the town, we saw her stealthily emerging from a lane into the main road. "Wait, dear," she said, "I have something to say to this woman." She left me, overtook her down the lane; they stopped. I can hear her low earnest words *now*, as distinctly as then, although I could not understand a syllable. I waited long; she returned, we went together on our walk without her alluding to the conference in any way; and yet I felt then, often since, and now, that if that poor Magdalene ever repented, her salvation was due to the urgent tenderness of my good mother's pleading appeal. How glad I would be to have her with us forever. There is almost nobody here that I know; feel less acquainted, but for my own family, than if in Africa. After service we talked to a few people, then walked home through the demesne of Sir Samuel Hayes. Mother in high glee; Sam, Mrs. Ewing and the girls with us. Had a turkey dinner; the "gobbler" was killed yesterday, when, to the disappointment of the united household, he was discovered to have been a hen, containing a dozen eggs—sad. If he had only laid instead of gobbled, he or she would still have been alive; but she sailed under false colors, or perhaps believing in woman's rights, thought proper to aspire to the position of the other sex, consequently she's not only dead, but eaten. A victim to the same "procrastination" (deferred ovi-position) that has had such a thieving effect on time and turkey; but as "there is a special providence in the spoiling of a furrow," it may have been foreordained from the foundation of the world that the meal was to be provided in this way. After dinner took a walk to the Knock side of the country with Sam, Mary, and Eliza; Jane never leaves home; she watches and waits, and is always glad when we return. When on the top, like Lot's wife, we looked back—were rewarded by a charming view. The two villages united by the bridge as

if Siamese twins; the river, like a python, winding through the arches. There was spire of chapel and steeple of church, woodland and lea, hillside and plain, castle and cottage; the slate and thatch roofs of the brooding villages peeping through branches of green, surrounded by extensive fields, farm-houses, and grazing cattle, all enveloped in the enchantment of distance. We strolled back by the banks of the little stream where I often *tried* to catch fish, but didn't; at nightfall, feeling as if living in the lap of fortune, we returned. Good-night; "to-morrow fresh fields and pastures new."

LAST NIGHT AT HOME, June 31, 1887.

"But I remember now,
I am in the earthly world; where to do harm
Is often laudable; to do good sometimes
Accounted dangerous folly."—MACBETH.

"E de gli onor recevuti da questi,
Qualche volta potendo, arâ buon merito;
E dice: io intendo ristorare e presto
I persi giorni del tempo preterito."—*Morgante Maggiore.*
PULCI.

It is after midnight. All have retired, and I sit down for a little while, with a sad heart, to have a chat with you, dear, and to say a few words to the babies before I depart. I never could have known Ireland unless I had seen it in person again; I had nearly forgotten all. I never even could have conjectured what was best, unless I had met my dear people face to face. If they could only be persuaded to sell out and come to us, it would be well; but it can't be; all is expectancy and suspense here, and there is no demand for land, and cannot be as long as friendship falls off, and brothers divide; as long as in cities there are mutinies, in counties, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked between father and son. But even if they could dispose of all, there would still be ties too tender to break without bleeding, that would perhaps cause them to remain. What is to be the conclusion of the present unrest I know not, for what with Home Rulism and Fenianism, Land Leagueism, Nationalism, and all the devilish isms used as

synonyms for patriotism here, the country, never a paradise for the peaceful, is now worse than her bitterest enemies could desire. If America would only see the confusion, lawlessnes, crime, that to a great extent she has made possible, she would, I am convinced, desist. Without her encouragement the flower and glory of the land could not have been trampled in the dust as it has been; people afraid to express their convictions; compelled, because of business and social interests, to contribute to subjects with which they have no sympathy, and to which they can't afford to give; insulted and blackened by every adventurer capable of concealing the truth or inventing plausible lies; intimidation, suspicion, fears within and wars without, and America assisting in its perpetuation, is, indeed, enough to make the judicious grieve.

Our town is not thus; the people here live, at least, in apparent harmony, and this, in connection with your letters, the happy relations of home, and the kindness of everybody, made the time pass pleasantly enough. I leave in the morning, but have made arrangements to return to mother again before going to you; it makes departure easier. She is so patient and pleased, so sorry I am going, so glad I am here, that I can't think of separating from her, and could not, but that I hope, as I said, to be back soon. I am sorry to leave, yet I long to depart. The attractions ahead lure me on, and I feel like a bird—not a lark, joyous, but an albatross or dodo, the last of a dying race; or a crow, about to flap my wings for the invisible.

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P. S.—This morning I called again on Hannah. How well I remember her! dignified, yet sprightly, like Waller's verse; but to-day—poor, melancholy Hannah! The may-pole of her youth has been used for kindling;—it is winter now, yet a kindly winter, and I was glad to warm myself again at its smouldering hearth of old memories, and rejuvenate the past. Things long forgotten were revived,—old hopes, disappointments, despairs; nevertheless, the gleam of her former smile was upon them, and it made the long lost luminous, like a dream retold. When coming away, she gave me a bunch of heartsease and forget-me-nots, telling me to be sure, even if they were pressed and dry, to present them, with her love, to

my wife. Yesterday I was introduced to a lady, a visitor. I asked her from what part she came. "From Dublin, sir, where we *spake* the *foinest* English." I am not going to Dublin, but Belfast and Colerain, where I expect to call on the Woodsides, on my way to the Causeway. Please tell the Wallaces, Mr. Dubois, Mary Norton, and our Mary and Eliza to excuse silence, for although, like the tower of Pisa, I lean, it is not in the direction of letter-writing. Besides, these letters are encyclical—if they wish to read them they may. I have got a lot of things for the boys—deserted nests, forsaken eggs, moss agates, butterflies, caught and mounted by O'Holleron, shells from the Donegal coast, bits of brogue, quartz, and blarney—a root of "holly fern," wrapped in silver paper, from Dr. Matthews, and some nice pieces of Belleek ware for Irma. Good-night.

COLERAIN, July 1, 1887.

"Why like a fated Orestes, is a man so whipt by the Furies, and driven madly hither and thither; if it is not even that he may seek some shrine, and there make expiation and find deliverance?"—*John Sterling.*

CARLYLE.

"Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thy hand to do it."—*Proverbs.*

HALF-PAST eight in the evening, and comfortably ensconsed in the "Corporation Arms," having just returned from a pleasant ride on a jaunting car (if you can take a pleasant anything on such an abominable relic of barbarism as this vehicle is); I started to find *Dunduan House*, the residence of Mr. Woodside; was twenty minutes too late; he and family had gone, bag and baggage, to Portrush; there was nothing left, therefore, but a stroll through the pleasant grounds under the guidance of one of the men remaining in charge, who insisted on my looking around—a delightful place in a charming district—you fall in love, at once, with the people, the country and the fine old town; what a contrast to some of the villages in the south, and in the extreme north, too. This is another land; I understand now, how people, living in such districts only, *do not know Ireland at all.*

Sam, Mary, and I, left home this morning at eight o'clock,

after having bid a cheerful good-bye to mother and Jane, as we are to meet again in a few months; we drove in Sam's trap to the station and were off through a region constantly improving, until at Derry, where we landed, to remain five hours and see the sights; were unfortunate in getting into an unsuitable hotel, which marred, somewhat, the sad pleasure of the trip; were so much engaged with other things that your letter received this morning remained unopened, until we had climbed steep streets; had panted over the dusty walls, and scaled the hilly approach to the Cathedral yard, when sitting down on one of the encircling tombstones for breath, I thought of your missive; opened it and read the news from home; what you tell me of Flora distresses me greatly, and this, in connection with separation from mother, the approaching departure of my convoy, the heat and dust of the day, and what is worse still, the moral, religious and social condition of those that I have met, has depressed me beyond words. "I have supped full with horrors." The condition of the country cannot be conceived. The south has terrified me, but the parts of the north, distinctly Irish, are, if anything, worse. Just imagine country villages, where we expect nothing but virtue, filled with people like the inhabitants of Alaska street, except that they are people who have not fallen; no, they never had anything to fall from; generation after generation the same, men and women with the groveling instincts of beasts; no happy childhood; no rosy infancy, but disease, dirt, dissipation, distress, despair; good God! what can be done with it all? I feel as if I could never be happy again. The ingenuity of the wisest has been unable to invent an adequate remedy.

England has been doing her best, using her wisest judgment, exercising her greatest patience in the work of civilization and peace; but what can she do with her literature and science, when it is selling yourself to England to read the one, and irreverence to your forefathers to employ the other. I am older and sadder by it all. Much of the joy of my life has been drained out by the experiences of a few weeks, and I feel now as if done with all but duty, and think of returning home. I am made more than sad, instead of happy, by the charm and prosperity of the district where I now am. It is half past nine in the evening; I write this by daylight at an

open window looking out on a wide, clean, well-paved street, with handsome houses on either side. Although in Ireland, you see that it is not an Irish town, or, am I mistaken; is this a genuine Irish town, and the others only Italian towns in Ireland? I can't tell, who can answer this question without prejudice. However, the people here are enlightened, industrious, sober, thrifty, with an appearance of content everywhere apparent. I walked through the back streets; I always do, and saw family groups sitting in front of embowered cottages, with neatly clad children playing in the street, neater even than with us; children washed, laboring men respectful and clean, women with low voices, carefully brushed hair and clothing, honest-faced, and modest. Colerain has seven thousand inhabitants, ten handsome churches, two of them Catholic, encircled in beautifully kept grounds. It has an exceedingly attractive Masonic temple also; the architecture of all the buildings absolutely correct, and speaking volumes for the wealth and good taste of the people—no wooden houses, of course. Many homes in this small town as elegant as the mansions of Philadelphia; stores with plate-glass windows and richly varied stock. The town is surrounded by beautiful villas with attractive grounds, Mrs. Woodside's being one of the many. It has all the modern conveniences, including a train every hour—a clear river rippling through its heart, and Portrush but six miles away. And, besides, the encyclopœdia at my elbow—Boots—tells me that they have numerous brass bands. As the traveller through deserts, seeing a city wall with protuberant gibbet, on which dangled a corpse, thanked God, because in sight of civilization, so did I, at the announcement of this item of information, suggested by a bray from a brazen throat under the window, as the "Colerain amateurs" waked the echoes by a rattling serenade, which not "to put it too lightly," was more expressive of determination than science—more like a desire to succeed than success. The swan-like notes of the resolute serenaders have melted into silence. I shall also subside into my customary dreamy walk through the streets before returning to be awake. Adieu.

P. S.—I am told that all of this part of the north is just like this, "some of it better." I wish I could see it for myself.

PORTRUSH, July 2, 1887.

"To know
That which before us lies in daily life
Is the prime wisdom."—*Paradise Lost.*

WE left Colerain early, and in thirty minutes were in Portrush. Mr. Woodside was in waiting. After pointing the way to his home he left for a few hours for an important meeting in town. I roamed with interest through the main street of the handsome little settlement, looking at this and that, and delighted with the scrupulous neatness and oddity of everything until, at the Adam Clarke Memorial Church, now in process of erection, I stopped to examine the first monument erected here—the church is the second—to a man so favorably known—by his works. The column in his honor stands on a mound, the inscription, among other things, telling its readers that "he brought *myriads* to a knowledge of Christ." The inhabitants are doing themselves the additional honor of erecting to his memory this pretty church of gray stone with black mortar, which, standing in the centre of a bit of circumambient green, is like everything in this lovely town, made up of neatness and respectability, and is just the proper thing with which to commemorate the achievements, scholarly and spiritual, of one of the Wesley co-workers, who lived long after the translator of Madam Guyon had gone to his reward, to carry on and establish the good work; and although he was not born exactly here, but at Moybeg, a place a few miles away, yet this was regarded the best place for a cenotaph-church. I asked an old woman with a basket of shells on her arm who he was, and in whose memory they were erecting the building, when, to my surprise, she gave me a lucid history of the poor country boy, who became the greatest scholar and preacher of his day; whose attainments included perfect familiarity with Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, besides the Oriental languages, that qualified him for preparing the Arabic Bible, done under the auspices of the Foreign Bible Society. Of his Commentary on the Scriptures everybody knows, but not every one is aware that this devout Armenian said—"the man who has not read Shakespeare ought to have public

prayers put up for him, that he might know what he has missed."

Turning the corner I got a glimpse of Mr. Woodside's seaside home, with its broad "sonsy" face looking out on the sea. I knocked, and in a few moments was admitted into the presence of Mrs. Woodside and her daughters, who showed every sign of being glad to see me; I certainly was to see them. In a few moments we were at home, with the result that, instead of remaining an hour, on my way to the Giants' Causeway, as I had intended, I have been compelled to take refuge in this haven of rest for the present, with the tempting prospect of seeing the Causeway to-morrow, under the management of the hospitable host himself—Master Johnnie, their only son at home, promising to be first assistant for this occasion only. . .

Mr. Woodside and I have had a stroll to see the sights; also, a promenade on the beach with the ladies, who inquired after Flora with the greatest concern, and were interested about every member of the family. Mrs. W. remembers you very well, and mentions particularly your "splendid eyes, animated expression, and intelligent interest in children, especially your own." She asked me not to repeat this. I told her I wouldn't; would only tell it *once*. After a pleasant chat, made up of mutual reminiscences, to bed. Good-night.

GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

PORTRUSH, July 3, 1887.

"Ich danke dir, daso du ein freundlich Licht
Au meines Büsens Himmel augezundet
Dem monde gleich, wenn schon der sonne nicht."
TRINIUS.

"Howe'er it be it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood." TENNYSON.

THIS morning, three Sabbatarians, intent on sight-seeing, left the more scrupulous to hear Rev. Simpson, who preaches under the shadow of the American eagle (in admiration of "the States," he has had the national bird carved, with out-

spread wings, over his pulpit), while we wended our way towards the Causeway. The morning was damp and cold enough for overcoats, which we wore with comfort the entire day. Before starting the family warned me about not expecting too much, as the wonders of the Causeway, we were told, like all things Irish, were greatly exaggerated. Although thus put on our guard, I was not prepared for the impression that I received from the first sight of the basaltic rocks. They were less picturesque, yet more interesting than I had imagined. I had expected to have been awed by them, but was only puzzled, for they appeal more to the mind than the eye, so much more so, that I believe weeks could be spent pleasantly in studying and attempting to read the riddle of their strange origin. No photograph tells the story of their appearance correctly, and no theory of their mysterious construction satisfies, and thus they stand, with all their symmetrical irregularity, to mystify the ingenuity of man. On the way out we rode on the electric tramway from Portrush (Mr. W—— is one of the directors), the second electric line in the world, and the longest. It is still in its infancy. This was its first day in operation. We passed the "wishing bridge," another of the curiosities, rich in traditions, and the matter of fact "Bushmill" with none. This, on Bush River, a serpentine stream, circuitous in its winding way to the sea, reeling, because of the quantity of whiskey that gets mixed with its water, added their variety to the pleasant trip, made doubly so by my congenial companions. Bushmill is famous for its distillery and Dunluce Castle—one of the few *picturesque* ruins that I have seen—inaccessible by land and commanding a splendid view of the sea, in another way is celebrated the world over.

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Although there is a disposition all along in the rocks to run into pentagonal cylinders, yet we were greeted with many curious formations varying from these. Among others that of Finn McCool's punch bowl, an abrupt indentation in the precipitious headland, having the foaming sea in its pyramidal bottom for punch. A distance from the bowl (just far enough for him to be able to keep his watery eye upon it) is the "giant's head," one of the most expressive profiles, chiseled by the hand, or rather the water—of time, that I have seen. An intelli-

gent, smiling, colossal face, looking as if it had just taken a glass of its favorite beverage, and was satisfied; and yet, resembling enough the Duke of Wellington to let you see that they were at least countrymen. We were notified of the nearness of the Causeway by such formations as the "giant's marbles," "giant's big toe," and what is of more general interest, the "giant's grandmother," an old woman making the ascent of one of the neighboring peaks, her back bowed in the effort, her shawl drawn over her head and shoulders and held under the chin by her hand, like the natives, as if even the *Künstler* Time, like others great in the craft, took for his models those nearest at hand. The giant pedestrian of the rocks is also credited with an organ, whose stony ribs still suggest the instrument invented by St. Cecelia—these, in connection with the "wishing chair," presided over by a brace of old crones, make a *tout ensemble* interesting enough. As we approached the brooding beauties on the chair, they got up, and insisted on "the gintlemen sitting down to wish for their sweethearts, or whatever they pleased." "Johnny; why don't you wish for something good for yourselves?" "I do," was the reply, "I *wish* you would buy this pig" (effigies fashioned from ebonized wood). "It's carved out of genuine, solid bog-oak. It's the Irish canary that pays the rint."

This, about the canaries, is the regulation joke among these venders all over the island. You first hear it when they board the ship in Queenstown harbor, and think it funny; when it is repeated in every public resort, you think it is not; yet all the same you hear it everywhere—in your dreams and when awake, when you enter churches and when you come out. It's a joke as frequent in the air of Ireland as salmon is, on the tables of Dublin and Cork. In Cork when a baby is born, friends are treated to whiskey and salmon; when it is christened, salmon again; when it is married, they throw a can of pickled salmon after it instead of a slipper; when it dies, they have salmon at the wake; and when it is buried, to keep off the evil spirits, they put a salt salmon in the coffin. And so with the "witticism" about the Irish canary—before you land you hear it; it is repeated when you come ashore; it is re-echoed at the lakes of Killarney and in the Gap of Dunloe, on the top of the highest mountain, and in the deepest valley,

"CANARIES."

"Hush! I'm going to Cork, but *they* think it's Killarney ——."

and by the sea—everywhere. Like the phantom voice in the ear of the guilty Macbeth, it is forever wailing out "sleep no more," until the number of people, I really believe, driven out of Ireland by this "joke" is greater than the number of snakes banished by St. Patrick. And the plague of it is that even when you are embarking, an involuntary exile from Erin, with your fingers in your ears, and crazed, they shout after you from the beach: "Don't you want to buy a dead pig, carved from genuine live oak. It's the Irish canary, sir, that pays the rint." * * *

Looking from the "chair" towards the land the basaltic pillars toppled over, with the mountains on top, are now almost horizontal, their flat ends forming the tessellated face of the headland—like a bit of geologic mosaic, suggesting curious conjectures. It is said that when two pieces of Giant's Causeway are rubbed together they emit a smell like burned leather. I didn't try the experiment; I don't like the smell of burnt leather. Mr. Woodside, who is not entirely recovered from his recent illness, awaited at the hotel,* while Master John and I penetrated the realm of mysteries beneath, an event which prepared us to do justice to the aldermanic feast that awaited in the dining-room of the well-appointed hotel. At six we returned home, worn out. In the evening was sufficiently rested to enjoy the intercourse of this delightful circle. At family worship Mrs. W. read a psalm and the ladies sang a number of hymns, accompanied on violin and piano, in a way that was true devotion, after which we retired, ostensibly to rest, but as for me—during the entire night I was balancing myself on the steps across to Scotland, and woke up in the morning by slipping off into the sea.

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* Shortly after my departure from Colerain this kind-hearted gentleman, with the strength and frame of a giant and tenderness of a woman, died, leaving many friends on both sides of the Atlantic to mourn his loss. How well I remember, as we sat together on the summit of one of the green cliffs overlooking the sea, with what animation he told me about one of his bits of adventure during our civil war. When he and a well-known Philadelphian, still alive, took their lives in their hands, pushed through the Union ranks, penetrated to the heart of Dixey, until, in Alabama, they stood in the audience chamber of the arch rebel, Jeff Davis himself, then their return with its—

> —"Disastrous chances;
> Of moving incident by flood and field;
> Of hair-breadth 'scapes i'the imminent deadly breach,
> Of being taken by the insolent foe," etc.

An adventure that, if put upon proper record, would make Mr. W. the hero of one of the most thrilling episodes of the war.

On Board Steamer "Limpet," off Larn, July 4, 1887.

"They buried him at the mirk midnight,
When the dew fell cold and still;
When the aspin gray forgot to play,
And the mist clung to the hill.

"They dug his grave but a bare foot deep,
By the edge of the nine-stone burn,
And they covered him o'er with the heather-flower,
The moss and the lady fern.—*Barthram's Dirge.*
From "*The Book of British Ballads,*" edited by S. C. Hall.

Nine o'clock P. M. The sailors are letting go the cable that holds us to Ireland; in a few moments we will be on our way to the land of Scott and Burns, where we hope to land at five in the morning. The day has been delightful, but I dread the terrors of the night, as the trip to Glasgow is said to be unusually rough. Last night I slept in Larn, a beautiful town, sedate and trim; well paved streets, handsome houses, inhabitants intelligent, accommodating, yet with an evidence of repose about them, too, unusual here; I came on the afternoon train from Belfast to see the Allens; rode down to Barrycarry on the train; got out, and crossing Lough Larne, on the mile-long archless "bridge," *really a wall*, landed in Island Magee, where, after a long pleasant walk through lanes and over fields, I arrived; was kindly received by Mrs. Duff, who at once began preparations for tea. After eating, resting and talking, she said that I must see brother Sam before I left, and "The Gobbins;" and what are "The Gobbins," I thought. As I was in for seeing everything, I decided to see "The Gobbins," also. When in the open air, I cross-questioned John, her son, about them, and discovered that they were simply the headlands—"cliffs, whose high and bending heads look fearfully in the confined deep,"—and that on a clear day commanded a view of the Scotch coast, and in addition, the Copeland Islands, belonging to the County Down. We started; it was a long walk, but through splendidly cultivated fields, extending to the very edge of the heights; when there were well rewarded for the fatigue of the journey; looking down the fearfully precipitous sides, for 365 feet we saw the blue water of the British Channel dashing against their base;

towards the right the misty blue "Copelands," with Mew Island at their end, like the dot to an I, (this dot, *Mew Island*, is so called because of the great number of the birds of that name that build their nests on its shores, and make the air sibilant with their "mew! mews!") looking across towards Scotland we could see Wigtonshire, with the Mull of Kentire, behind which is one of the Scotch lakes; we could also see "Ailsa Craig;" in Scotland, perhaps, the "Ailsa Rock," that was the subject of one of Keats' posthumous sonnets; if so

> "Hearken thou craggy ocean pyramid,
> Give answer by thy voice—the sea fowl's scream."

Behold! in imagination I dip up the water from the blue sea, and scattering it, baptize you the Monument of Adonais.

In the midst of the azure band that separates the two countries stands "The Maiden Rocks," called so because of their snowy whiteness, where, in the days gone by, many a poor fellow was rocked into the sleep of death against their expressionless sides. They are now the site of two lighthouses, thanks to England, which, standing as they do on the chalk-colored limestone of the chlorotic maidens, are brought into bold relief against the light-blue water of the channel. Beyond the Virgins, on "Sandy Bar," is the world-famous "Rocking Chair Rock," made by the sculptor Time, which, though weighing many tons, is yet so delicately poised on its semi-circular base that it can be rocked by the finger of a single man—or married. The frightful place where we stand is the haunt of innumerable sea gulls, who make their nests and lay their eggs on the exposed ribs of its rugged side, and fly out in "myriads," to borrow a word from the epitaph of Adam Clarke, when we stretched our necks over "the very brim of it" to look down into the sea. The people here are sometimes lowered with ropes to rob the nests. On three occasions, the ropes giving way, the rash robbers were dashed against the rocks and into the waves, to be taken up dead. From this point, looking in another direction, can be seen the mouth of McCartney's Cave, the home for many years of an eccentric schoolmaster who did duty in a neighboring school. The only entrance to this cavern is through an isolated strip of sea, which he swam summer and winter for many years, first taking off his clothing and wrapping them in an oil cloth

knapsack, which he strapped on his back before taking his daily dip, or rather before being swallowed with a gulp of water like a pill, by the monster cave whose yawning mouth glares on us from the level of the sea, or more romantically, where, like a heroless Leander, he crossed his Hellespont but to find a solitary Carthage and celibate's bed beyond the reach of man. Too poor to purchase the bare necessities of life, too proud to be the recipient of any man's bounty, he avoided his fellows as much as his profession would permit, and became known as the hermit of the cave. Upon a frigid morning in December, it was the twenty-fifth, he was absent from his appointed place; search was made. Some fishermen in boats entered the almost impenetrable recess—found the wretched man, stretched on a pallet of straw, cold in death—his lonely spirit having taken its solitary flight on the day that Christ was born, and

> "Thus passed the brave heroic soul away,
> And, when they buried him, the little place
> Had seldom seen a costlier funeral."

Another of the attractions of Island Magee—which is only an "island" in deference to an Irish imagination, which can call things by whatever name it pleases and have them smell as sweet—is "Pin Well," situated in a romantic glen not far from "The Gobbins." From time immemorial it has been the custom of every one who looks into its translucent water to drop a pin, so that its bottom, beyond the memory of man, has been covered by the contributions of pinurious visitors. You would think the lost pins of the world were here; pins of all conditions and sizes, from the humble "gutter pin" of boyhood, up to the great spikes that hold the scant petticoats on the *culdees* of Cork. There are so many of these deposits from the rosy and rugged fingers of its many visitors that the bottom looks like a great crystal of iron pyrites. How I wished for the companionship of the penetrating O'Holleron as I saw myself reflected in the deep water, with the lost pins of centuries pointing at me, and mutely yet eloquently pleading for a word; for I felt that to such an index *he* could have added a complete history of Ireland, her arts, her sciences, and inventive skill.

One of our party at Killarney wore a scarf pin—a bit of Cloisonne enamel—that a friend had brought from Hong Kong. "I never saw anything like it," says O'Holleron; "was it made in Ireland?" "No; this sort of ware is *only* made by the Japanese." Just then. a butterfly hovering a moment over a fairy thimble (*digitalis*), he picked up his net and after him, pell mell. He returned directly, however, having, as he said, pantingly, lost both the butterfly and his wind. As soon as he had recovered breath he continued: "As I was about to say, in elucidation of the arts of Japan! the Irish word for wheat was *tarai*, the Mongolian, *taran;* consequently the Irish and the Japanese were once the same people, or they never would have used the same word for the same thing.* Then," he continued victoriously—emphasizing every sentence with a wag of his index finger, "if these pins were made in Japan, they must have been made in Ireland, too, for by the Round Towers of Drogheda, every lost art—and found—flourished in her once—if not more." With this he began talking about the "heavy-headed pins of inlaid bronze, in the old days, worn on the breasts of queens," at present "the incised brooches of the pagan epoch in Ireland," and "the decorated bosses of beaten brass (the best specimens are only found in Hibernia) in the Dublin Museum." Thus he continued until poor, long-suffering Dripps drew the text of the discourse from his scarf, like a sword from its scabbard, and presenting it hilt foremost said, "Here, take it; but—shut up!"

Is it strange, therefore, that I wish him here now, my Hibernian Champollion, to decipher the hieroglyphics of this curious pool, for who knows what marvels may be concealed from the vulgar beneath its placid water—that might be plainly visible to the eye of the sage; for if our Agassiz could construct the fish when you gave him one of its scales—if Huxley from a tooth or femur is capable of giving the animal to which they belonged a local habitation and a name—if Sir John Lubbock or Dr. McCook, when you show them the bite, can give you the classification and *habitat* of the flea that did it—surely the antiquary O'Holleron, with his superior skill,

* This explanation was actually made by an O'Holleron antiquarian in a popular magazine recently, to prove the existence of Mongolian elements in the natives of Ireland.

could evolve from the bottom of Pin Well the whole story of Erin, if not the world.

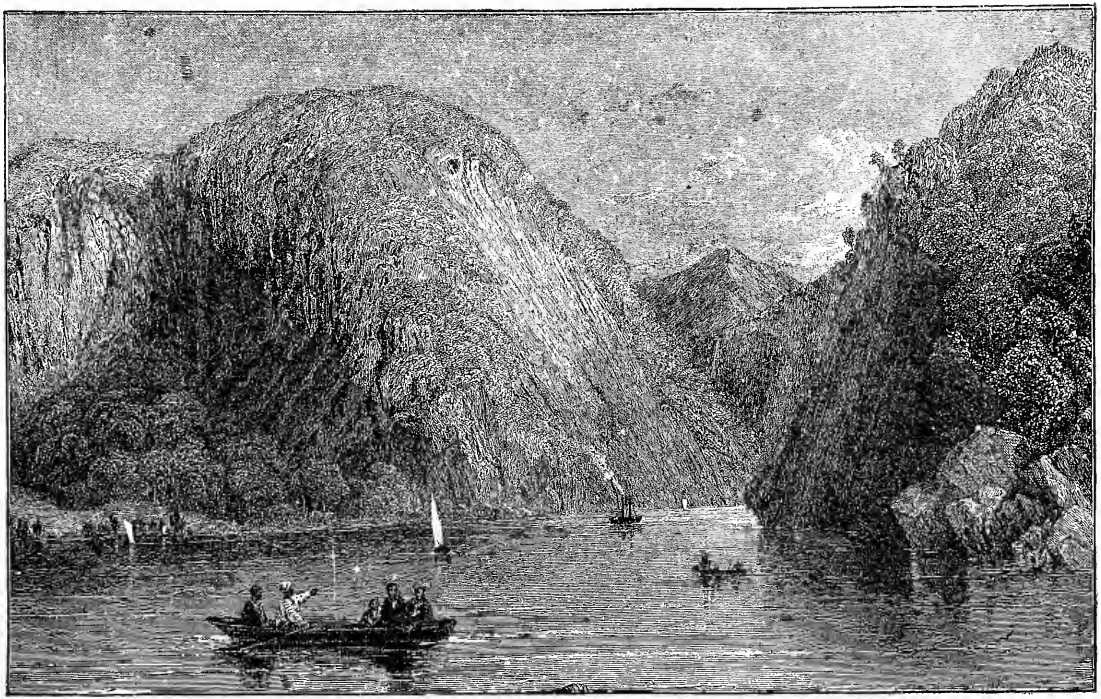
Towards the north from here is "Murdersly Hill," where the blood of the belligerents during the "Rising of '98" running down its sides, is said to have "dyed the heather." The day was charming; every thing about the lovely place attractive—giving evidence of intelligence and thrift. Children in particular, on their way to school, with shining, morning faces and air of general neatness, adding much to the rural beauty of the little spot that contains two thousand people, one tavern, no landleagueism, and no policemen, the last being the most remarkable in this "kingdom," where the smallest town (two or three hundred inhabitants) will have a company of "peelers" and a barrack—their positions not sinecures either. Since beginning this letter I have been carried out of sight of land and into the darkness of night at sea, and as the facilities are poor for lamplight writing I will bid you and Erin a loving farewell.

PHILADELPHIA, November 25, 1889.

TO THE READER:

I am sorry that I have been unable to beg, borrow, or steal a picture of the beautiful harbor of Bantry, "the Irish Bay of Naples," of O'Holleron—I did not have time to sketch it. In my dilemma I wrote to our friend in Queenstown, requesting when he made his next entomological tour, to make me a drawing of Bantry Bay for the enrichment of my volumes. In reply, I received the following:

"MY DEAR DOCTOR:—Owing to an unfortunate domestic venture (ten months ago I was married), I have been obliged to abandon 'the *still* air of delightful studies;' in other words, I have to stay at home with Dionysius Mulachy—the baby, while my wife takes care of the place—that is, the shop. Proud as I would be to spread before the eyes of an indifferent world the beauties of my country, you see, therefore, especially as the present condition may continue for years, how impossible it is for me to comply with your appreciative and complimentary request; but—in *rooting* around among my books a few days since, I found on the inside of the lid of a cigar



ROGER'S SLIDE—LAKE GEORGE, N. Y.

box, sent me by my friend, ex-Councilman O'Hone, of Boston, —one of the great O's of Kerry—a picture that with slight alterations will make, I think, a beautiful Bay of Bantry. (Being unable to remove the print without tearing, I send the lid.) It is entitled, as you see, 'Roger's Slide, Lake George.' I recommend the following alterations: Move the knoll on the left hand side—that is, if you are right handed—far enough out to enable you to behold the sea, then pare down the top towards the water until it looks like—a bear slide in Greenland. On both sides rub out the vegetation, Bantry has none, and doesn't need it; whiten the face of the blackamoor (or, as you say in the States, NEGRO), in the bow of the boat; in the foreground—or rather, the forewater; shave the whiskers of the Spanish bandit in the stern, remove his *sombrero* and give him a pipe; throw in a few more barrels and mackerel skids, and you have 'the eye of Clare,' otherwise, the Bay of Bantry, in its glory—at least as well as art can give it; but the fact is, it's above art—that is, the art of the present, and I am not surprised that you have been unable to procure it in print. For by the blood of the arch-royal O'Neals, the only man that could produce it, Maclese, of Dublin, is dead. Yours for Home Rule and liberty.

"SYLVESTER DIONYSIUS O'HOLLERON."

The picture came too late for alteration. After removing it, by the aid of a little water, from the lid of the box it adorned, I include it without other change, knowing that the imaginative reader can alter it to suit himself.

GLASGOW, July 5, 1887.

"A 'hair-brained sentimental trace'
Was strongly marked in her face,
A wildly-witty rustic grace
Shone full upon her;
Her eye, ev'n, turned on empty space,
Beamed keen with honor."—*The Vision.*

BURNS.

WE had a calm but bleak trip to Scotland last night, arriving at Greenock this morning at five. The night was so very cold that my overcoat not being sufficient for warmth, went to bed with clothes on to get thawed out, and not succeeding, got up at 3 P. M. It was then broad daylight (and indeed, it has not been dark more than an hour or two daily since I left the Peruvia), and as the yellow fields of the Scotch coast were visible, I decided to remain on deck, a shivering gazer at the land in the distance in which I have been so very anxious to roam. We were then in the mouth of the Clyde. Speeding along the western bank, we were in a little while astonished and delighted by what appeared to be, in the fog of the morning, a hillside in flames. This, at intervals along the coast, seemed like enchantment. As we drew closer we discovered that it was the broad lights of the windows of Ashtown illuminated by the reflected rays of the rising sun. The sight, you can imagine, was a welcome one, as it indicated again the near presence of human habitations, when I heartily wished that there might be some soul there that knew me, for I was weary of the desolation of the night and longed for the sight of a familiar face; but no, we scud past Ashtown and the substantial residences of the people along the Clyde, whose broad, expressionless homes look out forever on a wilderness of mud, with a narrow stream in its centre, whose waters have been separated by the united navies of the world. At last we arrived at Greenock, one of the chief sea-ports of Great Britain, with its ship-yards, giving bread, butter, and books to eighty thousand people, and containing, besides the living, the grave where Highland Mary lies buried. We stop for awhile to un-

load, when, jumping on the dock, I attempted to walk some heat into me, penetrated as I was to the marrow by the chilling fogs that gave indistinctness and gloom to everything around. The irregular outline of Helensburgh can just be discerned from Greenock; but the steamer whistles, we move on, and find that all other interests are swallowed up in the interest elicited by the curious looking signals of danger that hem us on both sides. On the right, bell-shaped towers, variously painted, and surmounted by crosses that show the crucial form from every point; on the left, great mounds of black stone with poles in their centre, whose tops run through what in the distance seems whiskey barrels. But what is this! ominous "Sheba's breasts" (see "She") that lowers upon us as we pass? Dumbarton Castle! Our view did present the famous fortress (if you will pardon the crudeness of the anatomical comparison) in that identical light. Wallace tower forming the summit of one, the other, some protuberance that I could not make out.

History says that this rocky mound, Dumbarton, was the capital of a Roman province, that it afterwards repelled the Norwegian Vikings. That in 1390 it was held by Robert Bruce, and that in 1571 Captain Crawford carried it by escalade at night. Queen Mary was conveyed here from France while yet an infant; Charles I and Oliver Cromwell have successively occupied it, and it was visited in 1847 by the present queen. It is near here, at Renfrew, where St. Patrick is asserted to have been born—in the building of the Roman wall, fragments of which still remain, his father is said to have been employed by Lollius Urbicus, who rebuilt it during the reign of the Emperor Antonine, by whose name it was called. It has been the scene of many bloody encounters in the warlike days of old. It is basaltic rock, the same formation as the Giant's Causeway, five hundred and sixty feet high and one mile around, and is said by tradition to be the identical stone that Satan threw at St. Patrick, and missed him, on a certain memorable occasion. Fortunately it could not have rested on a better site in order to defend the entrance of the Clyde. Just above Dumbarton, on the same side, is the site of the ivy-covered Castle of Dunglass, in front of which stands a small obelisk erected to the memory of

Henry Bell, who introduced steam navigation into Great Britain, particularly the Clyde, his first attempt being the "Comet," a steamer of three horse power, launched in 1812. At this point extremes came near meeting, and the superhuman strength of the power of darkness is opposed by the beneficent potency of engineering skill. On all sides are points of especial interest, but because of the thick fog nothing can be seen now but the dark narrow river, with its wings of mud stretching away until met by unattractive flat fields, continuing until we come to the embanked part, when for an hour it is as if we were steaming in a canal cut through a machine shop. The close shores are lined with great iron ships in all stages of development, their sides alive with men hammering, drilling and shouting, so that the continued din makes conversation and almost sanity impossible; we are steaming at the rate of about ten miles an hour through the place where the navies of the world are being made, and you are filled with admiration for a people who produced James Watts, and converted a river containing only three feet of water into the "Broomielaw," that can give refuge and rest to the shipping of the universe; what could they not have done with the unutilized harbor of Cork? I land; am conducted to the hotel St. Enoch, another wonder that I will not now take time to describe. * * * Have been roaming leisurely to-day, lounging and noting the strange and grand sights of this *second* city in population and commercial importance in Great Britain. Fine buildings—gray, or jet black; wide streets, handsome shops, active people, beautiful little parks, particularly the Queen's, on Victoria road, and the magnificent Georges' square, surrounded with fine houses, including the new "municipal building," the handsomest structure that I have ever seen; exquisite in all its details. Yet, although only three years since its foundation, it is already much discolored by the numerously chimney-potted smoke flues of its neighboring homes. It is common here to see a chimney with fourteen pots, each one vomiting out volumes of smoke of different degrees of blackness. The beautiful Georges' square is ornamented with statues. In the centre stands that of Scott, a fluted column enormously high, surmounted by a colossal figure of the great romancer, standing, looking benignly on the land and people

that he loved. Equestrian bronze statues of the Queen and Prince Consort here also; artistically not of much value, but showing at least that the Scotch are loyal; James Watts, by Chantry, and Sir John Moore (killed by a cannon ball in Spain; the subject of "Wolfe's Burial"), by Flaxman, are of interest aside from the men themselves. I noticed also in this square, five portrait statues—Dr. Livingston, Robert Peel, Robert Burns, Lord Clyde, Campbell, the poet, poor fellow, and Dr. Graham, which I regretted, if he is the Graham that edited an edition that I wot of, of that master in the delineation of brutality and licentiousness, Tobias Smollett. Argyle street, a handsome business thoroughfare, will be remembered because of the number of barefooted and uncombed girls, many of them with shawls tied around them, into which were pouched babies, like kangaroos. A liberal sprinkling of these unhappy women disfigure this beautiful street, some of them waifs of but sixteen or seventeen years, in broad daylight, drunk in groups, their illegitimate children regarded merely as encumbrances, strapped to them so that their arms may be ready for mischief. Think of Celia Thaxter's expressive lines,

> "Dear little head that lies in calm content
> Within the gracious hollow that God made
> In every human shoulder, where He meant
> Some tired head for comfort should be laid."

and then think of these wretched children, with dirty shawls immovably strapped around their degraded mothers so that their arms may be free, not to protect the child, but to drink and fight. Aliens—descendants of the natives of the neighboring island, says the Scotts but wherever they come from, they are *in* Scotland and are a disgrace to the whole people—a disgrace that should be wiped out by stringent laws; besides I convinced myself by talking to not a few that even in Scotland all are not Milesians who stagger. Good-night.

GLASGOW, Thursday, July 6, 1887.

"We're made so that we love
First when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see."—*Fra Filippo Lippi.*
ROBERT BROWNING.

A SPLENDID morning for sight-seeing, the mists having disappeared in the night, leaving a clear sky and bracing air. I started out early with overcoat on, to see as much as possible in a day. Getting on top of a car, was carried for an hour into a new land, through one of the finest architectural displays that I have ever seen. Leaving the heterogeneous elements of Argyle street behind, we were brought into a city where the houses seemed chiseled out of solid rock; all the buildings large, extremely ornate, and presenting every style; the streets wide, well paved, and scrupulously clean—unaccountably so, for you can't tell when it is done. The people bright, handsome, exceedingly intelligent and polite, as I found out by repeated trials. Stores magnificent—grocery, fish, meat, and tea stores—presenting a splendor of arrangement unimagined. For example, a shop in which nothing is sold but fish—its walls are incrusted with exquisite tiles in blue and white, and in designs that must have been invented for the purpose. The floor and walls, up to the twenty feet high ceiling, the counters, window recesses, and desks, all covered with them, nothing appearing but these porcelain blocks beautifully ornamented with all the fish that swim in river, lake, and sea, arranged in artistically combined groups, with here and there a panel of game, apparently to give variety to the beauty of the unique interior, where the people who sell are in harmony with the elegant surroundings. Or take this as an example of a corner grocery: a palatial building, with tessellated floors and plate-glass windows, wherein are displayed the edible products of the civilized and uncivilized world, arranged with the regularity and precision of geometrical figures, long perspectives of plenty, like a groceryman's Eden, containing nothing but the rarest and best. Things to eat that I never heard of, and people in waiting, like people from another world. Then, book stores in almost every block, and people in

them—not booksellers, book philanthropists, who seem to have established these resorts merely for the purpose of finding homes for the unhappy waifs, ownerless on the ocean of life, rather than for purposes of pelf, "Cemeteries for books," as Dean Swift calls them; truly, places where under sympathetic protection defunct volumes await the sound of the archangel's trump, *alias* a purchaser, to take them to Paradise.

I entered one of these, presided over by a little, dried-up miniature of a Dominie Sampson; woke him up, and asked for a copy of "Allen Ramsay." He crawled up a ladder to the sky, as if he was both Jacob and one of the angels—drew from a shelf a couple of decrepit volumes, flapped them together as if they were wings, enveloping himself in a third volume of dust, in which he descended like a fairy in a pantomime, presented them to me as if I was a king. What's this? "'Allen Ramsay,' sir," he replied, with a proud smile. Oh, I don't wish anything so large, something to carry in my pocket only; Robertson's cheap edition would do. "I don't keep it, sir; I never have, and I never shall sell anything but first editions!" And he seemed like a hero, as, looking at me contemptuously, he returned the mouldy old mummies to their dusty tombs. When he got to the top of the ladder again he sat down, and although, as he looked down on me from his perch, he tried to make amends for the abruptness of his first remark, yet I could not help feeling mean for wanting to buy Scott's "Joyous Allan Ramsay" for a shilling. Another circumstance making the city conspicuous is the absence of vegetation—not a flower, nor a tree, nor blade of grass, except in the beautiful parks, and even there limited to calcaleriæ, pansies, and digitalis; every other flower dies, except the beautifully conventionalized flowers of stone, that, as if in retaliation, they carve on the fronts of their homes. Many of the buildings are not only ornamented with these, but also with carved bands of full-sized figures, sculptured along the entire front and sides, telling some exquisite story to the life. Since on the customs of the country—at hotels bread is served buttered; toast is put on the table in an article like a book rack with compartments for each book. At table you receive three knives and two large plates, one for fragments, butter, etc., and the other for what you are eating—this of the plates, of the knives—I am

not a juggler nor sword swallower, and use but one. Butter is served saltless, tasting like lard, in lumps like strawberries, or like corrugated shavings curved into hollow cylinders. Napkins, except for dinner, are not customary, and when you enter a hotel as a guest, there is assigned to you a pair of slippers, which are always very shabby and always too small. A gentleman remonstrated about his slippers: "This will never do, Boots, I can't get them on; and even if I could, they would'nt hold together until I got into my room." "I know that very well, sir," says Boots; "and if you say so I'll carry them into your room, sir, for a trifle." Again, you are never supplied with drinking water, even in a temperance hotel. If by any possible chance you should want such a heathenish fluid (people wash themselves in it) you must ask for it, and even then they forget and bring you Belfast ginger ale, porter, or beer. Selling boiled potatoes on the streets is another peculiar custom; three miniature boilers—why so many, except for the three kinds of potatoes, "fat, lean, and streaked," I have not been able to find out—however, three brass boilers, as bright as gold, are drawn through the streets at night by neat, well-kept donkeys, and you may—if you can get near enough, because of the crowd—buy a halfpenny's worth of the boiled fruit (and eat them where you stand) from a man whose general neatness is evidence that his delicacies have been prepared with the greatest care. There is no lack of dignity either about these well-patronized venders, whose trade is briskest after the dismissal of the theatres; then, in the number of hungry Scots that encircle these vans, you may observe many quaint traits of national character.

But the Cathedral, the chief ornament perhaps of the city, what of it? Ascending Sauchiehall street, you get a glimpse of a black building, with a steeple, in deep contrast with another sable structure that partially obstructs the view. The first is The Old Barony Church, whose pulpit was so long occupied by Norman McLeod, in front of which his admirers have erected a handsome portrait monument. The old church has been condemned by the building commissioners, but the congregation are erecting a handsomer one of brown freestone, across the way. The other building is the celebrated Cathedral of Glasgow; I pay two pence, re-

ceive from a mammoth in uniform the right of entrance, and in a moment am in the yard; a yard literally flagged with the tomb-stones of the people once notable in this town. In looking around you will walk over them; the place is mosaiced with them, their inscriptions obliterated equally by the tooth of time and feet of the curious. Scarcely a green thing grows in the place, although I did succeed, after a long search, in getting four leaves of yarrow, with which I have made the arms of a cross, and a poor sickly daisy, the last survivor of a diseased race that I found between two tomb-stones, struggling to turn its pale face to the cold sun, which I used as the centre, and this is the only memorial I obtained of the spot. I walk over the graves to the Cathedral door; am ushered in by another great man in scarlet and gold, and am, for a moment, awed by the wonders that I see. Just imagine a wilderness of massive pillars supporting an arched roof of stone, ninety feet high; looking away back, as far as the eye can distinctly see, nothing but magnificent windows, interlacing arches, gigantic columns with capitals, some foliated, some not, but all made indistinct by their great height. I wander around silently, reading the far-away dates and epitaphs of the forgotten people, whose tablets here and there, like a last appeal, almost inaudible, beseech you to have faith in God, and to remember that you are dust, and finally find the part set aside for public worship. As I sit down on one of its cushioned seats I notice that each pew is marked with a paper label containing the following: Pew, 14—11 seats—15 shillings each—rented—as follows; the names of the renters are given, with the amount paid opposite each, summing up at the end gives the total amount, and adds in every label I read, "full."

It seems strange to think of Presbyterians occupying such a place of worship, but as that is the established church in Scotland all the old buildings have fallen into their hands, among them the cathedral, so that in order to accommodate their services to the house they have wisely adopted a liturgy, sing te deums, magnificats, and minister and choir intone the psalms and prayers. It is the only Presbyterian congregation perhaps in the world, except St. Giles, in Edinburgh, that have such a service; in consequence of which they are both

the cause of incessant misunderstandings in their respective Presbyteries; but if you saw the building and was present at a service you would know that worship has to be conducted in this fashion in order to be heard. I roam still further behind the choir, past the splendid organ, until I come to the "lady chapel," which contains the "well" named after the founder, St. Mungo, and which was formerly his cell; from there I descended into the chapter house, down stone steps worn into deep hollows by the feet of the devout for over seven hundred years. The chapter house is a cold, damp, cube-shaped apartment of about twenty-eight feet square, dimly lighted through colored glass, its groined roof supported by one stone pillar twenty feet high. The most interesting portion of the building, perhaps, is the crypts, like the petrified calyx of some mammoth plant. It is said to have no equal in Britain, which you very readily believe. It is under the choir or chancel, and was also besides a place for the reception of the dead, used for worship. Its dimensions are 72 feet by 108. Its magnificent stone roof is supported by sixty-five pillars, many of them with a circumference of eighteen feet. It is lighted by forty-one windows, one of which is to the memory of Edward Irving, with a brass plate let into the floor, telling what he did and when he died. The window is a splendid specimen, both in execution and design, and exceedingly appropriate. The believer in the transmission of *tongues* is represented by the man who was "as a *voice* crying in the wilderness,"—John the Baptist, with camel's hair raiment and girdle and uplifted hand, pointing to the sky, saying, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," is the memorial of his countrymen to the friend of the sage of Chelsea. Very touching and impressive it all is when you think of the poor fellow's sad life, as recorded in Froude's "Carlyle." The lovely windows, forty-one of them, executed in Munich for £20,000, do not remove the sepulchral impression of this melancholy place. What could take away the gloom of these twilighted vaults, whose dark, oblivious recesses are strewn with the dusty banners and effaced inscriptions of the graves of those who were once princes in Israel? Sir Walter has made this crypt the place of many interesting events in his romances. Soothed into sadness and worship by the ominous solemnity of the sacred spot, I slowly with-

drew into the light of day. Standing in the tomb-tesselated yard, looking across the Molindinar burn to the grandly dignified necropolis on the side of the hill, with its "Bridge of Sighs" approach and statue-surmounted Doric column, dedicated to John Knox, I thanked God that I was still in the land of the living as I reluctantly left the place. Truly the poems of the people before the invention of printing were written in stone. * * * I wander leisurely up Sauchiehall street, stopping now and then to admire the handsomely arranged windows of beautiful stores, until in front of the bust-lined corridor of the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts. I pay sixpence and am admitted; the same amount for a catalogue, and begin a pilgrimage through its marble halls, said to be lined with the best efforts of the old masters, especially of Holland and Italy; without being impressed in any way, I pass such men as Domenichino, Carlo Dolci, Guerchino, Georgione, Correggio, Pietro Rotari, Poussin, the Carracci, Palma Vecchio, Bellini, Perugino, Titian, Rubens, Paul Brill, Sir Joshua, and even Turner—men whose pictures it has been the dream of my life to look upon; and yet even my curiosity, to say nothing of my reverence, is not piqued in the least. If it was not for the names attached to them I would not look at them at all. I stop for a few moments in front of "A Holy Family," by Vandyke, which I notice simply because of a very glaring anachronism that appealed to me as I passed. The figures are arranged in a landscape under the overhanging branches of an apple tree—ripe apples, sunflowers, and gorgeously colored parrots in abundance in this bit of canvas—where, within the compass of 5 by 8 feet, the flora of the temperate and torrid zones flourish with the fauna of Africa and the Indies; these anachronisms, whether like this they be geographical or architectural, like Raphael's introducing a Gothic church into his picture of Adam and Eve in Paradise, or ornithological, like the pelicans on the shores of the sea of Galilee in "The Miraculous Draught," and a multitude of others equally curious, can be received without pain, perhaps, by people expecting scientific accuracy in all things; but literary errors of this sort, such as Shakespeare making Mark Antony play billiards with Cleopatra, and Wilkie Collins to select specimens

from the antipodes, graciously permitting his characters to ride in a train before the invention of the locomotive, requires a little more patience. For an exhibition of absolute dominion over the human face the *little* pictures that grace these walls—most of them illustrating scenes not in themselves elevating—excel everything I have ever known; every thought of the mind is expressed in the countenance with a directness truly startling. It is in this devotion to an ideal—not of physical strength and beauty, but mental subtlety, as expressed by the face alone—that the Dutch masters are pre-eminent. To be sure, they are not in harmony with one of your principal motives for art, Fra Angelico's, too, I believe,—that is, that every gesture, to be graceful, must be a gesture of adoration, and all possible changes of human emotion must be merged in the divine rapture of worship. I ask your pardon therefore for mentioning the following at all, as I must either be silent altogether, or else talk of pictures that, although not always pleasant in subject to many people, yet exhibit all the cunning of these masters in the art of expressing the mind in the face. I begin with an oddity—a picture by Cornelius Dusart, entitled "The Musicians." It presents a *woman* playing a flute, a man the violin, a table with richly embroidered cover, containing music—a very handsome interior, in front of which I stop for a few minutes, and think how curious it is that no artist, not even Doré, who was himself a flutist, represents performers on that instrument as ever raising the proper fingers to make musical notes; this is not an exception. I can think of a number of pictures of celebrity where this carelessness is exhibited. The picture by Wilkie in our collection, representing Goldsmith as an itinerant flutist, playing in front of a Swiss cottage, giving notes from his flute and taking notes for his "Traveller." Gerome's "Study of Frederick the Great" is another example, where *Unzer Fritz* is represented as making a difficult run on the instrument upon which he so skilfully performed. He looks more than imbecile—has an expression of irrevocable fatuity, due to the circumstance that his fingering would not make musical sounds at all, and yet the old hero looks as if he thought he was producing harmonies that might enchant. I could mention many other good specimens where this error is repeated.

It is not confined to painting alone, either; you see it in pottery, also in statuettes, and in the statuary representing Pan and his followers, etc., etc., where the fingers are almost invariably misplaced. Another piece, by Molinaer, presents a group of rustics, three men and an old woman, around a table on which are spread a few Dutch vessels containing beer and pickles! The instruments are a flageolet, and a bagpipe made from the stomach of one of the domestic animals, which the performer holds under his left arm; the remainder of the quartette are singing, with an owl perched on the back of a chair as auditor in chief. Faces are splendid—a revelation; and to think that Holland is full of such pictures and I am going to Holland! I also noticed a terrific "Head of Christ after his Passion," ascribed to Albert Dürer, entirely new to me. Perhaps not by Dürer, although wonderfully impressive, looking as if the experiences of the past few days had burned into his very soul. "The Malady of the Heart," a beautifully sad picture. A lady with fur-edged cloak, a book on her lap, her physician feeling her pulse—details truly miraculous. I envied the shrewd looking *medicus* having the confidence of such a noble lady, and wished myself in his place. This was by Franz Van Mieris, a few of whose babies we have. He was himself one of his mother's twenty-three children. I noticed also an "Angel's Head," by Correggio—the antithesis of what Mrs. Jameson says about Correggio's angels. All pictures by the old masters are not good. What Roscommon said of Homer, "He not only nods sometimes, but even snores!" is true of artists also. Another, by the Great G. Cesari (he weighed 400 pounds), the rival of the Carracci and Carravagio, and the friend of Richelieu, represents an "Expulsion." The saint—dressed in tights, blue tunic and feathers,—evidently a copy from Guido's picture described in the "Marble Faun"—is represented as expelling from Paradise the powers of darkness, viz., ten spirits, with a few snakes and satyrs thrown in by way of variety; the figures in such *grand déshabillé* that it was no wonder the handsome saint was horrified—so was I—a perfect Salt Lake City of blushing loveliness, with the Brigham of the scene penitent, belligerent and in arms. Another, by Teniers the younger, entitled "Jealousy." Like a terrier, its

ugliness is its chief beauty. A woman of about forty, lighting her pipe with a burning stick. A toothless old admirer with a beer mug in his hand grins his approval, while from behind a half-shut door a woman, evidently the old man's wife, looks enviously on the giddy creature who has thus won the affections of her spouse. A wonderfully realistic picture—especially the stupid Silenus-like features of the nymph preparing for a smoke! I present another, "A Triumph of Bacchus," by Jan Brueghel, known as "Velvet Brueghel," because of his partiality for that textile. He was the associate of Rubens, Teniers the younger, and other Flemish painters. The drunken god in this canvass is on the back of a donkey, tipsy and crowned with vine. This embodiment of all that is sensuous in animalism, a false conception of Bacchus, as you may see by reading Uhland's *Die Bildsäule des Bacchus*, is surrounded by about thirty gracefully formed figures, too conscienceless to be capable of wrong; a picture remarkable also because of the number of graceful drinking cups, vases, tazzi, and other vessels that are held by the figures and scattered carelessly on the ground; equal on this account to Murillo's "Moses Striking the Rock," that you know of; valuable as a lesson in ceramics besides its other attractions. The figures are by Rottenhamer. "The Luxury of Nature," a startling creation by Rubens; a lovely "Continental Interior," by Peter Neefs—a spacious gothic cathedral, with ladies, cardinals, priests, organs, etc., all making me long to get away to see the reality. None of the specimens I have mentioned, except two, exceed twelve by fourteen inches in size, and yet all that I have said and more is delineated in them to the life! They are good examples of the capabilities of their authors, and reflect admirably the generosity and judgment of their donors; yet if I wanted merely to behold beauty it is not on these I would look alone. I need but to shut my eyes when our own babies troop into the room and fill it with joy. I see our gracious little lady, with her gentle ways; and noble but boisterous Birnam wakes up the echoes with heavy tread. I can see confiding and gentle Ralph; I look into the features glorified of our translated Paul, with rays of celestial light encircling his sweetly-resolute face; I behold their thoughtful mother, the author and directress of all this loveliness, and

I know that no artist ever has made, nor can make, beauty like the beauty that is mine. But as I am already five hours looking into the various faces that hang on the walls and adorn the corridors of this noble collection, I feel the necessity of withdrawing my attention from the contemplation of these inanimate and unsympathetic creations to find relaxation in Kelvingrove Park; and so, bidding farewell to "counterfeit presentments," I go to find life in the open air. Farewell.

GLASGOW, Friday, July 7, 1887.

"I weigh the man, not his title; 'tis not the King's stamp can make the metal better or heavier." WYCHERLEY.

"When your children ask their father what mean you by these stones? Then, ye shall answer them, * * * These stones shall be for a memorial."
—*Book of Joshua.*

WE left St. Enoch's great glass-covered station this morning in a car marked "Ayr"—what memories the magic word called into activity; "The Cotter's Saturday Night," with its tender associations. Immortal and unapproachable "Tam O'Shanter,"—his spirit created sprites, tailless mare "Meg," and congenial "Souter Johnny;"

"Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither,
They had been fou for weeks thegither."

"Highland Mary," too, at rest under the daisies in the yard of Greenock Kirk. "John Anderson, My Joe," that synopsis of a well-spent life; the heroic "Scots Wha Hae Wi Wallace bled," "Man Was Made to Mourn," The Noble "Vision," "The Jolly Beggars," according to Taine, and curious enough even Thomas Carlyle, "His Masterpiece;" certainly the most original and dramatic. "To Mary, Queen of Scots," "To Mary in Heaven," "Afton Water," "Letter to a Friend,"—the line stretches out to the crack of doom; and as I sit here on a bench waiting for the train to start, with numerous men, women, and dogs passing by, I merely close my eyes and the air is peopled with the enchanting beings, created from nothing and brought into immortal life by the genius of

Robert Burns, the man who has touched, as if by magic, every chord of the universal heart, and all for good. If, as some one has said, the Emperor who found Rome brick and left it marble, is deserving of praise, how much more, therefore, is the man who found the songs of his country indelicate and left them pure; drove immodesty from love and coarseness from humor, and not only purified existing Scottish song but added to it most that it has of rarest and best—but the whistle announces time to start; I enter the train and am off for the Doon. * * * I have passed through a charming country in a lovely day; undulating yellowish fields, interspersed with everything besides fine homes—now a bit of loch, then a wood; now a smoke-begrimed town, with its clusters of soot-belching chimneys; then the ample homes of the well-to-do, surrounded with browsing cattle and green lawns; villages in valleys and castles on hills; how we have whiz-z past cottages and ruins, over rippling brooks and silver sands; now a graceful bridge spanning a shallow stream, then the blue sea, then Ayr! we alight, and asking the way to Alloway, decide to let the multitude ride ahead, while I, alone, make the pilgrimage on foot. Sauntering out on the direct road to the cottage, I pass along "Maiden Row," as the van of huzzaing tourists enveloped in dust pass me on the way; I am delighted with the neatness and order of everything around—the smoothness and scrupulous cleanliness of the broad streets, the modest elegance of the buildings, the variety and arrangement of the flowers in front of every home, the combination of alacrity and diffidence expressed on every face; general indications of good breeding, thrift and self-respect on every hand, as I walk along the macadamized road, out into the suburbs of the lovely town of Ayr. At one moment I am shaded under the spreading branches of great elms, the next exposed to the rays of the exhilarating sun, gathering wild flowers, admiring the graceful approach to some stately home, stopping to watch the movements of some familiar bird, or to listen to the song of the lark; alone with my thoughts and at my ease, I hardly notice the charming views of handsome places that here and there glint through long avenues of giant trees, adding every artificial beauty to sylvan scenes that without them would be charming enough.

Ascending a slight incline in what until now was a broad,

smooth road, I stop in front of a little house to ask a passing carter the way to the monument, and find that I stand in front of the thatched, road-side cottage where the poet was born. I was not expecting it so soon and was exceedingly surprised. In an instant the homely little building was transformed into a shrine. Even now, as I write this an hour after, the sharpness of that first impression is somewhat blunted by what has since transpired; I can't keep from shedding tears, can hardly hold my pen, so deeply am I still affected even by the memory of what I felt and saw. I entered the house through a turnstile; for a few moments felt my perceptions becoming confused; heard my heart beat like the waves of Time striking against memory and brain. I moved a few steps toward the right, into the kitchen—was dazed, powerless, unable to speak; noticed the smiling gaze of the good-natured man who admitted me; he becomes indistinct; I am the subject of a thousand conflicting feelings; am overcome with trembling, and I know not what, when, dropping into a chair, I there remained under the influence of the anæsthesia of reverence, until recovering consciousnesss restored to me again a knowledge of the place where I was. For the first time in my life I had fainted; and when restored I discovered that I was in the flagged, whitewashed twelve feet square kitchen, or, as the Scotch say "ben," where, in the curtained bed let into the wall, the child of genius cried his first cry and had his first needs supplied. The house has still the same roof and earthen floor, roughly covered with stones; the same rude chairs; it was on one of these that I sat; the same whited dresser that his mother made whiter every Saturday with soap and sand, a custom I know so well; the same grate and crane and open chimney, with the same little window, fifteen inches square, with its diminutive panes that admitted the only rays that lighted the room; not the slightest attempt at ornamentation; no pictures; no decorations. Yet all, like Jean Armour, "so neat and clean," so sacred, so dignified, that you would not change it for the grandest palace or noblest monument ever constructed or conceived by man. Nothing has ever so impressed me as that simple room, with the homely, curtained, and secluded bed where his mother slept, and where, as a child, he was cradled and loved. It was in this little chamber

that "the priest-like father read the sacred page," and I vainly imagine, too, that it was here, while "lonely by the ingle cheek," that he saw "the vision," the muse of Coila, "her mantle large of greenish hue," on which were delineated the mountains, rivers, and towns of his native district, with the heroic forms of the Wallaces, the "sceptered pictish shades, barons bold," and the rest. Anyhow, it was these walls that inspired the following, "written by a stranger in Burn's Cottage," and that now hangs on the wall in the museum:

Though Scotland boast a thousand names,
Of Patriot, King, and Peer,
The noblest, grandest of them all,
Was loved and cradled here.

'Tis but a cot roofed in with straw,
A hovel made of clay,
One door shuts out the snow and storm,
One window greets the day.

And yet I stand within this room,
And hold all thrones in scorn,
For here, beneath this lowly thatch,
Love's sweetest bard was born.

Within this humble hut I feel
Like one who clasps a shrine,
When the glad lips at last have touched,
The something deemed divine.

And here the world through all the years,
As long as day returns,
The tribute of its love and tears
Will pay to Robert Burns. AN AMERICAN.

From the kitchen or ben I go into the "spence" or room, so the two apartments of a cottage are designated in Scotia, where I am shown his mother's spinning wheel and other family belongings, together with "curling stones," known to have been in use five hundred and fifty years, used for playing on the ice a game mentioned only in "The Vision." The sign board is also here with the Neysmith portrait of the poet, that swung at the door during the days after his death when the cottage was used as a tavern, there—together with a collection of various sorts of mementoes made from wood that grew in the neighborhood of the Doon, were about all that the room contains. The cottage was a tavern from after his death

until 1881, when it was bought on Whitsunday by the Trustees of "The Burns' Monument Association" for the sum of £4,000, when it was converted to its present use. A slated addition has since been built, a museum and temperance refreshment room, where visitors may be served with soda water, tea, coffee, sandwiches and the like, and at the same time look upon the various objects that have been made sacred by their association with the bard, or with the characters that he has immortalized. Here are Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny's chairs, that you are familiar with from Thom's group in the Park. Here, also, is the writing table of oak, beech, and ash, on which he wrote his last poem, while around the walls and in cases are manuscripts, first editions, rare prints, locks of hair, portraits, etc., a collection in which America is prominently represented, inasmuch as the poems written by Fitzgreen Halleck, Whittier, N. P. Willis, and many others, and last and best, perhaps, Longfellow, hang in frames around the room. Everything about the building shows that it is managed by men who revere the character of the man in whose memory it is kept, and all suggest the sterling integrity and independence of the country in which it is placed.

After a long, lingering look around I reluctantly took my leave. Walking out into the broad road I am again on the way to the monument, some distance ahead. On my immediate left lies "The field of the banquet," celebrated on the 6th of August, 1844, when eighty thousand people, including the great Earl of Eglinton, whose colossal bronze statue is now one of the ornaments of Ayr, Professor Wilson, *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, North, Mrs. Beggs, Burns' sister, Sir Archibald Alison, Professor Aytoun, and a host of others, foremost in every walk of life, welcomed with indescribable enthusiasm Colonel Robert, Major James, and William Nichols Burns, Esq., the three sons of Scotia's favorite bard, to the banks of the Doon and the land of their father. On the right, farther on, stands Alloway's old "haunted" church, roofless, but still possessing its bell. In the yard is the monumental stone erected by Burns to the memory of his mother, Agnes Brown, and his father, William Burness, with an indifferent epitaph, yet containing this fair line:

"The friend of man, to vice alone a foe,"

together with the following, from the Deserted Village:

"E'en his vices leaned to virtue's side."

The day is extremely hot, so that I am compelled to walk slowly and disrobe, somewhat, like the traveller in the fable; with vest and coat over my arm, therefore, and hat in hand, I espied the summit of the monument, a few hundred yards ahead, and was soon within its blooming grounds, where, protected from the sun by the large, white-leaved, pyramidal hollies that line the sides of its circuitous walks, I take a seat and enjoy, before entering, the luxuriant beauty of its well-kept flowers and shrubs, its shady vistas and promenades.

The monument itself is an elegant affair, in a chaste, classic style, splendidly situated on the banks of the river that he has made ever green, and in sight of the bridge over which flew terrified Tam, pursued by the witches and warlocks from Alloway Kirk. It is a fac-simile of the monument of Lysicrates at Athens, giving an appearance truly Hellenic to the landscape, and yet it was with something like a feeling of shame that I looked upon its classic and dignified outlines, imbedded as they are in flowers and enriched with every grace of horticultural art, when I thought of our Goldsmith's unmarked Auburn, that, with the slightest reverence for his worth, and with half the expense of this, could have been made a resort, too, for admirers from every clime; for where is the land except his own that does not hold the genius and gentleness of Oliver Goldsmith in highest esteem; and yet his countrymen, who shamefully allow the homes and haunts of their great to be undistinguished by a stone, the only English-speaking people uninfluenced by their teachings, instead of honoring them, by being aroused to gentleness and independence, by the noble lessons they have taught, are shamelessly whining their false lamentations into the receptive ears of a too-credulous world, and like the specious beggars of Killarney and Cork, with affected moan beseeching every passer-by for help. When I think of these, dishonoring their dead and disturbing the peace of the living, yet calling themselves a nation, wanting to be a republic, like children, not knowing what to do with the commonest things—crying for a star—I am humiliated indeed. The first floor of the memorial is a square room, con-

taining among other objects of interest the beautifully idealized bust by Park; also chairs decorated with the Burns arms, consisting of the following mottoes, encircling a tree, with a bit of landscape: "Wood notes wild," "Better a wee bush than nae bild." The Bible, in two volumes, that he gave to Highland Mary when they parted never to meet again, as she died a few days after, is also here. On its fly leaves, in his handwriting, are Scriptural quotations expressing the necessity for keeping an oath. In Scotland when a pair became engaged, it was the custom to go to a running stream, clasp hands across, swear lasting friendship "as long as grass grows and water runs," and exchange Bibles. This may be an explanation of this particular case, seeming to have been emphasized by two. I also noted a lock of the poet's hair, brownish-black in hue, when I ascended the steps, already worn into hollows by the tired feet of visitors that for the past sixty years have come from all lands to do homage to genius and lay laurels, metaphorically, at the feet of the man who has added a new charm to humanity, a new dignity to the race, a new glory to the land of his birth. The summit commands a lovely view of green fields, wooded hills, and meadows pleasantly stacked with freshly-raked hay, and through its woodbine-clad banks I hear the rippling of the famous river, mingling with the chanting of little birds.

"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care.

"Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling birds,
That wanton through the flowering thorn;
Thou mindst me o' departed joys—
Departed, never to return."

Everything that you have ever heard of Burns comes into your mind as you look out from the top of the memorial on the enchanting scenes around, and you feel as if you would like to make it a pulpit from which to proclaim to an indifferent world your gratitude and love. You think of his sorrow, inspiration, temptations, sin; you think of the tragedy of his life and of his early death at thirty-seven years, when he had just begun to live.

"And then to die so young, and leave
Unfinished what he might achieve!
Yet better, sure,
Is this, than wandering up and down,
An old man in a country town,
Infirm and poor.

"For now he haunts his native land
As an immortal youth; his hand
Guides every plough.
He sits beside each ingle-nook;
He is in each rushing brook,
Each rustling bough."

And thus your memory is busy with his best and worst. You think of his vain attempts to conceal by hilarity and recklessness the desperation that gnawed at his heart. He was heard to have said, "Even in the hour of social mirth, my gayety is the madness of an intoxicated criminal (evidently thinking of Macpherson) under the hands of the executioner," and yet

"He sung of love whose flame illumes
The darkness of lone cottage rooms;
He feels the force—
The treacherous undertow and stress
Of wayward passion, and no less
The keen remorse."

Publicly admonished by the church, he found safety only in concealment. He was obliged to avoid the strong arm of justice like a common criminal, and for what? because he was unable to pay seven pounds for the militia suit that he had ordered and worn. Shortly before his death—quoting from Lady Baillie's pathetic ballad,—

"And werena my heart light I wad die,"

was the paradoxical wail that expressed his mental state. Read the bard's epitaph; it is of himself that he writes.

"Know prudent caution's self controle
Is wisdom's root."

and again, where he says,—

"God knows I'm not the thing I should be."

Or this:

"Oh, man, while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time;
Misspending all thy precious hours—
Thy glorious, youthful prime—
Alternate follies take the sway,
Licentious passions burn,
Which tenfold force gives nature's law,
That man was made to mourn."

Or again:

"When shall my soul, in silent peace,
Resign life's joyless day;
My weary heart its throbbings cease,
Cold, mouldering in the clay?"

Or such a lamentation as the following, uttered from the depths of despair:

"Oppressed with grief, oppressed with care,
A burden more than I can bear;
I set me down and sigh,
O life! thou art a galling load
Along a rough and weary road,
To wretches such as I."

These, and such as these, expressing his penitence, charity, and remorse; written at a time, too, when by his wit and humor he was filling the land with laughter and smiles, unhappy himself, the cause of happiness in others, show how much weaker the will was than the inclination. But if these show forth his sorrow and repentance, what lines express best his versatility and power. Humanity was his favorite virtue.

"He wadna wrang the very deil."

To realize the universality of his kindness read again his lines "To a Mouse," "The Old Farmer's New Years Salutation to his Mare," "The Wonderful Winter Night," a truly Shakespearean description, suggestive of Lear; written, too, amid the gloom of personal misery "that broods over and around him," and yet is not sufficient to prevent his universal sympathy from enveloping within its ample folds "the wee hamless birdies," "shivering cattle," and "silly sheep," suffering its brunt:

"Ilk happing bird, wee helpless thing,
That in the merry months o' Spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Whar wilt thou cower thy chittering wing,
And close thy ee?"

But perhaps the most zoopholistic of his poems is that "Unco Mournful Tale,—The Death and Dying Words of Poor Mailie," his pet sheep, in which he not only anticipates but expresses the very soul and spirit of all societies for preventing cruelty to animals; done, too, with such an adroit, tear-producing drollery, entirely unique, as if he wanted to illustrate John Bunyan's couplet:

"Some things are of that nature as to make
One's fancy chuckle while his heart doth ache."

In a letter written to his father in which he tells him that he is out of meal, and was obliged to *borrow* more, something that he abhorred, you get a glimpse into his heart that reveals more than volumes could. You can imagine what pangs of famine he suffered, with his children and wife—independent souls—before he resorted thus to a neighbor for such a loan. It is in this letter he said "he would be glad to bid an eternal adieu to life, with all its pain and disquietude. I am heartily tired of it all. It is for this reason I am more pleased with the 15th, 16th, and 17th verses of the 7th chapter of Revelations, than with any ten times as many verses in the whole Bible, and would not exchange the noble enthusiasm with which they inspire me for the world." Read them, all you who wax fat and kick; ye *unco guid*, and you, too, ye gentle but careless multitude, who take no thought of the morrow:

"Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in His temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

"They shall *hunger* no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat.

"For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall *feed* them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Can you not see a picture of the hope and despair of himself and family in these cheerful yet pathetic words? And yet

this same man, in need of meal (the almost sole food of the Scotch peasant then), esteems songs so much above price that he would not write them for money—refused £50 a year from a London paper for occasional poems; and when a scoundrel of a publisher offered him a large sum for the looser creations of his own, and similar pieces, perhaps "higher kilted" than his own, that his labors in the field of Scotch lyrics enabled him to collect, he refused, with indignation and scorn. He included the complete circle of human interests and habits in his universe of song, but did not deal in obscenity, as such. It is said, too, that he was irreligious; true, ecclesiastically, he was; but in that religion above creeds—that sense of moral obligation, and spirit of reverence and worship which affect the heart of a man in reference to the Deity, or that recognition of God as an object of worship, love, and obedience—who possessed more of this than he? But the discrepancy between the conception and the life—ah *meine Liebchen*—that's the difficulty with us all.

"Who made the heart, 'tis he alone
Decidedly can try us.
He knows each chord—its various tone;
Each spring—its various bias.
Then at the balance let's be mute;
We never can adjust it.
What's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what's *resisted.*"

While visiting Sterling, at the grave of Sir John the Graham, the friend of Wallace, overcome with a flood of thrilling memories, he did what most religious men only feel like doing—fell upon his knees, and poured out his soul in thankfulness and repentance; and over the hole, in a blue whinstone on the banks of Bannockburn, where Robert Bruce fixed his royal standard, the impulse to communicate with God again seized him, when he said a fervent prayer for old Caledonia, "the birthplace of valor—the country of Worth." All through his unhappy, reckless life his refuge was God. His mistake was that, like most of us, he sought in external circumstances that which can be found only in ourselves. As an illustration of the subtilty and refinement of his intellect, exercised on a subject abstruse, yet of universal interest, too, take this from one of his letters as an example: "We know nothing, or next

to nothing, of the structure of our souls; so we cannot account for those seeming caprices in them, that one should be particularly pleased with this thing, or struck with that, which on minds of a different cast makes no extraordinary impression. I have some favorite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain daisy, the harebell, the foxglove, the wild brier rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of gray plover in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. Tell me, my dear friends, to what can this be owing? Are we a piece of machinery which, like the Æolian harp, passive, takes the impression of the passing accident, or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod? I own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities; a God that made all things, man's immaterial and immortal nature, and a world of weal or woe beyond death and the grave." Then as an illustration of conciseness—of that brevity which is the soul of wit—in this case of poetry, also, take "John Anderson, My Jo," that miracle of compression, reticence, and self-control, where, in less than a score of lines, he has expressed the very quintessence of sanctified wedlock—the all of life. A concentrated romance, as deep as heaven and as wide as the multitudinous sea; a production which alone is enough to secure for him the poetical homage of the world. Nothing that even Goethe has done, with all his might, is to be compared to it. Even the famous "*Wanderpilger's Nachtleid*," beginning

"Ueber allen Gipfeln is ruh,"

great as it is, is far short of the tender and deep suggestiveness of "John Anderson, My Jo." Its two stanzas make one think of the backs of a book, of finest vellum, and embellished by the hand of a master. You are attracted by the cover, the workmanship, and thought of it; you examine it closely; you hold it at arm's length; from every point you inspect it with delight; you think of its symmetry and grace, its flexibility and strength; you hold it with its back resting on the palm of your hand; it opens, and within, you read the great

epic of humanity, the alpha and omega of life; for everything thrilling, noble, and seductive in existence, is suggested by the sixteen lines of this incomprehensible song:

> "To keep a happy fireside clime for weans and wife,
> That's the sole pathos and sublime of human life."

And it is all here: between the "When we were first acquent" and the "Sleep thegither at the foot," is everything, —love, courtship, hope and despair, matrimony, maternity, *weans*. All the parental anxieties and cares: "The wee ains rantin' through the house." Struggles, successes, defeats, infancy, childhood, adolescence, maturity; the "stranger rapping at the door;" well matched pairs; giving in marriage; separation from the "happy fireside clime," but only to settle near the old homestead, like satellites around the sun, or like courtiers encircling the throne of a king; thus the venerable pair, in the quiet evening of life, are gliding hand in hand into the vale. The children, absent in body from the old hearth, but united to it by invisible cords, return often with their children to the spot, sanctified by memories of childhood. They have just said adieu. The good couple are alone, as of yore. It is a moment of introspection and reminiscence, and the happiness of the old lady bubbles over in the following; she holds her husband's hands in hers, and looking up into his face says:

> "John Anderson, my Jo (dear) John,
> When we were first acquent,
> Your locks were like the raven,
> Your bonny brow was brent.
> But now your brow is bald, John,
> Your locks are like the snow,
> But blessings on your frosty pow,
> John Anderson, my Jo."

You can imagine after this, an interval of profound soul-stirring silence, in which she reconnoiters the happy past, peers wistfully into the future, and resumes:

> "John Anderson, my Jo, John,
> We clamb the hill thegither,
> And mony a canty day, John,
> We've had wi ane anither.
> Now we maun totter down, John,
> But hand in hand we'll go,
> And sleep thegither at the foot,
> John Anderson, my Jo."

The few lines entitled "To a Kiss" is also a remarkable production; not only every sentence, but every fraction of a sentence is a perfected gem of concentrated thought; every word causing you to stop and think, like the paragraphs in Darwin's "Origin of Species," as full of profound meaning as Macbeth's remarks about sleep. Just imagine what "an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts" such a subject would have been in the hands of the sensuous Iagos of the fleshly school; then think what a world of tenderness, gladness, sorrow, love, infancy, fondness, friendship, charity, concession—everything—that Robert Burns has compressed within the compass of twelve lines, without an intimation of anything but what ennobles and endears. The country, too, from where I sit, and also that through which I have passed, to-day, has such an indescribable charm, and the few natives that I met, most of them laborers (they would be insulted if you offered them money for kindness done you), are such splendid specimens of humanity, ennobled by the influence of the peasant bard. The curious about it all—the things regarded objectionable in his rhymes, seem to have slipped through the memory of his countrymen, causing no feeling but regret, while the beauty and manliness of his character has adhered—his love of nature, flowers, humanity, generosity, patriotism, independence—he has made them in love with their work; has added dignity to labor, has widened their horizon, has helped to make them what they are, and as Longfellow has said: "Now his hand guides every plough," and inspires every heart you feel; but the sun is near its setting; the other visitors are gone, and I, too, because of the flight of time, and my constrained position am obliged to descend. I pass down towards the margin of the Wimpling Doon, where denuding myself of shoes and stockings, I waded in, and under the arch of Alloway's bridge, over which flew Tam O'Shanter and his tailless Meg, I rescue a few pebbles from the bottom and some sprigs of hazel from the brink, and come away, and as the smooth stone from the recently forded Jordan proved to the pious Israelites that his ancestors were favored of the Lord, so, these stones and a few leaves, gathered along the banks, shall be to me, for all time, a memorial of a great day. Adieu.

"Through busiest street and loneliest glen
Are felt the flashes of his pen;
He rules mid winter snows, and when
Bees fill their hives,
Deep in the general hearts of men
His power survives." WORDSWORTH.

EDINBURGH, July 9, 1887.

"Right comely is thy garb, Melchisedek;
As well beseemeth one, whom good Saint Mungo,
The patron of our land and university,
Hath graced with license, both to teach and preach."
—*The Doom of Devorgoil.*
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WHAT shall I whisper into the attentive ear of my mother confessor to-day? How can I rid myself of the crowd of reminiscences clamorous for deliverance? Even the thoughts suggested by the Scott monument, across from the window where I write, would take pages. And yet I must leave it, with its laughing gardens, and, on the wings of this lovely evening, fly to the uttermost parts of Glasgow's necropolis to tell you that there, early, in that sepulchral park I was a wanderer among its noble tombs. I went in the gray of the morning to find the graves I desired, and be at the station for *Auld Reekie* at noon; crossing the "Bridge of Sighs," spanning a small rivulet, constantly murmuring at the approach of death, and I am in—I cannot tell with what feelings I looked up the terraced slopes of its tomb-covered sides to the gigantic memorial of John Knox, on its summit, and walked along its well-kept walks, reading here and there the epitaphs that tell the story of well-spent lives, inquiring now and then from the intelligent men that sweep the paths, about the position of the graves I came to see, until I stand before the tomb that marks the last resting-place of Motherwell, the poet, whose "Jeanie Morrison" is unsurpassed, for the mingled pathos and beauty of its reminiscences of boyish love, whose "Sword-chant of Thorstein Raudi" is perhaps the most heroic rune in the English tongue; whose little gem, beginning "My heid is like to rend, Willie"—can hardly be read without tears, and whose countrymen have "shown an appreciation" for his

"Minstrelsy" by the erection of this memorial. I have noticed that even in the ornamental work of Scotland the first object is solidity, then symmetry, and after that grace. Motherwell's tomb is no exception to this rule: first, a solid, oblong, granite stone, tons in weight, its sides ornamented with intaglios, illustrating scenes from his works; this surmounted by his bust, in white marble, and covered with a canopy supported by fluted columns, makes a combination uniting the above-mentioned traits. I remain for awhile, trying to recall what I can of the writer and the thirty-five years of his active life—removing a daisy, root and all, from beside the ponderous mass, I walked up the hill. After many windings and cross-cuts and vain inquiries I was again greeted by the name on the door-plate of the granite home of another worthy, James Sheridan Knowles, actor and dramatist, the eccentric author of many popular plays, who, like Peg Woffington, in Charles Read's novel, was, while in the zenith of his fame, "converted," when, abandoning the green-room and the play, and becoming a disciple of Christ, found a pauper's bed while living, and a great man's grave when dead. I thought of his eventful career as I stood by the huge stone that marks the place where he lies. He was born in Cork, the son of James Knowles, the author of "A Dictionary of the English Language;" was educated in London, received a commission in the army, which like his countryman, Farquhar, he abandoned for the stage; made his first appearance in Dublin, afterwards became a teacher of elocution in Glasgow, where he established his reputation as a dramatist. His "Caius Gracchus" was first performed in Belfast; "Virginius," his most successful piece, was adapted for the London stage by Macready, who took the title rôle and made it a success. Although he wrote about a dozen other dramas without exhibiting great genius, yet his pieces are unquestionably the best "acting plays" produced by any Englishman in modern times. In 1845, because of scruples of conscience, he relinquished his chosen profession and became at once distinguished for religious zeal, both by tongue and pen—publishing an acute controversial work, "The Idol Demolished by its Own Priest," in answer to Cardinal Wiseman's Lectures on Transubstantiation. In 1862 he died in Devonshire, and was brought here for burial. The position

of his grave is near the summit of the necropolis, commanding a lovely view around, yet the massive weight of polished granite, that simply tells his name, oppresses by its expressionless bulk.

This is another illustration of the anomalous social condition of Ireland, or at least such a condition would be considered abnormal in any other country, namely, that this man, and such men as this are, judging by appearances, not regarded by their compatriots as countrymen at all. There are no memorials of them in Ireland; they occupy no place in the affections of the people; they are not influenced by their efforts; neither read nor honored by them; never even mentioned, if known, unless on occasions when they want to relegate to themselves credit for having produced them. The truly great (not that I mean to place poor Knowles in that category), the Goldsmiths, Swifts, Berkleys, Leckys, and a multitude of others, except as above, are never mentioned at all. Burk *is* claimed, but simply, I judge, because of his Irish name. Yet Tommy Moore is in every man's mouth—"The greatest poet that ever mounted Pegasus," says O'Holleron, "overtopping perfection," his Lalla Rookh being bought by the envious English for three thousand guineas, worth ten, and cheap at that—the greatest price ever paid for a poem. Moore, the poet, and Foley, the sculptor, God bless the mark, are the two ornaments of the nation. "Foley," says my enthusiastic companion in a letter before me, "reached and felt at home at a height barely touched by Phidias and Scopas;" and yet—although they spend over £11,000,000 a year for beer and whiskey, it is other people that erect monuments to their great men. Nothing but grass grows around the well-kept place where Sheridan Knowles lies. I take three small roots of it, as emblems of the Faith, Hope, and Charity, especially the charity that characterized his unhappy life, and came away. Many are the monumental gems that ornament the rugged sides of this Golgotha; I have seen them all; many are of the great and mighty, but these two I love. We left on the noon train for Edinburgh, when flying through the forty-eight miles of smoke that separates the two towns, we are in an hour and a half at Waverly Station—climbing to the hotel on the other side of the way, I ascend one hundred

and twenty-five stone steps to my room, where I get rid "of the thick covering of tenacious soot that like sleep covers me all over like a cloak," when I write, and rest.

* * * * * * * * *

At 3 o'clock I stepped into a restaurant and had a splendid sixpenny dinner, a talk with the proprietor thrown in, about "Triumphant Democracy" Carnegie, who is here to-day from Perkshire (where he is staying for the season) to lay the foundation stone of the Free Library, that at a cost of a quarter of a million dollars he is going to present to the town. He has received the freedom of the city and is the topic of general talk. What a grand thing it must be, to be able to assume the character of a Zeus, thus, and come down in a shower of gold on the people you love.

Our drive this afternoon, with Dr. and Mrs. Simonton of St. Paul, Minnesota, included all the historic parts of the city. We past Arthurs' seat, came in sight of Lammermoor, when turning around we could see the far away Pentland Hills. "The tract between these two points," says our intelligent driver, "is Midlothian, and the (centre) 'Heart of Midlothian' is on High street in the city!" What visions of the worthies and exploits in Scott's Romances were pictured by these few descriptive words. We drove around the great rock called Arthurs' Seat, seeing some pretty bits of bright water, until we came to the beautiful village of Duddington, sleeping on the margin of its swan-frequented lake, with its grey Norman-like church, occupied by Rev. John Thompson, the landscape painter, for thirty-five years, and which still has hanging rusty on its wall the "Jougs," an iron collar that in the days that are no more, was put around the necks of transgressors of church discipline, that the members in going to worship might mock and spit upon them, in the good old times! Happy congregation that needed but one collar. In returning we pass Sailsburry craigs, Jennie Deans' cottage, John Knox's house, the Trongate, on to Parliament square, in the middle of which we stop, when alighting, I stand on the eighteen-inch plate which marks the spot where the rugged old reformer was buried, then a graveyard, now the middle of a bustling street. Truly, John Knox, Sir Walter Scott, and Robert Burns are the trinity of Scotland's greatness; no wonder their

monuments greet you on every hand; their undying lessons have found a welcome home in the heart of every Scotchman; the greatness of the people can surely be ascribed to the teachings of these three—a dissimilar trio, and yet, in good sooth—after being denuded of their respective austere, convivial, and romantic coverings, they are at bottom the same; what Longfellow said of Burns, is true of the three.

"But still the burden of his (their) song
Is love of right, disdain of wrong;
Its master chords
Are Manhood, Freedom, Brotherhood;
Its discords but an interlude
Between the words."

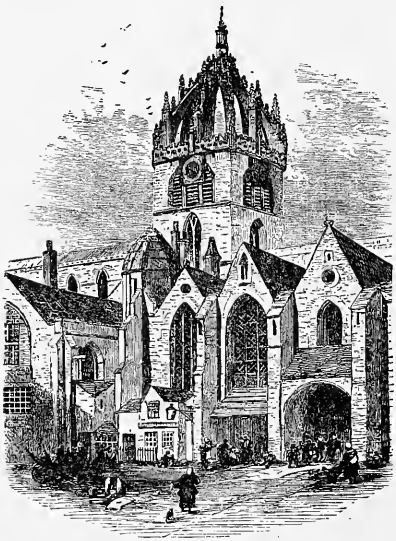
We have seen many historic places and lovely homes in this noble city; can understand now why it is called the "Modern Athens." The architecture of most of its public buildings is Grecian, many of them being copies of ancient temples. The art galleries are Ionic. The high school a fac-simile of the Temple of Theseus, in Athens; the Burns monument a combination of two Greek structures; St. George's is also classic; the cupola of one of the many memorials, is a copy of the monument on the Temple of the Winds; and I saw somewhere to-day a colossal statue of Alexander taming Bucephalus. You can see, therefore, that there must be some of the old Greek spirit also in the "Modern Athens," or this loving imitation of the most famous buildings of the ancient city, would not be as universally evident as it is; but old Edinburgh has a character of its own, unique in its way, even when you exclude the picturesque castle, Holyrood palace, and Gray Friars—I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure, and am, as ever, yours. Farewell.

EDINBURGH, July 10, 1887.

"How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world
That have such people in it.—*The Tempest.*
SHAKESPEARE.

TO-DAY has been quiet and restful; every shop closed, the people in their Sunday gear; no sound of active trade or rum-

bling carts; no sights of men rushing to and fro; all dignified—in repose—with the genuine stamp of a Christian Sabbath about it. How I wish that you were all with me to-day, that you might enjoy the magnificent and quaint sights of this noble town. I have never been in a place, great or small, with fewer objectionable things; and the people are all that you would expect from a people who keep the Sabbath Day holy, and know John Knox, Sir Walter Scott, and Robert Burns; and as there are very few foreigners here they are consequently free from the degrading sights that disfigure the clean streets of Glasgow, and give it the name of being the "wickedest city in the world."



ST. GILES.

This morning at ten o'clock I started to attend service in one of the only two Presbyterian churches in the world that use a Ritual with te deums, magnificats, written prayers, etc., St. Giles, the other being the Cathedral, in Glasgow. The liturgy is the same in both. I left early in order to have time to wander among the graves; was gravely mistaken, as Belgian blocks have taken the place of tombstones; like all else, they have submitted to the inevitable and traffic, is conducted in the former place of the dead. There was nothing left but for me to enter the church—the oldest ecclesiastical edifice in Edinburgh—to worship with its people. Originally this was a cruciform building, but was modified into something composite in 1830. Its central tower, 161 feet in height, is decorated with rich, open stone work, and crowned with four arches and central spire. The earliest mention of this house of worship occurs in 1359. In 1565 it was the scene of the animated

denunciations of Knox; and it was here that Janet Geddes flung her praying stool at the officiating clergyman's head, in her wrathful resentment of the enforced use of the ritual. After the completion of the restoration of 1883, it was also the scene of a most interesting ceremony. Fifteen Scotch regimental banners, which had done noble service in the Peninsula, at Waterloo, the Crimean campaign, the Indian mutiny, in China, and Kaffirland, were deposited within its sacred walls, with flourish of trumpets, for repose. These banners were slightly rippled to-day as the great congregation moved in and filled the house. Some of them are well preserved; others reduced to mere fragments, but they all equally suggest the patriotism and devotion of the men who made adherence to their country and reverence for the worship and house of God the Alpha and Omega of their lives. That these banners, "torn, shattered, but unstained," after waving victoriously over many bloody fields, should be brought back to rest peacefully within the walls of a building dedicated to the service of the Prince of Peace, impressed me as a type of that period in every experience, when we desire to give up the struggle, to cease the contest, and quietly languish into the inactivity of rest. At a significant clause in one of the prayers, "Give strength, oh Lord, to the young and peace to the old," I could not but look up at the mutely eloquent banners hanging in tatters, with their long, tremulous fingers, as if dropping benedictions on the heads of the kneeling people, and feel that "this was none other than the house of God," and "this (prayer) the gate of Heaven." I can't tell you of the variety of the magnificently storied windows, nor of the glorious but subdued rays of light that penetrated their deep masses of color, making every face radiant, and softening every attitude into grace; nor of the giddy height of its gracefully arched stone roof; nor of the thunder peals, nor bird notes of its organ, moved by steam; nor of the bewildering intricacies of the stone screen at the north entrance; nor of the exquisitely chiseled panels and pillars of its cameo-like pulpit, illustrating the chapter, "For I was sick and hungered and in prison,"—nor of the strange Presbyterian service adapted to the architectural circumstances of the place. It is too much for a letter, yet I was impressed much with this fact, that these grand churches, ap-

pealing so emphatically to the imagination as they do, are not the buildings for didactic services like ours; are more suitable for worship of a spectactular or sacrificial type, touching deeply the emotional nature of a people, but not necessarily doing much for their mental or moral state.

After dinner, I made another sauntering tour of discovery —Grey Friars being my goal—I was very soon at its locked unbeadled gates; but unlike the unwise virgins, although the doors were shut, I felt well rewarded for my stroll, by an incident that appealed to me near the entrance: A pretty stone fountain, surmounted by the bronze effigy of a dog—a ragged little Scotch terrier—with this inscription on the base to tell his story (you can judge of the dog by his tale): "A tribute to the affectionate fidelity of 'Grey Friars Bobby.'" "In 1858, this faithful dog followed the remains of his master to Grey Friars churchyard, and lingered near the spot until his death in 1872." "With permission, erected by the Baroness Burdett Coutts." The fountain of this curiously constructed memorial suggests the corolla of a convolvulus; it is filled with running water, and from the number of dogs that came up to drink, during the few minutes that I was copying the inscription, you can see that they know its use. From the centre of the corolla springs the pistil of the flower, with trumpet-shaped expansion which serves as a fountain for men; from the heart of this is another elongation surmounted by the impudent-looking little fellow, whose erected ears and animated, but saddened look, tells that he has waited in vain (for twelve years) for the reappearance of his lost, but ever hopefully-expected friend; a tender but happy tribute to the memory of departed worth. On the plinth on which the figure of the dog sits is inscribed "Grey Friars Bobby; from the life just before his death." The stone of this fountain is polished, conglomerate rock, which is ever a reminder of Hugh Miller, and his tragical death. I came home by The Canongate, passing Holyrood and Queen Mary's bath, a pretty architectual protuberance, projecting from an old house in a precipitous street near the palace—then, I retire to dream. Good-night.

EDINBURGH, July 11, 1887.

"Oh! Wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us;
It wad frae mony a blunder frie us and foolish notion,
What airs in dress and gait would lie us and e'en devotion."

THE above was suggested by reflections to-night on the peculiarities—physical, exhibited by the people that I have lately seen. In the "Emigrant Isle," for example, every town of any size that I visited was ornamented by an insane asylum, always placed in some conspicuous position, as if to testify to the progressiveness and charity of the people at the same time; and the most frequent maladies that I saw there—giving variety to the otherwise familiar appearance of the people—were idiocy, scrofulous-inflammation of the cervical glands, exhibiting hideous suppurating sores, very often presenting themselves in all their unwashed and uncovered reality; conjunctivitis, making you feel that Col. Mulberry Sellers would not need to go as far as the Orient to find an active field for his "optic liniment and salvation for the eyes;" these, and club feet, or I should say club foot, for there are so many of them, that it looks as if there was not enough to give a pair to each—they have been obliged to put up with one. Conjunctivitis is the supreme ornament of the ladies of Cork, Killarney, and the mountains of Kerry. In Glasgow, rickets are the vogue. In the course of a morning's walk, you may, perhaps, meet a dozen gentlemen, the bent legs of whom, in connection with the circle, they describe making one hundred and one, distinct enough to add great numerical importance to a morning's promenade; others, who scorn "Hogarth's line of beauty," have their legs bent at the knee at an obtuse angle, with their apicies pointing right and left—this in a city where the surgeons modestly emblazon their names on lamps big enough to hold the Cardiff giant, suspended from the second story, or on signs like grocers, would seem either as if their loud appeals for patronage were brayed into deaf ears, or is it because the size of a doctor's sign is in reciprocal proportion to his skill? What a multiplication table of numerals are concealed under the striped petticoats of the nymphs of

Argyle street, I have no means of computing. I could forgive Glasgow anything but the bare feet of its frowsy, half-clad women, for their persistent, though unsuccessful attempt to make flowers grow in their windows; their smoky atmosphere killing everything in the way of vegetation, except a few varieties, including a spotted degenerate palm, a sort of vegetable leopard, that you see in window boxes, once in a while; not really because they grow, but because they die slower than anything else. In passing a broad house in Glasgow, a few days since, I saw that the windows of the second story were decorated with green boxes filled with the above-mentioned pining palms. On the side of the first box, in large, white letters, was painted "JESUS;" on the second, "CHRIST." I turned away shocked, thinking, what a blasphemous wretch, to swear so dreadfully, simply because his palms won't grow. On looking up to see how the other boxes were doing, I read on the third, in the same letters, "DIED." Yes—they all do,—it's a way they have. On the fourth box was written "FOR YOU." Ah! thought I, the true significance dawning upon me as I read the sentence in its entirety, how prone we are to jump at conclusions, and how grateful we should feel that there are still some among us who not only have "the name of the Lord engraven upon the palms of their hands," but carry out the scriptural injunction to include the palms of their windows, also. But I was talking about characteristic maladies. The pathological stigmata of "Edinboro town" is also scrofulous, but so delicate in its markings, that it seems rather like a picturesque ruin on a magnificent estate, than a physical defect on a frail foundation. It appears generally in the "surgical triangle" under the chin, extending sometimes along the line of the sterno-mastoid muscle up as far as the ear, marking by a series of shallow indentations the site of the glands—this appearing often enough to occasion remark. "Can I be cured of scrofula?" said an anxious patient once to a great physician. "No;" was the reply. "You will have it as long as you live, and your ghost will have it when you're dead."

From the window where I write, looking across Queen street gardens, over "The Mound," on the side of the oppo-

site "brae," are visible four ten-story buildings, any number of nine, the whole side of the hill almost covered with houses of six, seven, and eight-stories, only two in the collection less than four, and yet towering above all is the steeple of St. Giles, surmounted by a rooster with flaming tail fluttering in the shifting breeze. I can see from where I sit the great Bank of Scotland, rising on terrace after terrace up to its spherical slate-covered dome. The Scott monument partially obstructing my view, so light is it, at three o'clock in the morning, and as from my perch here in the clouds (ninth story of a stone hotel, with guests still snoring overhead, two-stories deep), I look down on the street; I observe that it is already speckled with jackdaws, who come thus early from their homes in the chimneys to forestall the street sweepers, and make havoc on what will be very soon swept up and carried away before the people are out of bed. The streets are cleaned every morning, the accumulated dust of the past twenty-four hours disappears before the citizens are awake. Even a single loose stone in a highway is contrary to custom. The slightest defect is mended so early in the morning that neither the breach nor the workmen are seen. I have not yet, in Scotland, seen a torn-up street, and both from a sanitary and artistic stand-point I have seen nothing that could in the slightest offend. For example, I have critically passed through the long Queen's Garden without having seen a fallen leaf on the lawns, or the slightest indentation in a walk, or the merest irregularity, *as a blade of grass falling the wrong way*, in the lines or curves of the lawns, that look as if they were combed. There are an abundance of flowers everywhere here, with petals and leaves free from dust, as is also the grass, this even in quarters of greatest commercial activity—every unexpected corner everywhere a blaze of bloom. It is truly an ideal city, exceeding my expectations, superior to anything that we have or I should think could have for many a day. This is in New Edinburgh; the old city is not like unto it. Is it the rotary system in politics, rotating a man out when he has served his apprenticeship that does it, or is it brains in connection with morality and religion that make a people great? "Righteousness exalteth a nation." If so—our standard of right and wrong is the same as theirs; our ideals

are as high; our private life as pure; our ambition as honorable; and still with an equality of intellect and morality—at least, in the *evidences*, I believe in the reality, too—in municipal perfection, we have no city that equals this. I can ascribe our inferiority to no other cause than that mentioned above, and I believe that until we have made a change in this and have adopted in its entirety, civil service reform, our brilliancy will be but the flash of powder in a pan, while theirs is the sustained light of the sun; our brightness, the reflection from bits of glass; theirs the scintillations from diamonds. They have built their capital on the sides of precipitous rocks, and are surrounded by disadvantages that would have cast an inferior people down, and yet they have made the bare stones beautiful with flowers and happy homes, and have covered the slopes of their naked hills with terraces of green and gold.

EDINBURGH, July 12, 1887.

"Wo sind sie all, die wechselnden Geschicke,
Der Erdenpilger Kurzes Lebensglücke?
Auf diesen Grabes kreuzen kannst du's lesen:
Gewesen!
"Ich weiss nicht von wem."

"Come, let us sit upon the ground, and tell sad stories of the death of kings."
SHAKESPEARE.

I AM having such a pleasant time that when my admiration is suspended long enough to think, I am ashamed for having turned my back on duty in Philadelphia, to indulge in such pleasures as I have had in Edinburgh to-day. In the morning, fresher than an Edinburgh daisy (old Edinburgh), and much freer from soot, I passed through the time-worn gates of St. Giles—bidding good-morning to Bobby—into its yard, so rich in memorials of the past of Scotland. It's a ghostly old haunt, this graveyard of St. Giles, built on a gently declining slope, yet the ghosts that you would expect to find there would not be the conventional "sheeted" sort, but spectres of sable darkness; nothing has existed in this place for any time without having assumed the gay and festive tints of the crow. Even the few leaves that I gathered for my herbarium had to

be rubbed down with soap and sponge before admitting them into their place in my book. The chimneys have put all in deep mourning. As you roam from spot to spot, you are filled with the conflicting feelings of regret and admiration; regret, because of the smoky touches of time that has so distressingly marred its features, and admiration for the people that still continue to plant graceful memorials of the dead within its carbonized walls, and persist in their attempts to make them more beautiful with flowers. Of course, they all die—in this struggle for existence; there is no survival at all. Death, like a sinner with repentance, is simply postponed, until lingering disease ends in collapse, and they are—dust, that is, soot.

The object of my first look as I entered the graveyard this morning was a great mural tablet of the dead long ago, that covered a part of the gable of the church, suggesting Burns' "Death and Dr. Hornbook," or perhaps more correctly "Hans Holbein's Collection of Ghastly Dancers." A grinning skeleton—larger than life (please note the bull), pirouetting on one foot with the other in the air (*a la* Kellar); in one hand he holds an open book and with the other points towards the lowering clouds, as much as to say: "I have nothing on that can be hurt by the rain." He is accompanied with trimmings of skulls, cross-bones, hour-glasses, scythes, and all the cheerful paraphernalia connected with his ancient but respectable calling. I could easily imagine that the winds of many centuries had whistled through his corroded ribs, although he still keeps up the same mournful Highland-fling that he began in the infancy of the grief of the people, whose sorrows he records. I left him, feeling that if, like the leopard, he would ever change his spot, how much better it would be for the rest of us who have been so frightened by the ghastly emblems of his trade and his osseous grin.

The enclosed places and vaults of this yard are of great antiquity, large, clumsy and profusely ornamented with all sorts of sombre devices; even the very language that records the virtues of their defunct occupants is dead, and made additionally illegible by the corrosions of time. The greatest places are neglected, because their families have perhaps become extinct, or the records testifying to their ownership lost. As I walked festively along—"For why should the spirit of

mortal be"—sad, thinking of the past, and gazing intently at the buttercuped slice of black and green grass that separated two great tombs, I looked up, and to my surprise, incised deeply into the notched and crumbling face of an old head-stone was my own name; an impulse caused me to search the records and see if my namesake had not been of our family; in deciphering the inscription I found enough to convince me that he was a relative—distant 480 years—I immediately felt at home. Just then the sun burst through the smoke that had concealed him all the morning; his brightness put new life into me; when, continuing my search, I soon came across a well-tended enclosure that interested me much; it was that of the Mackenzies, with a separate stone to the memory of Henry, author of "The Man of Feeling," etc., celebrated, but not to the present taste; I have tried twice to read it; have not yet succeeded, but like being drowned perhaps the third time may be a go. The stone has among other things "Henry Mackenzie, who saw in all the relations of his life the practice of the virtues his writings inspired, and in his prospect of death the peace of Christian faith and hope." Going towards "the stone of the martyrs" I came across another famous name, that of "George Buchanan,"—not our George, though, even if I did find an ivy leaf on his tomb—but the "Scottish Historian, Sixteenth Century Reformer and the best Latin poet which modern Europe has ever produced;" quoting from the inscription, which also adds: "He is buried in this churchyard;" no wonder it took "the yard," he was such a great man. Across from George is a more modern memorial, a beautiful square shaft of polished granite with letters in gold, telling the brief history of Murray, the poor shepherd-boy, who became the most eminent linguist of his day, dying in his thirty-sixth year, Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Edinburgh. The next inscription was that of Allan Ramsay, author of "The Tea Table"—"the gentle shepherd," the friend of Scott, Ferguson and Burns—under a birch tree he lies buried. I removed a few twigs—wove them into a shepherd's garland as I walked toward the memorial, with the epitaph that Robert Burns erected and composed over the bones of his friend. The inscription is as follows:

"Robert Ferguson, Poet.
"No sculpture here, nor pompous lay,
No storied urn, nor animated bust;
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust."

What a Mæcenas the rich Burns would have been! How happy you would be if you could but forget his weaknesses; but wealthy, perhaps he would have had none. On this, as on Mackenzie's grave, some one has succeeded in raising primroses, pansies, calcelaria, lupins, and asters—all in bloom, but in decline. In attempting to despoil the sacred spot I stumbled, and found myself on my back at the base of the Janus-faced stone that tells about "Helen Blake:"

"She was! but words are wanting to say what!
Think what a wife should be, and she was that."

I plucked a daisy from the place where I fell, as an appropriate solution to the perplexing conundrum, and *went* for the sombre, jail-like enclosure, where the bones of the metaphysician Dougal Stuart, the greatest thinker of Scotland, await the final trump. "*Hic situs est*," with his name, is all that is here to testify to his greatness.

Of all the memorials that crowd this "acre" there are none that tell a story so tragical and bloody as "The Stone of the Martyrs." An oblong, upright slab-cenotaph, telling of the eighteen thousand who were put to death in Edinburgh between 1681 and 1688, from the Marquis of Argyle to Mr. James Renwick, because of their being "constant and steadfast, zealous, witnessing for the Prerogative of Christ their King." Eighteen hundred and fifty of them were imprisoned within the vaults of this yard for five months. (*See Cruikshank's and Defoe's History.*) "Here are deposited the remains of Adam Smith, author of the "Theory of Moral Sentiment and Wealth of Nations, &cc, &cc, &cc," is the inscription on a mural tablet marking a neatly enclosed grave. Principal Hugh Blair, Literateur and Professor of Belles Lettres, and Robertson, the Historian, friends of Johnson and Boswell, are also interred here. Both were visited by Johnson when he came into Scotland with "Bozzy," as everybody knows.

From these I took my leave, loaded with the spoils of conquest, kissing my hand in an affectionate adieu to the disciple

of Holbein, still dancing his Highland fling on his crumbling rock, and was in a jiffy in the middle of the street, and in collision with an impetuous youngster running to meet a company of Highlanders with kilts and bagpipes, marching down High street on their way to Holyrood Castle. I waited, rearranging my disturbed leaves and flowers until the martial fellows, playing the slogan, came up, when, being drawn by the weird strains, solid walk, and tall and muscular forms, I fell into line, herbarium under my arm, umbrella in hand, and pen between my teeth, ready to take notes at a moment's warning. We marched down High street, passed Allen Ramsay's home, through Canongate, by John Knox's, until we halted breathless in front of the famous castle, having seen nothing but the soldiers that fascinated me, and hearing nothing but the wild drone of bagpipes. * * * Holyrood! It contains too much that is melancholy and sad for me to do anything in connection with it but weep. The queen in Shakespere, in realization of her husband's death, and in the prospect of her children's and her own, says: "Come, let us sit upon the ground and tell sad stories of the death of kings." The story that is told by the two rooms and the blood stains in Holyrood palace is the saddest of all. Poor sorrowful soul. What, with the denunciations of Knox, and the jealousy of her detestable husband, and the vengeance of the bloody Ruthven, her uncongenial surroundings, her own yielding nature, together with her compelled flight to Edinburgh castle and the birth of her child there, in the little confined room that they show you, like the nest of a gull on the ledge of a rock, she had a sad time of it, indeed; see the pleasant story suggested by the blood marks, in the introductory chapter to Scott's "Chronicles of the Canongate." After Holyrood, I made a visit to its companion picture, the Celebrated Castle (The Burgh of Edwin), situated on a rock in the opposite part of the town. It is surrounded on all sides but the east by a valley three hundred feet deep. It can only be entered on the eastern side, the others being extremely precipitous, in some parts perpendicular. I stood in the contracted chamber where poor Holyrood Mary's baby was born, the James the Sixth, in whom the crowns of Scotland and England were united; and as I looked out of its little window down the

rugged sides of the rock on which it is built, and thought of the frantic creature, the mother and queen, letting her new born baby, a few hours old, down its giddy heights by a rope, that it might escape the death that awaited it as the supposed illegitimate child of the murdered Rizzio. To think of it all is to be speechless with pity; doubly so, when you read the inscription still on the wall, expressing the wish of the unhappy queen mother. Allow me to copy it, with its peculiar spelling and all, if for nothing else, as an example of the English in vogue at that time:

> "Lord Jesu Chryst, that crounit was with Thornse,
> Preserve the Birth guhais Badgie heir is borne
> And send Hir Sonne succession to Reigne stille
> Lang in this Realme, if that it be thy will
> Als grant, O Lord quhat ever of Her proceed
> Be to Thy Honor, and Praise sobied."
>
> 19th IVNII. 1566.

I am trying to remember an interview with Darnley at nine or ten o'clock the morning in which the child was born, that I read somewhere, in somebody's chronicles, but I cannot. It was to this effect: Darnley, her husband, came into the room a few hours after the birth of the child, when she said, "Look, my lord, the Almighty has sent you a son. It is your child, and no other man's, and it will, God willing, unite the two kingdoms of England and Scotland." He shrugged his shoulders incredulously, when she said, "Let bygones be bygones; remember nothing of the past," etc. Can you tell me where this is? From here I go to the little chapel of the good St. Margaret, the smallest place of worship in the world (9 feet by 16 feet), and the oldest house in Edinburgh, with its five pretty windows, three tell of her founding a place to worship God; of her clothing the naked, etc., and dying at last the death of the righteous, the others give her form and features, also, those of her husband, Malcolm the Third, and their son, the great King David. A visit in the evening to the Lyceum Theatre to hear Simon Reeves in Rob Roy finished this most delightful day.

CARLISLE, ENGLAND, July 13, 1887.

"Every noble picture is a manuscript book, of which only one copy exists or ever can exist."—*Arrows of the Chase.*

RUSKIN.

HERE I am, in a cosy room in The County Hotel, in one of England's old cathedral towns. After a charming ride through leafy Berwickshire, passing Abbottsford and Melrose, rich in memories of Scott, or "Duke Darnick," as he is called here, I arrived this afternoon at half-past five o'clock, on my way to Uncle Harry's brother, whom I expect to see to-morrow. I have had a charming walk through the clean streets of this dignified town. Have admired its quiet, well-clad working people lounging socially on corners, or enjoying neighborly chats at their own doors, as it is a trifle too warm to be comfortable inside; but more than its clean streets and neat lawns are its pretty girls. I met a party of them coming out of a factory, where they had been at work, and I have never seen a pleasanter sight than their smiling, intelligent faces, and modest, but animated gait, as they hurried in all directions home, so neatly dressed, so lady-like. Why can't we have such sights as this? Ladies and gentlemen are the same in all lands. It is the working people that tell what a country is. Just think of the people that with us make the cars malodorous by their unwashed presence every evening, and compare them with the same class of English or Scotch, and see how we stand. Of course, you find many people in both countries exceedingly objectionable, but they are not to the manor born.

I want to tell you of The Art Gallery of Edinburgh, The Royal Institute, and the "Museum of Antiquities," with its remarkable collection of Scotch and other curios, easily requiring a month to properly see, but I am worn out with admiration and travel and must soon retire, yet not until I mention John Knox's old pulpit from St. Giles, that occupies an important place in the collection of the museum. It has been replaced in the restored church by the beautifully sculptured

one that I told you of a few days since; and yet, although the plain old box from which the austere reformer preached is worm-eaten and furrowed with the fissures of time, it still preaches to the people and to the world in a way that gives no uncertain sound of "love, righteousness, and judgment to come." In some cases the judgment has come. I would like to tell you also about the beautiful mummy case, twins, from Thebes—nothing like it in the world. Although the Egyptians preserved their domestic animals, cats, dogs, etc., yet it was not their custom to do so with babies, consequently mummies of children are scarce; but this casket of hieroglyphiced wood contains two little creatures that look as if they might have been Raphael's winged babies of the Sistine Madonna. One little fellow, whose wrappings have been unwound, appears, his chin gently resting on his breast, and with that prominent frontal protuberance peculiar to fœtal babies and infants that appeal so effectually for sympathy, little shriveled hands reclining by his sides, looking sweetly reconciled, too, to his long sleep and dark abode. The other is in his original wrappings of brown unadorned mummy-cloth, looking like a miniature submarine diver with his armor on, if it was not for his baby necklace of Egyptian beads, his figure of Pytha and small Papyrus suspended around his drooping neck. God rest the gentle souls of the dear people that were made sad by the death of these sweet babes. They shall be the gemini in the zodiac of my wanderings—my Egyptian cherubs. They made me think of Birnam, but smaller than he; caused me to long to hold him in my arms. I can well imagine the sepulchral silence of the desolated homes after their prattling had ceased forever.

From there I wandered into the National Gallery of Scotland, with its long pictorial vistas and splendidly-arranged side-rooms. Into one of these I entered, where hung Ruben's great (in size), but repulsive and horribly-exaggerated Crucifixion. I looked upon its distorted faces and wounds, oozing with red lead; on the meretriciously inflamed eyes and brick-dust cheeks of its mourners, without any feeling but dislike for the vulgar, *gaucherie* exhibition of human suffering that it presented. There was nobody in the picture that I knew, and I turned away, delighted with the prospect of being able to look into the airy grace and beauty of Sir J. Noel Paton's

lovely "Quarrel between Oberon and Titania," size 60 by 39 inches.

OBERON—Why should Titania cross her Oberon.
I do but beg a little changeling boy
To be my henchman.

TITANIA—Set your heart at rest.
The fairy land buys not the child of me;
His mother was a votress of my order,
And in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossiped by my side,
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands.
* * * * * * * *
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die,
And for her sake I do rear up her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.
Midsummer Night's Dream.

Did ever mortal before present such an enchanting dream to the eyes of his fellows as this lovely dream of the midnight fairies, in matchless colors spread over this bit of canvas. It realizes all that has been suggested about them by Thomas Hood and Charles Lamb, and even their great creator himself. Every attitude and grace, quaint conceit, sylvan trait, elfin prank; everything that is droll or witty in the fairy world, as well as what is dignified and regal in the realm of its queen, are delineated in these most versatile and imaginative of all imaginative scenes. The catalogue of their invented excellencies are too numerous to note in writing—will wait until we meet. I hastened through the many specimens of the different schools preserved in this house, until in front of a splendid bust of Hugh Miller, by Steel, looking as if his ruggedly-resolute features were chiseled out of the "old red sandstone" of which he so eloquently writes; also, the only picture of the queen (that I have ever seen) that makes her look like a lady. It satisfies completely; I feel this portrait must be true, and all others, except those made during her girl and young mother period, slanders; for surely a woman of Queen Victoria's intelligence can't be the dowdy looking apple-woman that her unimaginative admirers present us withal. Among the other sculptures here of consequence, I notice Henry Mackenzie's old withered face and grandmother-indented mouth, like Stuart's Washington, yet looking like anything but "a man

of feeling," and David Wilkie's rather commonplace but aggressively alert features attract your attention, because you know the man. Perhaps the most interesting portrait in the collection is Neysmith's portrait of Burns, presented by his son, and Chantry's life-sized figure of the same, having on its base a bas-relief of the poet being crowned with olives by Genius or Fame.

> "But I am weary, and will woo
> Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleeves of care."

Good-bye.

MANCHESTER, July 13, 1887.

> There is such a thing as a peculiar word, phrase, or subject cleaving, as it were, to the memory of a speaker or writer, and presenting itself to his utterance at every turn.—*Horæ Paulinæ.*
>
> PALEY.

> *Sir Toby*—Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?
>
> *Clown*—Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.
>
> —*Twelfth Night.*

THIS morning, in a damp atmosphere, the first since landing, I started out in Carlisle to take in St. Mary's Cathedral and the castle. Meeting a friend the night before, Albert Barnes Moss, a bookseller and publisher of the charming old town and well acquainted with its history, we walked together through the principal streets, threaded its narrow and secluded courts, orderly and clean, until we came to the cathedral that contains the body of Dr. Paley, author of "The Evidences of Christianity," "Horæ Paulinæ," and "Natural Theology." The church is not striking in any way, although it is said to have like hundreds of others "the most beautiful something or other in the world." In this case it is a window. Service was being conducted as we approached. In order to avoid disturbing the worshipers, we only penetrated as far as the vestibule. Two services daily are conducted all the year round in this church; indeed, the custom is common over England. Whether the audience is but one or one thousand, all the same; the dean, with his assistants, the choir, with

surpliced boys, organist, and all the etceteras, go through the same service, which, I suppose, will be continued until that unhappy New Zealander sits on the ruins of London bridge—by then the islanders may have been converted to cannibalism, when the style of service will be *slightly* changed. We looked in through the door at the celebrated window to-day until the bell ceased tolling, when the curtain was drawn, and we were left out in the old Norman nave (vestibule) to continue our investigations undisturbed. It was in this church that Sir Walter Scott, then plain Walter, was married. While his brother John, Adam Ferguson, and himself were returning from a trip to the English lakes—riding one day with Ferguson—they met not far from Carlisle a young lady also taking an airing on horseback. Hearing that she was of the party at Gilsland, where they were lodging, that was going to attend the ball that evening, Captain Scott and his friend Ferguson produced themselves in their regimentals, and there and then Scott was introduced to the unknown beauty of the morning's ride, Charlotta Margaret Carpenter by name. She was the daughter of Jean Charpentier, a French royalist, and Charlotte Volere, his wife. When her father died in Lyons, in the beginning of the Revolution, Madam Charpentier with her two children made her escape to Paris, then to England, where they found a thoughtful friend in the Marquis of Devonshire, who had during his travels in France formed an intimacy with the family. At the mother's death this nobleman took upon himself the guardianship of her children; and Charles, the brother, received in due time through his interest an appointment in "The East India Company," where he had risen so rapidly that before the date of Scott's acquaintance with his sister he had settled upon her an annuity of £500. Miss Carpenter was now making an excursion under the care of Miss Nicolson, the lady who had superintended her education, and who was the daughter of the Dean of Exeter and granddaughter of the Bishop of Carlisle; and this chance acquaintance was the beginning of a courtship that in less than six months ended in marriage, on the very spot where this morning I stood—a happy event for both it was; for notwithstanding the impression made upon you by her letters to her affiance, as recorded in Lockhart's Life, she became all that

could be required. "Think what a wife should be, and she was that," to quote from Helen Blake's epitaph.

For your benefit I make a few random extracts from some of her letters, inserted by her son-in-law, Lockhart, in his "Life of Sir Walter Scott," if for no other purpose that you may see the way that the vivacious young lady uses the language of her adopted land. All the English and Scotch hotels that I have been in, so far, have had libraries where you can get almost whatever you please; it is because of this enlightened liberality that I am enabled thus to transcribe. In answer to Mr. Scott's inquiries about the consent of her guardian to their engagement, she tells him that he has advised her "simply to consult, most carefully, her own heart;" but she adds: "If you love me you must love my guardian also." On another occasion she writes: "You say you almost love *him*, but until your *almost* comes to a *quite* I cannot love you." In another letter she remarks: "Before I conclude this famous epistle I will give you a little hint—that is not to put so many *must* in your letters—it is beginning *rather too soon;* and another thing is, that I take the liberty not to mind them much, but I expect you mind me." Writing about parental prejudices: "If he (Scott's father) has an objection to my being French, I excuse him with all my heart, as I don't love them myself." Walter, in a letter to her, threatened to go to the West Indies, where poor Burns came near going before him; she replies thus: "I am certain your father and uncle say you are a *hot heady* young man, quite mad—I think I hear your uncle calling you a hot heady young man; I am certain of it, and I am generally right in my conjectures." Again: "I am very sorry to hear you had such a *bad head.* I hope I shall nurse away all your aches; I think you write too much? When I am *mistress* I shall not allow it." "What an idea of yours was that, to mention where you wish to have your *bones laid!* A very pretty compliment *before marriage.* I hope sincerely that I shall not live to see that day." "If you always have those cheerful thoughts how pleasant and gay you must be. Adieu, my dearest friend; take care of yourself if you love me, as I have no wish that you should visit that *beautiful* and *romantic* scene—the burying place." This was the young lady that became the "help meet" of

Sir Walter Scott, and conducted with such a liberal hand the hospitalities of Abbotsford; and as I stood on the spot to-day where these two were made one, you can imagine, that like the person that sits in Shakespeare's chair, I tried to think "unutterable things," for besides the recollections of the "Wizard of the North," that it suggest, Carlisle, is rich in other reminiscences equally interesting. Its Cathedral has a window "filled with stained glass," in memory of the five children of Dr. Tait (Archbishop of Canterbury), who died of scarlet fever while his grace was Dean of Carlisle, and it is here, according to Lyson's History, "that the bowels of Richard the Lion-hearted" are interred. The remains of Dr. Paley are also buried in one of its aisles; a stone pulpit, richly carved and ornamented with white alabaster, being erected to his memory. I had decided to buy in the town where the Archdeacon lived his three books, that had been such a comfort to me in my days of doubt. I applied to my guide, philosopher and friend, when he (Mr. Moss) told me that he could let me have a set very cheap, as fourteen years since, when he began business in Carlisle, he laid in a large stock of "The Evidences," thinking that in their native place there would be a great demand; to his disappointment they were still too *evident*. I was his first customer for Paley! I received the triple treasures with gladness, and although they were covered, metaphorically, with the accumulated dust of more than a decade of years, yet they will remain with me as a pleasant memorial of the gloomy day that was made delightful by the sights and impressions of the venerable town where dwelt the convincing divine. As we left the spot near the sunken pillars, that in consequence of the disastrous fire of 1292 penetrated the earth, dragging the arches after them and giving this part of the building a peculiar squinting appearance, we went out towards the Castle, plucking a twig of oak with three leaves on the way, as a memorial of Paley's three books. We walked to the Castle, the "Keep" of William Rufus, built by him partially from the stones of the Roman wall, which was erected in the one hundredth year of our era to separate England from Scotland. Richard, Duke of Gloucester, the Richard III of Shakespeare, was Governor of this Castle and enlarged it. It was here that Mary Queen

of Scots, when she fled from Lochleven, was conducted, nominally as a guest, actually as a prisoner, and it was while in defence of this old den that Sir Thomas Glenham and the garrison under him resisted so valiantly, that when they did finally surrender had their heroism and intrepidity recognized by the noble beseigers, who allowed them to march out "with flying colors and armed, drums beating, matches lighted at both ends, bullets in their mouths, and twelve charges of powder apiece, a case perhaps unprecedented in all history."

Mr. Moss continued the romantic story of the foundation and checkered career of this venerable structure, so rich in reminiscences, as he conducted me to the depot, where he concluded by telling me that Carlisle itself was like Ireland in one particular, viz., Ireland's chief income was from the cattle that were raised to supply Britain with "the roast beef of Old England." Carlisle supplied the same people, and also India, with cotton prints. Both were deprived of their chief support by American competition. Cattle were shipped into Liverpool, dead and alive, and sold at a price that drove Irish meat out of the market, and cotton the same. The ride from Edinburgh to this place was genuinely delightful. Fields of "living green," speckled with sheep of snowy whiteness—long tracts of undulating verdure, with curious deep green indentations, like dimples on Fertilitie's face. I had been reading on my way "The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius," and felt more than once, to use one of his sentences, how difficult it was "to restrain the excesses of panegyric and flattery" while being surrounded by scenes that appeal both to mind and eye as do these. Before leaving home I was told that in Europe a man is known not by the company he keeps, but by his head gear and boots. Consequently, as soon as I reached the "capital of the South" I invested in a chapeau. When I want to disguise myself I put on my "Cork hat." I donned it to-day. To my surprise the only man in the carriage with me, a meteor-faced Bardolph, said, although I had not spoken a word, "Oh, you're an American! Now, I like Americans, you know. I came near going to the States myself. I like the American style—understand my drift? The big checks that you wear, the rings and gold chains, and your seal-skin coats. Heavens, but I would like to own a seal-skin! (I had on none

of these.) And that rollicking, jaunty air, as if you were in the habit of slapping the President on the back. And then your drinks. Toby Belch! but,—I like even their names, so suggestive you know: 'Brandy smashes,' Boston irradiators,' 'Liver recuperators,' 'Exhilarators,' 'Rejuvenators,' 'Slings,' 'Snorters.'" He kept rattling away, swearing between times, by the "fangs of malice," the "golden doors of the Alhambra," the "cup of Socrates." "For I am a liquor man myself, you know.' I said—you're quoting Charles Dickens' fun about Yankee drinks, from the 'American Notes.'" "Oh, likely, very likely; I know Dickens. He was 'a fellow of infinite jest,' 'Laughter holding both his sides,' you know. I have read all that he has written. But I like best the book where somebody was always borrowing a half dollar, you know. What was his name? I know it so well. Oh, Colonel Mulberry Sellers! That's it, Col. Sellers. You have so many colonels, and then that fellow, what do you call him? He wanted to be jolly, you know, and couldn't. He walked in graveyards and places. Oh—Mark Twain! that's it. He always wanted to be jolly, but couldn't." As he good-naturedly jabbered along thus, I thought, if you only had a little more brains and a little less liquor under your hat, you know, how much better it would be for your wife. And yet I was unhappy. I wore an English suit, and had not spoken a word. How did he know I was an American? I asked. The laconic reply was: "Stylographic pen," "celluloid collar!" and he immediately went to sleep, and snored. Adieu.

MANCHESTER, Thursday, July 14, 1887.

"The winter tree
Resembles me,
Whose sap lies in its root.
The spring draws nigh;
As it, so I
Shall bud, I hope, and shoot."
—*History of Thomas Ellwood, written by himself.*

TO-DAY I was up in the cool air long before my fellow-guests, and had arranged my thoughts for the daily campaign; decided to take a run through "The Exhibition." (Every

town of note in the land is having a display now, in honor of the Queen's Jubilee, and this one is said to be unusually fine.) I climbed to the top of an omnibus, my customary perch when riding, as it enables me to more than complete Shakespeare's definition of man, as an animal "that looks before and after." My seat in the clouds permits me to do this and look around at the same time, the addition, according to Carlyle, that is still needed in order to render the animal complete. After a pleasant ride over well-kept streets a number of us dismount at the door of the exhibition. Paying a shilling, we are admitted among the wonders of the great display. Everything that man has made seems to be here after its kind. Every trade, art, industry and science is represented,—to give but one day to its inspection would be simply adding confusion to bewilderment. All the important makers of the world are represented. Even the pottery, the varieties of which seem endless, would require days. The manufacturers of the Doulton and Lambeth patterns by an entire establishment, where you can see the whole development of their beautiful ware, from the bit of untempered clay, through all its stages, to the ceramic gem, fit to hold the ashes of an Alexander, or to be the chief ornament in the palace of a queen. From the glories of Doulton to "The Irish Department" is but a step. Here are exhibited all the industries of Ireland — laces of every variety and form; hardly an unpronounceable name that you have ever heard that is not attached to these feathery but enduring fabrics, from Lifted guipure (in price beyond reach) to the many bewildering designs from the Convent of Poor Clares in Kerry. Of all arts the lace-makers to me is the least interesting. The result seems so poor for the wonderful patience and great pains that it takes to produce it; besides, there is but little, if anything about it that could not be made by a machine. And when it does express a thought, which is seldom, it is done in such a bungling way that it is not worth the trouble of deciphering. But the lovely poplins in this department—plain, watered, and embossed—are beyond all praise; rich in color, soft in texture, and yet so firm, so subdued, though brilliant, so fit for the wardrobe of an Empress, as they have been many times, that I can imagine a generous man spending his four months' allowance on this

lovely fabric alone and having in consequence, to return home by the first boat. Innumerable stands of bog-oak "ornaments." "Only a shillin' apace and chape at that." "Oi'm spakin' thruth." "Illigently hand-carved and all of the solid wood. Is it not enough for the money sir." "Yes; altogether too much," replied an irate old sightseer that had heard something like the above incessantly since entering the department. "Let me alone; I don't want it; I have just come from Killarney; have been driven out of the country by these black pigs; I have a bag of them; have vowed that I would kill the next person that offered to sell me anything in bog oak; let me out." He made a precipitous exit, the persistent saleslady shouting after him: "Only a shillin' apace, sir, and chape at that."

Among the most attractive exhibits in the Irish Department is the collection of native building stone, representing all colors and shades. I have never seen marble anywhere equal in beauty and variety to these specimens; but the curse of Ireland—whiskey—is most numerously exhibited; linens and tweeds in great variety; but whiskey more frequently than all; and, sad to relate, the only drinking-place I saw in the building was in the Irish section, an ugly, big bar-room, presided over by a lot of red-faced fellows with insufficient upper lips, whom I am glad to say were not kept busy dispensing the beverages of native brewing, etc., they so boldly recommended to the people that passed through.

An entomologist's paradise: a fine collection of ova, larvæ, cocoons, and moths, illustrating the entomology of silk, which included great moths with wings five inches in length, and caterpillars as long and much thicker than the fingers of pickpockets. This, in connection with the various sort of leaves—hawthorn, cherry, apple, sloe, maple, and many others besides mulberry—that the worms live on, make an exceedingly interesting display. Then the long horticultural vistas of the flower department, with its fairy, illuminated fountains and lakes. Numerous pieces of admirably designed sculpture—by English subjects, too—striking in originality and life, including the victorious gladiator with olive crown; a revelation to me, as I was not aware that, except the expressionless productions of a half century ago, England had added anything to this depart-

ment of art. Unique botanical developments grace this section, also, including large six-petaled lilies, with erect stamens and horizontal anthers of great size, new to me. These, together with the ingeniously arranged display of plant and flower, make an impression that will remain long after the vegetation is dead.

From the flowers in this department to the flowers and decorations on the silver and gold ornaments of the Elkinton Collection is but a few steps, occupying the same relative position here to the main stand as it did at our Centennial. What exquisite enamels and what prices! One piece of Cloisonne, neither as large nor as pretty as our blue vase, is marked "£105." Such elegant specimens of "Champ Leve enamel!" Such magnificent reproductions of mediæval vases from Nuremburg! Such *repousse*, sculptured and figured work in gold, silver, onyx, ivory, and mother of pearl! and at such perilous prices, too! "Them porklined plaques are nice, ain't they!" says a traveller from Arkansas, as I approach a great enclosure where a firm from Vienna have a display of China plates. From the remark I expected "a streak of lean and a streak of fat;" instead, I merely found a rich collection of graceful vases, decorated with processions of nymphs, dryads, goddesses, satyrs, and fawns, exquisite in the extreme—so real, looking as if they might at any moment be translated into their own imaginary realm. But the way here is obstructed by a crowd. What can it be? Looking over the shoulders of the surging multitude, I discover that the object of attraction is George Tinworth's terra cotta group, "The Release of Barabbas," or "The World's Choice;" an exceedingly thoughtful creation, impressing its attentive spectators in a way that will not soon be forgotten. On one side, Barabbas and his friends; on the other, the Good Shepherd, radiant, yet without the sympathy of a human soul. He is coming down the steps of an arcade, on which stands a multitude of well-formed muscular men, every face revealing the heart within; stolid but dignified men, without vice or pity. The work tells the story of Christ's divinity, yet avoids slandering His enemies, and presents Him—even in this moment perhaps of His greatest indignity—as the "Chiefest among ten thousand and the One altogether lovely."

Royal Worcester in its glory, and Sevres! like Lear, I can but say, "Oh! oh! oh!" I take refuge in the refreshment garden under the shadow of a great oak, and try to think of nothing while the attentive waiters are preparing lunch.

* * * * * * * * *

"The pencil speaks the tongue of every land," is the line from John Dryden, arched over the chief door of the Art Department. I enter where are arranged the pictures that show the progress of art during the fifty years' reign of the present Queen. The universal language is here in its greatness, speaking its familiar words to all who have learned to listen; and as I stand in the middle of the first room, and look around at the glorious productions by Englishmen that cover its walls, I feel like the merest pigmy dwarfed into nothingness by what I see and feel. I can't take in all the significance and beauty of even one of its least specimens, and realize now that I have never seen pictures before. I am translated into a new world, full of *human* interests; glorified by the exploits of heroes and saints; hallowed by the tender sorrows and endearments of domestic existence; purified and enhanced by the practical applications of all the moralities and decencies of everyday life. No strumpets, with shameless nakedness here. No gilded courtesans in the meritorious "abandon" of goddesses and nymphs. No emaciated creatures with skulls and crucifixes, who, running away from the wickedness that they ought to have reformed, have gained the title of "saints." No courtezans here with illegitimate children, painted into "madonnas with the divine child." No nude charities, flaunting Venuses, and Susannahs—in their stead, all the heroism and love of classic and English story revived and idealized by the magic touches and colors of these masters of English art. A mighty band of enchanters is this brotherhood of the brush; what a beauty-suggesting list they present: Holman, Hunt and Marcus Stone, Walter Crane, Erskin Nicol, H. Herkomer, Birket Foster, G. W. Boughton, John Faed, Eyre Crowe, Vicat Cole, William P. Frith, E. Long, J. Macwhirter, Burne Jones, E. J. Poynter, Philip Burne Jones, Leslie, Alma Tadema, Henry Woods, Leighton, Millais, etc., only to mention not even *all* the great names that are represented in this dis-

play, in number they far outdo the old masters and excel them in every possible grace. We know a little about the venerable but sometimes monotonous artists of the continent, and strange as it may seem, do not like them so very, very much. Age does not have the effect on pictures that it has on wine, for there are many "old masters" that have been diminishing the breathing space of the world for centuries that should not have been allowed to exist for a day. I wouldn't give, for example, the bit of ivy twisted around the terra cotta vase in Alma Tadema's "Vintage Festival," nor the alabaster floor in one of his miraculous but graceful interiors, for a wilderness of half famished "saints," and this is why I have decided to remain here a few days longer, that after the surprise of the present I may enjoy them in peace.

I knew of Millais, Hunt, Tadema, Burne, Jones, Marcus Stone, and others. through photographs and prints chiefly, but was not aware that English art had produced such wonders as I now behold.

I was at first stunned into silent reverence by the miraculous productions with which, as by enchantment, I was suddenly surrounded. As I gradually took in the situation—the magnificence of the colossal rooms in which the pictures were displayed—the perfection and multiplicity of the pictures themselves—the variety of subjects, as if they had exhausted known worlds and then created new, as somebody said of Shakespeare—the introduction of new departures, giving dignity to labor and grace to every humane act. The great part that the life of the common people took in it all; the fondness for flowers, animals, humanity, children, home, that it indicated,—the enthusiasm for the heroic; the gentle tenderness for the humble and humane, all gradually dawned upon me like a revelation, and I felt like Miranda in the Enchanted Isle. "Oh, brave new world that has such people in it," I greet you with my soul.

I hope I shall not weary you with my ejaculations—if so, remember that, as in medicine, the more acute the attack the shorter its duration; and that when I return to my duties it will be, I trust, to put into practice the splendid lessons that these noble pictures have taught me to-day. They say that morality has nothing to do with art; but to me in my narrow-

ness, the art that has nothing to do with morality—that is not moral—has no right to exist.

I was sitting one day in Queen's Park, Glasgow, watching at the same time the people pass, and the sheep that browse on the side of the hill running up to the pretty homes fronting on its lawn. How is it (I said to the man next me) that the houses over there are so neat and clean, and the sheep eating grass in front of them so black and dirty. "I was thinking the same," he replied, "and can only explain it by supposing that they tie the sheep to the ends of long poles every morning, and scrub the fronts of the houses with them." So I intend removing the blemishes from my life by the applications of the lessons taught by these pictures, unlike the sheep though without diminishing the attractiveness of the media of purification.

MANCHESTER, July 15, 1887.

> "All great art represents something that it sees or believes in: * * * For instance, Dante's centaur, Chiron, dividing his beard with his arrow before he can speak, is a thing that no mortal would ever have thought of, if he had not actually seen the centaur do it.—*Modern Painters.*
>
> RUSKIN.

THIS morning at ten I was at the gates of the exhibition. In a few moments more was the first in the grounds. I wish to take you with me, for I have come expecting to have a good time. The pictures are allowed to tell their own story—no explanation except occasionally the few lines from the authors that suggested to the artist the scene or the event, so that we will be at liberty to interpret according to our own judgment, which after all is sometimes best. At the entrance to the gallery is a quotation from one of the old writers, which is perhaps intended to intimate that they will not enter further into the elucidation of any subject treated than by the presentation of the work itself. The first picture that I stop to examine is a lovely little piece, hid away in a corner, that I know you would have discovered at once. It is "The Room over the Lower Gateway, Chetham Hospital," and is painted by Alfred Goodfellow. A very sad, but beautiful little bit is this—a plain, uncarpeted interior, containing three cots, each

occupied by a sick child. One lies asleep—with wasted features and troubled expression, but at rest. Another, sitting up in bed with a bowl of porridge on his quilt-covered knees; and the features of the third convalescent are partially concealed by a great cup, out of which he is draining the last drop; and from the feeble expression of restrained disgust that appears on the exposed fragment of his features, it is evident that the contents are not "chicking," although the place does look very "hospitally," with its kindly matron, and neat-clad, motherly nurse, who in a subdued voice are talking together at the other end of the room, so as not to disturb the resting three. Over all broods the spirit of the religion of peace.

The next that I look into is the famous "Connaught Rangers," by Miss Thompson that was—Lady Elizabeth Butler that is. A most significant group of six men and a dog—four soldiers in red coats, with two resolute, dare-devil Connaught men—evidently recruits, full of action. You can almost hear the tread of their hobnailed highlows as they move on. One is looking longingly back at his native hills and lakes, the home of desolation and famine, while the other indifferently smokes a short pipe, at the same time that he keeps step with the soldiers by his side and presses resolutely on. A rush and peat-bordered road, with the roofless walls of a cabin. In the background, blue barren hills. I could not but think of the tattered banners that afterwards were deposited within the chancel of St. Patrick's, Dublin, as the most honored memorial of the tiger-like heroism of these victorious men. An immortal work suggesting unutterable things.

Another specimen that has haunted me like a nightmare since I first saw it yesterday is one of the smallest canvasses in the Exhibition; a picture that belongs to no school, is not correctly drawn, nor made in accordance with any laws of perspective, color, or design. It is unlike anything that has ever been seen, and yet it silences criticism by the very daring of its invention and color. It is entitled "The Scapegoat," and is intended to illustrate the passages, "Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows, yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted." "And the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities into a land not inhab-

ited." A strange blue-crimson landscape, with confined ominous sky of the same color. No signs of vegetation—no life—but dreadful thick, stifling desolation everywhere. A heavy portentous rainbow of thick red and yellow, with opaque sun or moon; and yet the sin-burdened scapegoat, with red band around his horns, hanging ears, protruding tongue, and lustreless eyes, still trudges through the cyanotic air on, on "into a land not inhabited;" —the most impressive picture of sacrificial submission—the most pitiable spectacle that I have ever seen—being "wounded and bruised, yet opening not his mouth." This prefiguration of the "Man of sorrow and acquainted with grief" is but twelve inches by fourteen inches, yet you are silenced and awed by its indescribable greatness.

Holman Hunt's mahogany-colored "Shadow of the Cross" is very close to this wonderful little bit of purple blue. I have been, at a distance, looking at its central figure now for two days (not daring to go closer), attitudinizing, with his hands in the air, looking already as if pierced by the crucificial nails. To think that this wonderful being will stand in that unnatural position forever—for the picture has the stamp of immortality upon it—distresses me. I finished reading the artist's lucid and manly little history of "The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood" before leaving home, and, of course, I like the man who struggled so heroically against all odds for the establishment of a principle; but still, while looking at this picture, you think of what Lessing, in "Laocoon," says about the way the ancients represented death and life—that "no artist should allow his figures to get into a position where it would be uncomfortable for them to remain forever." But still Holman Hunt is often the apostle and exponent of religious distress,—sacrificial beneficence,—introspective benignity, and the like—and he certainly does it well; and, besides, he seems to be sometimes addicted to the portrayal of anatomical knobs and contortions, that you might think, until you knew him, that he regarded such as the ever-present concomitants of infallible saintship. I once saw in Philadelphia a head of an oriental woman by him, which he interpreted; I imagined, as an illustration of fanatical asceticism, whereas, in reality, it was but a case of exophthalmic goitre, with the protuberant eyes, enlarged thyroid, and emaciation of this disease, that now is

always cured by the application of the Faradic current, and steel.

"Hypatia" (C. W. Mitchell). "On up the nave, fresh shreds of her dress strewing the holy pavement—up the chancel steps themselves—up to the altar, right underneath the great still Christ; and there, even those hellhounds paused. . . . She shook herself free from her tormentors, and, springing back, rose for one moment to her full height, naked, snow-white against the dusky mass around—shame and indignation in those wide clear eyes, but not a stain of fear. With one hand she clasped her golden locks around her; the other long white arm was stretched upward toward the great still Christ, appealing—who can say in vain?—from man to God. Her lips were opened to speak, but the words that should have come from them reached God's ear alone, for in an instant Peter struck her down." You see the artist has selected the critical moment in the great story. How graphically he brings its every detail before your mind you would have to see to believe. A splendidly painted picture is this. The slender, beautiful Hypatia only partially covered by her own blonde tresses, stands calmly defiant, leaning against a marble altar, with one foot resting on a tesselated pavement, the other on the altar's base. Background: an alabaster and mosaic chancel; colors subdued, dusky, and contrasting strikingly with the blonde complexion of this philosophical victim of religious hate. A remarkable picture, concentrating within the space of a few feet of canvas the intense interest of a great event. Adieu.

MANCHESTER EXHIBITION, July 16, 1887.

Ferdinand—"I do beseech you (chiefly that I might set it in my prayers), what is your name?"—*The Tempest.*

ATTACHED to a canvas group, of varied humanity, was the following:

"At that time, 1852, extensive excavations connected with the supply of water were going on in the neighborhood, and seeing and studying as I did daily the British excavator, or Navvy, as he designates himself, in the full swing of his activity, with his manly and picturesque costume, and with the

rich glow of color which exercise under a hot sun will impart, it appeared to me that he was, at least, as worthy of the powers of an English painter, as the fishermen of the Adriatic, the peasants of the Campagna, or the Neapolitan lazzaroni. These workers, in manly health and strength, are contrasted with the pariah who has never learned to work. and with the mental and spiritual workers, of whom Carlyle and F. D. Maurice were chosen as the types, apparently idle, looking on the whole scene. The lady whose only duty it is to dress and look beautiful for our pleasure, and a group of ragged, motherless children, who might arouse her interest if it could extend outside of her own personality and her pet dog's luxury, with the pot-boy plying his trade with the navvies, and an infinitude of suggestive figures and material, all converge to the one idea of 'work.'"—Ford Madox Brown.

I had just turned away from a study of this interesting picture, when a soft hand took hold of my arm, and a low musical voice said in my ear: "Well, this certainly is the gem of the jubilee exhibitions. The whole wealth of English art, in all its matchless variety, seems to be exhibited in these splendid rooms. What a pity that we can't remain a month." I looked down delighted; she looked up surprised—blushing—"Oh! I beg your pardon; I took you for my uncle;" and before I had time to tell her that I felt complimented, she was quietly talking to a very *handsome* gentleman, examining the pathetic beauties of H. Herkomer's "Hard Times," a short distance away. I almost unconsciously walked to where they stood—uncle and niece—when I heard the same voice that had whispered so pleasantly in my ear, talk enthusiastically of all the apparent beauties of this lovely picture and then discover new. It was like looking at it "by flashes of lightning," to hear her ripple away in streams of liquid eloquence her tenderly-conceived story of the poor woman with two babes who has sat down to rest by a country road, while her stalwart, sad-faced husband stood leaning against an iron gate, looking wistfully towards the little town nestling in the valley below. Her uncle—"I like Herkomer's pictures; in the first place, because of the strong fellow-feeling they engender, as if they said, we are men and women like yourselves; and then he always paints best what is most difficult—the hu-

man face—as is shown so well in his 'Last Muster,' in the speaking portrait of Ruskin, that we saw yesterday, and in the splendid picture of his father, the woodcarver, in shirt sleeves at his bench, that we saw to-day; but it seems to me that with you, Lucy, I like 'Hard Times' best of all. I wonder what Ruskin would think of the pre-raphaelitism of that bundle of pick, shovel, and spade that the man, having removed it from his shoulders, is lying at his feet." A crowd came up just then, and I am swept in its current, until stranded high, dry, and alone, in front of Frank Dicksees "Harmony," an interior that everybody has seen copies of, everybody loves, and yet but few know it as it should be known. A secluded corner in a great house, perhaps a church, with stained glass window and organ, along the keys of which are moving the slender fingers of a dreamy, auburn-haired lady, while by her side, with his elbow resting on the instrument, sits a stalwart, Hamlet-like young man, transported by the sounds that he hears. The splendidly-matched pair, the place, the rich dark colors, slightly illuminated by the light reflected through the beautiful window, all suggesting the title, "Harmony." A revery-engendering picture, before which I very soon find myself weaving romantic patterns into the warp and woof of their united lives. I wonder who will be the Hamlet of my lost Ophelia of a few moments ago? Well,—whoever he may be, I trust that her love-making will have a pleasanter termination than that of Shakespeare's love-lorn maid. It seemed strange, that with such thoughts, I should turn around and find myself in front of a picture by Walter Crane, illustrating his own lines which are printed on the frame:

"What is life? a bridge that ever
Bears a throng across a river;
There, the taker; here, the giver.

"What is life? in its beginning,
From the staff see Clotho spinning
Golden thread, and worth the winning.

"Life with life, fine woven ever,
Life the web, and love the weaver;
Atropos, at last doth sever.

"What is life, to grief complaining?
Fortune, fame, and love disdaining.
Hope, perchance, alone remaining."

These lines are illustrated by the single Arch of Life crossing a narrow stream, on which are all classes and conditions of men. Weary Charon is here with ominous bat wings and corpse filled boat; and also, the radiant Angel of Life, putting a pretty baby into the frail arms of a lovely lady, who has come down to the very verge of the River of Death to receive it. Is that not exquisite—a beautiful thought—about to run into expletives over this charmingly suggestive allegory, I was rudely called back to reality by a rough voice near me saying, loud enough to be heard by all, "Why, I'm blessed if that isn't the Italian metrolopis! Yes, sir; that's Wenus risin' out of the sea, and them's the lions on St. Mark. I know that without looking at the book; let me see if I'm right." Everybody looked up, yet nobody laughed or looked annoyed. So much for the complacency of an English crowd. Nevertheless, the good natured, impetuous big fellow, with his frail, intelligent-looking wife were so embarrassed by the attention unconsciously caused, that they did not take another glance at Clara Montalba's recognized "Venice," the "Italian metrolopis," as they silently left the room. It was already dusk, and as I saw Lucy and her uncle making their exit, I also took my departure, and, with my mind full of the lovely things I had seen, went wearily to bed. Good-bye.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON, July 17, 1887.

—"O Proserpina!
For the flower now, that frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's wagon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength. * * *
* * * Bold Oxlips and the crown
Imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one!"—*Winters Tale.*

FROM the smoke-enveloped, commerce-distracted, rumbling, tumbling Manchester to the pleasant, pastoral plains and dells of woody Warwickshire, but four hours, and you are in Strat-

ford, on the banks of the "silvery Avon." The carriage rolls through its well-paved streets, which have the neatness and freedom from dust of a museum. The coach stops in front of the "Shakespeare Hotel." I enter, register my name, am shown to my room, "Romeo and Juliet" (chambers, instead of being numbered, are inscribed with the names of plays), the door is opened, and as I look in and see some well-known engravings from the Boydell Shakespeare on the walls, I gladly step inside; but when the door is shut, and I am alone, I feel like reversing the exclamation from the tragedy, and crying out, "Juliet, where art thou?" for my Juliet with her babies is—I know not where. After lunch, a stroll through the streets of the town, and what a town! with its honest-faced men and women, and neat, irregular houses, blazing in bloom, almost *every window* filled with boxes or pots of mignonette, scarlet beans, geraniums, fuchsias, verbenas, sweet Williams, maiden's blush, marigold, love entangle, wandering jew, lavender, nasturtion, heartsease, lupins, clematis, passion flowers, sweet Cicely, summer savory, eregenia (which they call here harbinger of spring), meadow beauty, oxalis, carnations, streaked jilly flowers, princes' feather, jasmine, cypress vine, morning glory, cowslips, myrtle, Southern wood. Like Hogarth with his sketches, I began to make a list, on my thumb nail, of the flowers that I saw growing in the windows during my evening's ramble, designating each by its initial; but not only my nails, but fingers, hands, and cuffs were filled with letters, as, in addition to the above-named, I saw wall flowers, roses, phlox, begonia, azalea, campanilla, lobelia, meadow rue, columbine, larkspur, nightshade, batchelor's buttons, astolchias, besides a number of sub-varieties of dwarf palms, the names of which are a blank, so that I returned like a veritable Aurora, my hands filled with flowers, all growing and thriving, in the *windows* of Stratford, which I humbly lay at your feet. I remember once seeing a book—a quarto—with the title, "Ferns of the Coliseum." Not one book but many might be written about the flora of the window gardens of Stratford-on Avon, a line from the "Tempest" being their motto: "Infinite variety in a little room." Farewell and flourish.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON, Sunday, June 17, 1887.

"His praise is this,—he can be praised of none,
Man, woman, child, praise God for him; but he
Exults not to be worshiped but to be."

SWINBURNE.

TEN o'clock this morning ended twelve hours of consecutive sleep. Getting up and dressing in a hurry I was in good time for the eleven o'clock service in Shakespeare's Church. How can I describe the feelings with which I walked through the graveyard, under the grove of plains, through the time-corroded arch, into the tablet-bedecked vestibule, into the nave of this Mecca, whose smooth pavements have been indented by the feet of pilgrims and worshipers from all lands; some to worship God only, some Shakespeare only; many, both. A part of the service is being chanted as I enter; I take a seat near the door, and shut my eyes, for the memory of the impressions that have been made upon my mind by the man whose ashes are here, fill me with reverence and awe. I feel like taking the shoes from my feet and shutting out everything else from my mind but the recollection of the charms that he has wrought, and the glorious—the subtle creations that he has called into everlasting life—they rise up before me—the Mirandas and Rosalinds, the Titanias and Ophelias, the justice-loving Portias and the tender Queen Catharines,

STRATFORD CHURCH ON THE AVON.

* * * * * * * *

"Saw you not even now a blessed troop,
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me like the sun?"

the dignified Hermione and proud, imperious Elizabeth, the prudish Isabella, love-bold Juliet, reserved Margaret, eloping

Jessica—these with the fun-loving, laughter-producing, heroic, contemplative, convivial, philosophizing, witty, ambitious, and bold—again make their entrance and exit on the stage of my imagination; and as the last one comes and goes I open my eyes and see nothing but the bowed heads of a church full of devout worshipers, and hear naught but the thrilling strains of the great organ playing a Te Deum. After the service I reverently walk up the nave, passing the pulpit at the end, through the screen, into the choir, on to the chancel, on the left of which is the painted marble effigy of the poet, partially let into the wall. The light comes into this sacred apartment through windows, that express the homage of the civilized world. Besides the painted monument, the chancel contains much else that is interesting to the lover of Shakespeare. The graves of his family are in the floor, stretching across from north to south. His own with its words of blessing and imprecation: his wife's and his daughter's—the wife of Dr. John Hall—with their beautiful epitaphs; his daughter Judith's, who, dying without issue, was the last of the race, and also Thomas Nashe's, the husband of his grand-daughter, Elizabeth Hall, who after her first husband's death became Lady Barnard—all these add their breadth—the graves are east and west—to the immortal yet extinct line that stretches across this most sacred part of the church, while the nobility occupy positions of less honor, a circumstance in itself significant in the extreme. His father, who died in 1601, and his mother, Mary Arden, in 1608, were, it is thought, also buried somewhere in the building, the position unidentified still. The colors of the Shakespeare bust are supposed to be the colors he wore in life—white, black and red. The dress, a red doublet, with a white rolling collar, worn under a black, sleeveless gown. The eyes of the figure are painted a light hazel; the pointed beard and fringe of hair partially encircling the head—just enough of it to draw attention to his baldness—is auburn, making you suspect that the artist (?) made it so, because the colors of which it is composed were temptingly at hand; this, so apparent, I think, that very few people are led by it to suppose that its prototype was red-headed. The face and hands are in flesh tints: the upper lip partially covered by what an ardent imagination might be excused for calling a moustache, but to me it looked

simply like the figure three on its back, thus ⌣⌣; and indeed, everything about this bust would imply that it was made by the veriest "tomb-maker," indicating, perhaps, that Gerard Johnson, the Amsterdam mechanic, recognized the greatness of the quiet man who inhabited Newplace, and that this bust—not a portrait (could such a man make a portrait?)—is simply the homely fealty that his unskilled hands reverently paid to genius. On his gravestone, underneath, in a mongrel mixture of great and little letters, is the following:

"Good Friend for Iesus SAKE forbeare
To digg T–E Dust EncloAsed HERe
Blese be T–E Man $\frac{T}{Y}$ spares T–Es Stones
And curst b He $\frac{T}{Y}$ moves my Bones"

It is not known whether this was written by Shakespeare or by one of his friends, but it is not peculiar to Shakespeare's tomb, except its being done in English, as similar execrations are found in many Latin epitaphs, having reference probably to the old custom of removing skeletons at the expiration of a certain interval to charnel houses. It looks strange to see marble painted, but all the great monuments in the church are colored thus, with the colors of Shakespeare, the flesh tint and all. This you would think, in connection with the fact of he and the members of his family being buried in the most honored part of the building, would certainly indicate the esteem in which he must have been held, both by his people and church. "He was a handsome, well-shaped man—verie good company, and of a very ready and pleasant, smooth wit," says his almost contemporary Aubrey. It must have been his personal worth, therefore, and not his fame as a dramatist that won him this honor, for after his retirement to the quiet of his native town, and even in his will he seems to have taken no interest and makes no mention of his works at all, although he does mention even the "furniture" of his "second best bed." Is it not strange that this master-mind—with an imagination and heart, the glory of the universe, should retire to the quiet of this secluded place, and apparently forget all that he had made and left behind, except his companions. "The soul that sings must dwell apart" could not be applied to him,

for almost even in death he breathed out longings to linger in the memory of his dear associates and friends. About the clause in his will that has been so much cavilled at: "I leave to my wife my second best bed and its furniture." Does this imply a lack of interest in her welfare? Not at all; for when you consider the fact that to her devoted and capable daughter, Mrs. Hall, he left almost all, you will see, I think, that instead of the omission of his wife's name, except in the above sentence in the will, being a studied slight, it was rather a deliberate, a considerate kindness; for it is very easy to imagine that "gentle Ann" was not a woman of affairs, and that it was no unkindness to transfer what was hers into the keeping of a loving, honorable child. The premeditated kindness and wisdom of the master's method was proved by the subsequent life of his widow, under the hospitable and tender care of Mrs Hall; besides—if this vindication is not sufficient—the wife was entitled to dower, as Charles Knight has pointed out, and was thus amply provided for by the ordinary operation of the law; a handsome life interest thus accrued to his widow, which rendered any testamentary bequest unnecessary. It was, therefore, solely from an affectionate desire to show that she was not out of the testator's mind, that she was put down as a legatee. The best bed was one of those chattels which the law then, and perhaps still, gives to the heir along with the mansion house; and if bequeathed to other than the heir, might have invalidated the will; but the second best bed could be disposed as the owner desired. There is every internal evidence, therefore, to indicate that he, who wrote Julius Cæsar, could say with Brutus:

> "You are my true and honorable wife,
> As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
> That visit my sad heart."

About the obscurity, not to say degradation, of his origin and early life,—it seems about as absurd as the charge made by another set of cavillers, of his being an uneducated man. How could the man be uneducated that was as familiar with Greek and Roman story as a potter with clay? so intimate with all knowledge that learned jurists have said that he was a student of law? Divines have quoted him as an authority on theology; grammarians appeal to him as their highest standard;

physicians cite him because of his knowledge of the symptomatology of disease; ailainists have remarked upon the subtlety of his observations in the elucidation of mental disorders; veterinarians know that there is a complete nosology of the diseases of the horse in his poems alone, and that without marring their beauty, too; botanists have declared him a master of the whole science of plant life, and that he, not Goethe, was the discoverer of sex in the vegetable world; geologists have said that he anticipated the modern developments of their department; great statesmen have professed him their only historian; orators have found in him the best examples of eloquence; philanthropists know him to inculcate the broadest charity—but why multiply cases:

> "What needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones,
> The labour of an age in piled stones?
> Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
> Under a star-y-pointed pyramid?
> * * * * * * * *
> Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
> Hast built thyself a life-long monument.
> * * * * * * * *
> And so sepulchred in such pomp does lie
> That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

* * * A ramble through the circumambient graveyard, shelving down to the silvery Avon, and then Ann Hathaway's Cottage in Shottery, and the active enjoyment of the day's work is done. I go the very way that "Sweet Will" trod so often during his wooing. The path is still as it was 280 years ago—it is in fact the short-cut across the fields to the mile-away village of gentle Ann; and so I saunter up "Chestnut Walk" to the great spiral-trunked tree, on the other side of which I open a "clap-door," and am in the fields, with their "primrose way of dalliance" leading to the little privet-hedged town where she dwelt. The afternoon is beautiful and clear—an unclouded sky, an exhilarating breeze, just enough to cause the barley to wave like a yellow sea in a calm. The blackbirds and thrushes are making the woods musical with song, while from far up in the clouds, hid by invisibility, I can still hear the note of the lark—over all the hallowed silence of the day of rest. How glad I am that I can roam through these "sweet fields" without the distracting accompaniment of harsh

voices; that I can be alone to enjoy the quietness of the lovely place. For as I imprison within the walls of the herbarium the wild flowers that grow by the way, the very birds are singing a welcome, the cultivated fields inviting me on—on through plots blushing with scarlet blooms, past places odorous with the blossoms of beans; on by strips bleeding with ruddy poppies, over corrugated stretches of closely cropped lea; through rustic stiles with arms opened wide to receive me—and I am in the heart of Shottery, where, after walking for a few moments through blooming hedges of privel, and with the sides of my herbarium bursting with floral treasures, I am in front of Ann Hathaway's flower-covered home. I rest for a while on the door-step, delighted with the profusion of beautiful things blooming at my feet, enjoying the charm of it all; but I soon pass under the jasmine bower into the famous house —into the kitchen, whose flagged floor and panelled walls have so oftened listened to the eloquent whisperings of the loving pair. As I enter without knocking (the door is wide open), an old lady, who with open illustrated Bible before her was reading from Judges, arose, and quietly asked me to have a seat. She preluded her remarks by telling me that they always expected Sunday to be a rest-day; then she began in her good-natured, simple way to run over the gossipy history of the old house, asking me particularly to step into the fire-place and look up the chimney. I did so with reluctance, to be sure, when to my surprise her garrulous assertion of being "able to see the blue sky at the top," was verified without even a cloud of doubt. I sat on a chair at an old table—said to have been in the house when Shakespeare visited Ann—writing what you now read, with the old lady, one of the descendants of "the Misses," looking quietly on.

"A million wrinkles carved her skin,"

but a complacent smile lighted her calm good-natured features, which gives assurance that you are at liberty to feel at home. The room is hung with good pictures, all having reference near or remote to its former occupant. On one side hangs a fine proof of Faeds' splendid composition, after the Chandos' portrait. On the other side is J. Shants' engraving of Brooks' picture of "Shakespeare's wooing," in which Ann is seated in

the old settle with flowers in her hand. "Will" sits on a chair by her side, holding a book, the contents of which he is explaining to the attentive betrothed, who with her "William," her flowers and her loving face, seems to be the happiest of women. The oak dresser is still here as of yore, but replated; that is, the pewter plates of former days are replaced by others of blue delft, with the design of the runaway lovers to be seen everywhere; always running but making no speed—runaway lovers never do. When through inspecting the famous interior, not forgetting the Bible, published by Robert Martin in Birmingham, in the year of our Declaration of Independence, and which has been in the Hathaway family ever since—when turning over the well-thumbed pages of the old folio, I heard a low but distinct voice from the upper window calling "Lucy," "Lucy." My heart stopped. "Oh, my prophetic soul—my uncle." I looked out and sure enough there stood the niece, my Ophelia of the exhibition, with flushed, delighted face, looking up at the window from whence came the voice. In a moment she was in the cottage, when, with a startled look of surprise, but with the same sweet voice, like a melody—"Oh, I beg pardon, but my uncle is upstairs," she flitted past like a bird—the gentleness of all the gods go with her—and I was alone, with the most interesting object in the house in the attic, with the bedstead of carved oak, on which tradition says Ann Hathaway was born. I ascended the stairs to see the relic? together with the homespun sheets and pillowcases, with embroidered seams that families of respectability in old times, used on such occasions as death, birth, and marriage; when there—to my great embarrassment stood Lucy, under the direction of the old lady's sister, examining the rush mattress of the moth-eaten bed. "I am surprised, Lucy," her uncle said as I enter, "that you should disturb the flowers, without permission, too?" "Oh, I was allowed; Miss Hathaway gave me permission, when I told her that I was collecting the flora of 'The Tempest,' and that I had all but 'pignuts,' the haunts of which Caliban said he showed Prospero." "Curs'd be I that did it." How beautiful she was as she said this, looking up from the rush mattress, with the bronzed face of the freckled old lady almost touching hers. Like Io and Zeus, in Correggio's picture, or Rebecca and Meg Merilies in one that you may

imagine for yourself. "I can't find pignut, but this I have found,—what is this pretty leaf, uncle?" The uncle looked, said it was unfamiliar to him; when I boldly—it seemed to her kindly, embraced the opportunity—told her it was "meadow sweet," one of the spireæ. She looked and said thanks, but with hesitancy—when I continued, quoting from the play, "I can tell you where the pignut grows." "Oh, thank you, Caliban; where?"—this with an apologetic smile; when I told her of the beech and boortree hedge, approaching the village, where grew the missing link in her flora of "The Tempest." She thanked me again; we descended together. As we came out of the house the old lady invited us to look into the well that had supplied the house with spring water ever since it was built. She lifted the lid, and as Lucy and I looked in together, I saw her lovely face smiling approval as it came close to mine, within the circle of its clear water, with background—the same propitious blue sky that I saw through Ann Hathaway's chimney. The old lady plucked some flowers, including a sprig from the jasmine bower "planted by Shakespeare" (?) which, handing to Lucy, she divided—as we sauntered across the fields home. Good night; as ever yours.

P. S.—Do you really think Milton anticipated us when he put into the mouth of Eve, in "Paradise Lost," the following?

> "As I bent down to look, just opposite,
> A shape within the wat'ry gleam appeared,
> Bending to look on me. I started back—
> It started back; but pleased I soon returned.
> Pleased it returned soon with answering looks
> Of sympathy and love."

STRATFORD-ON-AVON, July 18, 1887.

"Er is kein Theaterdichter, an die Bühne hat er nie gedacht, sie war seinem groszen Geiste viel zu enge; Ja selbst die ganze sichtbare Welt war ihn zu enge. Er ist gar zu reich und zu gewaltig. Eine productive nature darf alle Jahr nur ein stück von ihm lesen, wen zie nicht an ihm zu Grunde Gehen will."—*Gespräche mit Goethe.*

ECKERMANN.

"What is't? A spirit?
Lord, how it looks about!"—*The Tempest.*

A little mound of earth,
Is all the land I own;
Death gave it me,—five feet by three,
And marked it with a stone.

For here my darling sleeps,
Unseen,—arrayed in white,—
And o'er the grass the breezes pass,
And stars look down at night.

ERIC MACKAY.

AFTER losing Lucy yesterday afternoon, I returned alone to Shottery; with what feelings I can't tell. I was in air—"of imagination all compact,"—as near and grateful to God as any saint. The very fields seemed to have been made for my especial delight; every clod, stone, and blade of grass, sacred; and then the worship and awe-inspiring silence, the flood of memories,—the recollection of my first acquaintance—with Shakespeare, through the mottoes to the chapters in Scott's novels; then of the divine symphony that the thoughts of the inspired man had transfused into my existence, putting me in harmony with life and death—encircling in a halo of glory, humbleness and greatness, remorse, despair, and the grave. These and a thousand such occurred to me as I sauntered solemnly through the fields, and thought, without longing, of home, for you were with me. What would the world have been to us if there had been no Shakespeare? A boundless flat,—with gardens of delight, to be sure, but not a peak touching heaven. Is it strange that Thackeray said that "he would have been glad to have been permitted to blacken his boots?" and yet his life was imperfect; his biographers say that he made no love songs to Ann Hathaway—the lady that became his wife—at least that none have been rescued from

oblivion. You and I know better; did we not hear many yesterday discharged from the phonograph of phantasy, into the divine atmosphere of the environs of Shottery, with the nightingales making all redolent with their song; and—hark! another—

"Would ye be taught, ye feathered throng,
With love's sweet notes to grace your song,
To pierce the heart with thrilling lay,
Listen to mine, Ann Hathaway!
She hath a way to sing so clear,
Phœbus might, wondering, stop to hear;
To melt the sad, make blithe the gay,
And nature charm Ann hath a way;
She hath a way,
Ann Hathaway,
To breathe delight Ann hath a way."

What are the songs of birds to this? Can you not imagine it's the voice of the premature man singing, or whispering out his soul under the jasmine bower? Then, in a sadder strain, as if in the presence of some disappointment, he continues:

"When Envy's breath and rancorous tooth
Do soil and bite fair worth and truth,
And merit to distress betray,
To sooth the heart Ann hath a way;
She hath a way to chase despair,
To heal all grief, to cure all care,
Turn foulest night to fairest day,
Thou know'st, fond heart, Ann hath a way;
She hath a way,
Ann Hathaway,
To make grief bliss Ann hath a way."

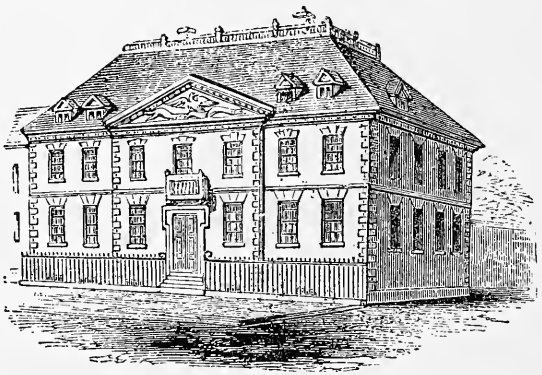
Who can doubt the personal charm of the gentle woman as he feels the very air becoming fragrant with the incense of such songs,—all of them gems:

"Talk not of gems, the orient list,
The diamond, topaz, amethyst,
The emerald mild, the ruby gay;
Talk of my gem, Ann Hathaway!
She hath a way, with her bright eyes,
Their various lustre to defy—
The jewels she, and the foil, they;
So sweet to look Ann hath a way;
She hath a way,
Ann Hathaway,
To shame bright gems Ann hath a way."

I can hear it reverberating through the woods and in the streets; every whispering tree breathes it; it is on the wings of every zephyr; it encircles Shottery, is proclaimed in the fields, and re-echoed on the banks of the Avon. Where is the place that is not permeated by the spirit of Shakespeare—unrecorded love songs, murmuring to "gentle Ann."

"But were it to my fancy given
To rate her charms, I'd call them heaven;
For, though a mortal made of clay,
Angels must love Ann Hathaway;
She hath a way so to control,
To rapture the imprisoned soul,
And sweetest heaven on earth display,
That to be heaven Ann hath a way;
She hath a way,
Ann Hathaway,
To be heaven's self Ann hath a way."

I was up and dressed this morning at five. After arranging the flowers and leaves gathered yesterday, being especially care-



NEW PLACE BUILT BY SHAKESPEARE AFTER HIS RETURN TO STRATFORD, AND WHERE HE DIED. RAZED BY FRANCIS GASTRELL.

ful of the sprig of jasmine, went down stairs into the street, intent upon a long walk. The stores at eight o'clock are not open, although *all* the streets are already watered and swept, the daily custom here. How quiet and beautiful the place; how cool and invigorating the air. I saunter dreamily toward "New Place" and the garden, where "the female ivy enrims the barky fingers of the elm," on the site of the house in which

Shakespeare died, which he occupied for the last nineteen years of his life, and which at his death he bequeathed to his daughter Susanna. It was here that Dr. Hall, her husband, died, and it was here also that in 1643 his widow entertained Queen Henrietta Maria, the Queen remaining with her for three weeks. It was then the best house in the town, but the old "New Place," with its famous mulberry tree planted by Shakespeare's own hands, no longer exists, thanks to the acrimony of Francis Gastrell, who, because of his vandalism in cutting down the tree and leveling the house to the ground, was driven with his family from Stratford, with the execrations of all honest men, and from that unlucky day to this he is the subject of the anathemas of almost every one that visits the place. To-day as I stood by the mulberry tree that has taken the place of the old, said to be from a twig of the same, and looked into the declension in the ground with its ivy-covered crest, marking the position of the well, a handsome enthusiast stood across from me, with umbrella, emphasizing her words —attitude and expression like a sibyl, she delivered a series of rapidly-spoken denunciations against the unfortunate man that, to get rid of annoying visitors did the wrong—the conduct of this impulsive woman—probably a Shakespearean enthusiast—made me think of poor Delia Bacon. From her to the meretricious tribe of blasphemers, who have unfortunately succeeded in attracting a little attention to themselves by braying out their wonderful discoveries, is but a step—Miss Bacon was at least honest, and we both sympathize with, and reverence the constancy of purpose of the gentle but deluded soul—incapable of pretence. But what can be said of the mercantile slanders of shrewd men of the world, with no justifying streaks of insanity, who so laboriously traduces the dead,—like body-snatchers robbing graves for pay? Nothing. They have no restraining reverence. Let them alone—for themselves perhaps, they have unpedestaled the noblest figure in the Pantheon of nations—that is punishment enough. I remember slipping my foot into the bog of one of these precious pedants a year or so ago, but as soon drew it out with but little of the mire adhering. If this were not a free country, I would propose that on the anniversary of Shakespeare's birth, this school of deluded dribblers be burned like Guy Fawkes—in effigy. I

would have it done but once, though; any oftener would be too much honor,—but I digress. In a few moments my unknown oracle stalked off, umbrella in air, muttering suppressed thunder against the unhappy offender, whom she seemed to think had done her personal slight. I walked around, sat under the old trees, and tried to translate myself back to the time when the house was occupied by its great possessor. I could imagine him in the long twilight, when the duties of the day were done, sitting in the shade with a book in his hand as he is seen in Brooks' picture, or in the early morning with rake and pruning hook attending the flowers and plants that he has made famous by a few expressive words; but the "cool sequestered shades" are no more, and New Place is no longer the place for reverie, for as I pause for a moment in scribbling, under the shadow of "melancholy boughs," I hear the loud voice of the gentleman in waiting, pointing out the centres of special interest to some people who have just entered, and so I shall simply appropriate a few leaves from the favorite trees, to embellish a page in a scrap-

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE, IN THE POET'S TIME.
From an Old Drawing in the British Museum.

book, and take an affectionate farewell. From here to Henley street, where he was born—where his father carried on the business of "wool stapler or glover"—is but a short walk. * * * I stand in front of the celebrated house, rather large, unattractive and expressionless, but as I rest here, looking up and down the well-kept street, my mind is active with the great multitude from all parts of the world who, like myself, have been attracted here, because of the man who "saw through life and death, through good and ill." I am

busiest with that noble band of acute Germans who claim to have discovered Shakespeare, and to have introduced him to the English people, and wonder why it was that the two who seem to have been most impressed by his greatness never came here at all. Was it because of the awe with which he inspired them, or what? "None but the priests were permitted to enter the holy of holies, and that but once a year." Might it not therefore have been that these "priests of nature and of art," these susceptible eulogists of the Swan of Avon, from a sort of reversed veneration, abstained from visiting the place of his birth, just as Pendennis refused to enter a church. It would be in keeping with the airy and high-flown reverence of the German heart to have refrained on such purely spiritual grounds as these—none of whom, except Tieck, Baron Bunsen, and a few more recent men, having visited Stratford at all. The most enthusiastic of hero worshipers never having entered the birthplace of their supreme hero! The man, Goethe, through whose influence Shakespeare became an inspiration, at least through Prussian Germany, and who wrote

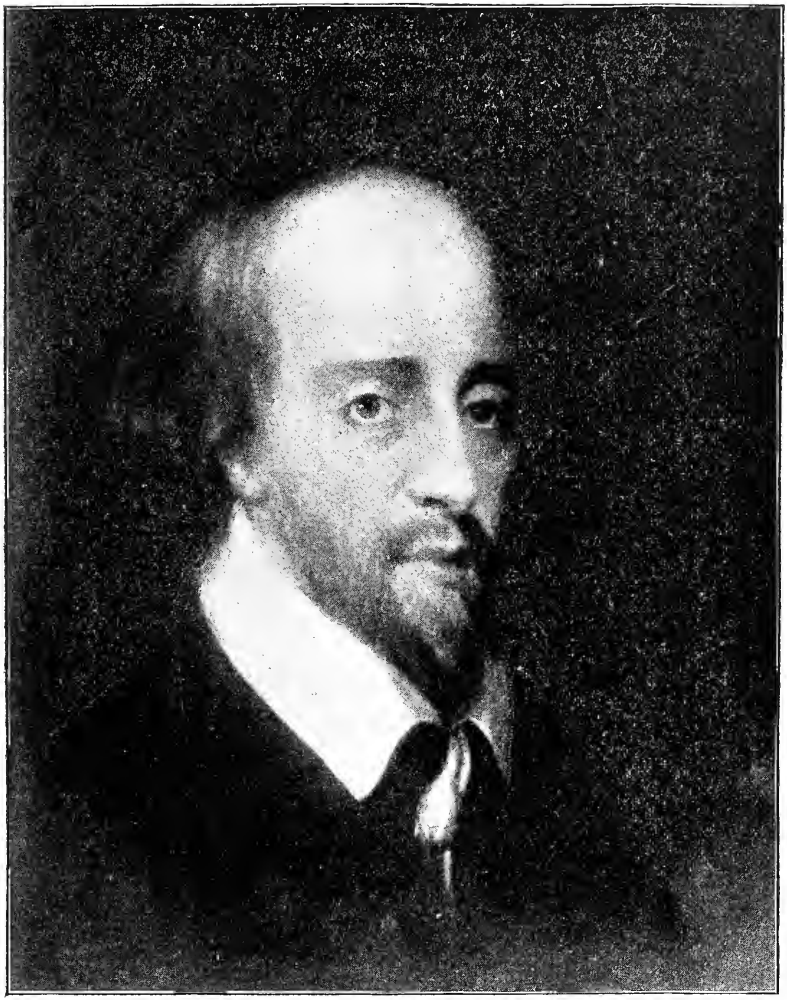
"Wer das Dichten will verstehen,
Muss ins Land der Dichtung gehen;
Wer den Dichter will verstehen,
Muss in Dichters Lande gehen,"

never crossed the azure belt; indeed, never saw the sea at all until in middle-age he saw it, and without being moved by it, at Venice. That Goethe should have died without having seen the first home of his Olympus is passing strange. The house stands on one of the wide side streets of the town, and is now, as it was during Shakespeare's time, embraced by a garden. It is substantially as it was when occupied by his father. Reverence has only used means to prevent it from crumbling, nothing to renew it. The door, which is divided into upper and lower halves, is opened at a given hour daily; we step directly into the large kitchen, with rough stone floor and great chimney, and are in the veritable house—

"Here nature nursed her darling boy,
From whom all care and sorrow fly,
Whose harp the muses strung.
From heart to heart let joy rebound.
Now, now we tread enchanted ground;
Here Shakespeare lived and sung!"

From the kitchen, which is empty, with the exception of a long, narrow table, merely of the period, we go into another room with a similar chimney, large enough, perhaps, to hold twenty men. The floor here is also of stone, but with the flags all intact; also empty with the exception of Gainsborough's picture of Garrick, the picture that rather gives you a contempt for little Davy, who—with all reverence for his master, on this particular occasion seems to patronize him and to expect credit for it, too. Yet it suggests also what Goethe said to Eckerman about Byron and himself (see motto to this letter), namely, that it did not do for men to get too close to Shakespeare, as he dwarfed whoever approached him.

After registering our names in a book in this "sitting-room or best kitchen," a smaller one, projecting from this, is pointed out as the bedroom added when his father became poor and had to rent the store. From here we ascend a cramped flight of winding stairs leading to a contracted landing. Turning to the left we are in his mother's bedroom—the place where he was born! The same oak floor, plastered ceiling, and walls. Not only walls and ceiling, but even the diminutive panes in the windows are covered with the names (no longer permitted) of the frivolous and great of every clime, who, from motives of vanity or appreciation, have come to visit the spot where the greatest of all mere men was born. Among many others of note, the old lady pointed to us that of Sir Walter Scott. "When residing at Leamington, writing 'Kenilworth,' he was requested by the managers to inscribe his name here, which he did with his diamond ring on one of the diamond panes of the window." We remained in this chamber; in perfect silence for some moments—as silent as a communion—indeed it was a communion. We quietly walked into an adjoining room, formerly used by his father to dry wool, but now containing the Stratford portrait—perhaps the most pleasing of all Shakespeare's pictures—except our own. This, which is in a good state of preservation, is kept in an iron safe constructed for the purpose, the door of which is opened daily for the inspection of visitors, and then closed and locked. But for my own part, after seeing to-day and for the past three days all the celebrated Shakespeares—viz., "The Dinford," "The Stratford," "Chandos," "The Droeshout," "The Zoust," "The



SULLY'S "THREE THOUSAND DOLLAR SHAKESPEARE" (IN POSSESSION OF THE AUTHOR), PAINTED BY THAT ARTIST FROM HIS COLLECTION OF NEARLY 400 PICTURES OF SHAKESPEARE, AND WHICH HE MAINTAINED "CONTAINED THE EXCELLENCIES OF ALL, AND THE FAULTS OF NEITHER."

Felton," "The Lumley," "The Newland," "The Ely Palace," and the "Darmstadt death mask," besides a host of others of no especial interest—I would be willing to have the whole pile of slanderous caricatures burned. For when you think that even in the England of to-day, with her artists exceeding in skill those of Italy at her best, there has been found none capable of transferring to canvas, except in caricature, even the features of George Eliot or the Queen, how, then, could you expect England, when she had no painters, to present to subsequent ages the features of the man Shakespeare. We must, therefore, as Ben Jonson advised, "Looke not on his picture, but his book," for none of them are worthy of being signed by his name. Better far for every man to be his own painter of Shakespeare, just as every may be his own lawyer or doctor, or, as Oliver Wendell Holmes says, "his own Boswell," than to have his better judgment offended by the presentation of these hideous or idiotic burlesques. Even the effigy of the monument cannot surely be a genuine representation. It is about as much Shakespeare as a tobacconist sign is an Indian, I would imagine For how could a man of Shakespeare's mind shave the hair from the upper and lower part of his lip, allowing a pair of spiral tufts to remain like the two curled feathers in the tail of a drake? Of course I know, from some contemporary English and Flemish faces that we have, that this absurd crinigerous custom was prevalent at the time. Yet I cannot believe that it was adopted by Shakespeare, at least in the manner shown in the bust. I would keep the Darmstadt mask, not because of what it is, as because of what it suggests, and throw all others to the dogs; would have none of them. I was thinking something like this in coming down stairs to the Museum, when I was startled from my physiognomical reverie by the sound of a familiar voice. "I do not like those pictures that represent him brought before Sir What's-his-name, Lucy, for poaching." "Why not?" "Because they give an appearance of plausibility to a slander; because they give some sign of foundation for ascribing the coarse, punning doggerel about the old knight to him—and that is surely an insult. Even I, can give various reasons why these lines could not have been written by Shakespeare at all." I need not tell you who it was that spoke—as I approached—

"Oh! good morning, Mr.—Mr.—"he hesitated, took a card from his pocket, and gave it to me. I gave mine in return: and as I read "John Forrester, M. D., Boston," he read mine, and in a moment had introduced me to Miss Forrester, his niece, who was kind enough to say that, like her uncle, she was glad to meet me, for that, from the moment she saw my reflection in Ann Hathaway's well (here she smiled), she felt that we would meet again." "Boston to Philadelphia, greeting; and what do you think of Stratford?" "I was just looking at Shakespeare's ring," says Dr. Forrester; "also, his son-in-law, Dr. Hall's. They are very large, but the old lady tells me that they were worn on the thumb; that they were merely useful appendages—for sealing letters—not ornamental. Have you seen this first edition of 'The Excellent History of the Merchant of Venice, with the Extreme Cruelty of Shylock the Jew?' Here it is, 'Printed by F. Roberts, in 1600.' How watery that would make the mouth of a collector! You know the plays were not printed before this—were acted only from manuscript; and as this is the first edition of a single play printed, we can almost believe that Shakespeare held this one in his own hands. Here, also, you see, are the first, second, and third editions of his complete works, the famous folio edition, with the lines by Ben Jonson and the picture by Droeshout. The third is more rare than the second, because of the great fire of London having destroyed so many; but the first edition is scarcest of all. Any one of these is worth hundreds of pounds; and that single leaf in the glass case—all they have of that most rare 1594 copy of 'Venus and Adonis'—is worth its weight in gold, platinum, diamonds—what you will. For my part I don't care a fig for first editions or any nonsense of that sort; indeed, I think second editions—unless the first have been touched by sanctity—are best, as more likely to be corrected; but I do want my books well printed on heavy paper, with large black type, and margins about wide enough for the comments of your friends." I protested against the comments. "Comments of friends on the margins of my books would, I am afraid, make them my enemies," I said. "I can stand scores and nail-marks —a rather modest way of expressing approbation—but written comments?—no. I draw the line at comments. Yes, I

remember what Charles Lamb says about having his books returned *enriched* by *marginaliæ*, but he was thinking of Coleridge, Leigh Hunt, De Quincey, Wordsworth, Southey. Of course I would have no objection to such swans as these emerging from my river of print to meander on my meadows of margin, but when your swans are geese, Miss Forrester, what then?" Lucy said that she thought it would be a good plan to present such cases with a blank book, so that when they felt the itch for scribbling they might scratch it. In this way you could at least save your books from your friends.

Have you been in Ireland, Miss Forrester? "Oh, yes." I thought so. We went out together, walking down Henley street, where we separated; they to go to the "Red Horse," where Irving wrote most of "The Sketch Book," and I to the Memorial building, where I remained until the close of the day. A little before ten, it not yet being quite dark, knowing that I was going to leave in the morning for London, I resolved to revisit St. John's Church, to walk alone under the grove of plane trees that lead to the chief door, and to see for the last time the sights that had so deeply impressed me two days ago. The streets were already being deserted; here and there, as I went along, meeting only young girls hastening home, or an occasional whispering pair sauntering arm in arm, apparently with plenty of time on their hands. The windows were closed, and except for an occasional light now and then, glimmering through the diamond-shaped hole of a shutter, the walk would have been lonely indeed; but, nevertheless, on I move, until at the open gate, when looking across the yard of the church in which rests the bones of him who has never died, I could still see the long narrow avenues leading through straggling graves, the blackened headstones of which, in their different degrees of declension, look as if they were bowing to each other good-night; the very trees were hushed into silence, as if to facilitate the long sleep of the dead. Over all the silent silvery moon, at times emerging from behind feathery clouds, and as soon becoming again concealed, as if in doubt whether to approve of what she said or not. I entered the mouldering home of the departed, when walking along, until I came to a place that commanded a good view of the church, the river beneath and the spectral memorials of

the long dead, I sat down to enjoy for a while the feelings engendered by the solemnity and ominous silence of this enchanted spot. I can't tell how long I sat or why I remained without the slightest dread, in such a ghostly place, but I must have been dreaming or partially asleep, for I was brought to consciousness suddenly, by a feeling as if something shadowy had just past. Rubbing my eyes I looked towards the Avon, which like a band of mirror, I could see reflecting the trees and the moon, when there, between me and the water, was the diaphanous, almost indistinct outline of a figure draped in white, moving swiftly towards the flood; what could it be that in this dread hour of the night thus visited the glimpses of the moon, making night hideous? It still moved on, and I, resolving to follow, indeed feeling as if impelled by an irresistible fate to do so, arose; in the act of moving after I was made motionless by a splash. Good heaven! she is in the water—then a gurgling noise; when, stretching every nerve to see what next, I beheld the apparition bend over the embankment, and by a rope, draw up a black mass—a vessel filled with water, and going over with it to a mound under a tree, began to sprinkle the flowers of a small grave; thrice was the vessel replenished, while she continued muttering plaintive words of endearment, that I could just hear without being able to distinguish what they were. At the end she replaced the pail where it belonged—and returning again to the grave bowed, pressed her cheek against the cold, white stone, arose, and passed through the yard as rapidly and noiselessly as she came, disappeared behind some trees, and I was again alone. I walked down to the river, the great oak and the little headstone—still warm from the pressure of the cheek of its loving visitant—when, dropping on my knees by the newly sprinkled flowers and grass, by the light of the moon I read: "In loving memory of Charlie Arnold, infant son of Mary Brown, who departed this life on the 17th of June, 1886. Age, one year and a day." Even so, solitary, gentle, erring, but repentant Mary Brown, of such is the kingdom of heaven. Good-night, dear; kiss *our* babies many times and tell them of me.

P. S.—After this, please read again the last motto to this letter.

London, Tuesday July 19, 1887.

"Mille intus simulacra dei caelaverat ardens
Mulcibar. Hic haeret lateri redimita voluptas.
Hic comes in requiem vergens labor. Est ubi Baccho,
Est ubi Martigenæ socium pulvinar amori
Obtinet——. Statius.

"O crooked paths! woe to the audacious soul, which hoped by forsaking Thee to gain some better thing."—*Confessions St. Augustine.*

Early this morning we left Stratford for London, stopping though for some hours at Warwick, to see the castle. The ride as usual was through a country, the beauty of which cannot be described. Even the impression it makes on mind and heart—for rural England appeals as much to the one as to the other—is too deep for words. It presents a richness and charm that must be seen to be understood; and even then your appreciation is in proportion to what you are. To all men it is charming, but to those familiar with its teeming history, it is a succession of calm yet profound delights—an Eden that seems to have known no fall. But all things end—and so the shady dells and sunny slopes of the way from Stratford, end in the red chimney pots of Warwick, when we alight to see the wonders of the historic keep of Warwick—the king-maker of that name. I can't give you much of a description of this place and its wonderful contents. It contains so much that my stylograph did not have an opportunity of writing even the half of what it heard and saw; there was too much for the time—and, besides, an incident that you will learn of farther on, drew our attention from the surrounding objects to the bit from the drama, or rather tragedy, of real life being enacted before our eyes. However, as bold as one of the stone lions near the entrance, and twice as natural, I approach the big bolted gate alone, fortified as I was by an open sesame in the shape of a shilling ticket. I give three loud knocks. In a moment the ponderous door flies open, when a uniformed man standing at the entrance, seeing my authority, directs me to walk ahead. The way is by a wide carriage road cut through the solid rock, the sides of which are green with lichen and moss, the crown crested with pluming ferns; and above all

the branches of oaks interlacing their many-jointed arms, shutting out the heat rays and admitting those of light, make you think of the sylvan entrance to the palace of Titania, rather than the approach to a fortified castle with dungeons and chains. Making a sudden turn in this umbrageous passage, the towers and minarets of the world-famous castle are in sight. A bridge spanning a moat admits you through a long arched way into the peacock-decked mead of the inner court, where you are surrounded with towers, bastions, machicholations, ivy-covered walls, and mighty trees. You are here met by another man in uniform who conducts you across the court to the foot of a narrow stairway. You ascend, present your ticket to a Chesterfieldesque giant in scarlet and black, are admitted into the banqueting hall, with its world of mediæval wonders, which actually take your breath; but you must not omit looking as you enter at the marble bust of Edward, the Black Prince, resting on a table by the side of the disciple of Chesterfield, above mentioned. I asked him if I could leave my hat? "Certainly." I put it on the helmeted head of the magnificent prince, which gave him a rather light and airy look, you may be sure—it was my Cork hat. "Oh, sir, that will never do!" I apologize, remove it, and in turning got a startling view of the great Charles I, by Vandyke, which completely fills the end of the hall, and which at the time actually looked as if he had an expression of resentment on his haughty lip, because of my freedom with the head of the hero who adopted from the dead King of Bohemia at Cressy the three plumes, with the motto "*Ich dien.*"

We move on, passing wildernesses of books, not looked at, they are so much eclipsed by other sights of the place, until we are in the banqueting hall, where a number of people, visitors like ourselves, were waiting. Another man wearing the livery of the house, after kindly bidding us "good morning," the custom all over England, he began uttering a running commentary on the contents of the room. "This, gentlemen and ladies, is a very fine collection of helmets, armorial headpieces of all periods, helmets of the most ingenious workmanship, including one worn by Cromwell, and the metal head coverings also used by executioners." "No, my lady, that is n't cast, hit's 'ammered from the hinside; hit's Hitalian, my

lady." "Here are the coats of mail worn by the Crusaders, and this one is——" "Oh! Mrs.—how do you do?" "How are you? I was just waiting to see if you would recognize me. I saw you when you came in." "Recognize you! I shall never forget you." It was my Egyptian queen, as charming as ever. "This is a very interesting place, is it not?" she replied. "I can't understand, though, how the people wore those heavy iron suits; they weigh a great deal:" about seventy pounds, but so uniformly distributed over the body that it was not felt as much as you would imagine. "Don't you think the custodian must get very tired describing the same things in the same words, and hearing the same exclamations of delight or horror at the same places, and by the same sort of open-mouthed people day after day?" "Yes, but no more so than the actor, who will repeat the same lines, look up at the same bit of canvas cloud, be horrified at the same sheet-iron thunder, bend his knee on the same flower in the same carpet, and impetuously beseech the same tinsel moon to listen to the same vows of being faithful and true to the same Sara Sampson, night after night."

The above repeated series of expletives was the touchstone that revealed her weakness, for she began at once to talk enthusiastically of the stage; and as we walked into the adjoining room I saw that, like some other Thespian enthusiasts, it was neither the genius of the author, nor the construction of the plot, nor the poetry of the drama, nor the wit of the dialogues, nor the purity of sentiment, nor loftiness of aim, nor justness of *denouement*, nor the unities, nor any of the ethical rubbish that plain-minded people look for in vain in a play—that interested her. She was satisfied simply if the *dramatis personæ* were graceful and the cut of their garments in the mode. And if you had seen how beautiful she was as she said, "Actors are so handsome!" you would feel with her, that there was nothing else necessary in life. Just as a comet, majestically moving through space attracts every eye and engrosses every thought, so every other consideration was for the time swallowed up by the beauty and grace of this physical queen; for notwithstanding what I had heard, I could not *now* believe that there was a trace about her of that serpent of old Nile, that played such havoc not only with the destinies

of a nation but, with the soul of a man. "Actors are so handsome," she repeated. "I should judge that all men would be equally handsome when enclosed within one of those ghastly-looking suits of mail, with the vizor down—one of those whose history he is now giving. For my own part, I think that I would just as soon have daylight *let into me* by the point of a swift sword as to have it *shut out* by the riveted lid of one of those two-legged coffins. It's time enough to get into your ice-box when dead. I don't like them. I prefer being in the rear ? taking care of the wounded, wouldn't you, than fighting in the thick of battle—even when hermetically sealed in steel or tin, like a sardine in a box." She made some soothing remarks, in her kindness for me, about suits of mail making the most insignificant of men appear warlike. She looked condescendingly benign as she said "insignificant" in a way that somewhat reconciled me to suits of mail.

In being conducted into the "Red Drawing Room," my queen stopped at the door to examine the carvings of an Italian trousseau chest of the Twelfth Century, exquisite in the extreme. "Just imagine," she said, "what the lovely garments must have been to have required a casket like this. Just imagine what the lovely bride must have been to have worn such garments, I thought, but spoke not. We enter the "red room" together, with its inlaid cabinets and mosaic table, formerly belonging to Marie Antoinette, its profusion of ornaments in ormolu, ivory, tortoiseshell, buhl, bronze, green basalt, and pietra commessa, besides a matchless collection of Lemousin enamels. These rare productions, the art of which is lost, are exhibited here as if they cost almost nothing; and yet of the placques, the queen tells me that the small one, the size of a breakfast plate, with the picture of the "Conversion of St. Paul" on it, is valued at £5,000; besides these, the speaking marbles that are here, gathered from the ends of the ancient and modern world; the graceful Etruscan vases, in perfect state of preservation; the pictures by Rembrandt, Vandyke, Rubens; and Raphael's "Assumption of the Virgin," make an impression so bewildering that with this, and the enthusiastic exclamations of my otherwise placid Egyptian, I am unable to take it all in, and walk stupidly from object to object, with the hum-drum sentences of the monotonous

guide buzzing in my ear. From this apartment is but a step to the "Cedar Drawing Room," with antique furniture, screens and hangings, and mantel, truly unique. The centre of this noble room is occupied by "The Grimani Table," from a palace in Italy, and costing £10,000, and yet it is the ugliest object in the chamber. All the pictures in this room are by Vandyke, and look as fair and beautiful as the day they left his studio. You feel as if they occupied the room, not as if they hung on the walls; most of them are the ancestors of the house, dukes, earls, lords, and ladies of all degrees; living men and women, who in their own dignified way are pleased by your admiration, while over there, viewing herself in the Venitian mirror, is the veritable queen herself—my queen—looking as if the most beautiful of all, had just stepped from her frame for a few moments to readjust her robes. I look for the empty frame. How stately she moves through these magnificent halls; how charmed and delighted by what she sees; how candid in her admiration! How inferior in every womanly charm are the court beauties of the great Vandyke, who beam on you from every coign of vantage and jutty frieze. Just see how the loveliness of "The Princess de Santa Croce" is disenhanced by the presence of this majestic woman. The others have left; we hear their voices in the adjoining apartment; we are alone: "I am so surprised to find you in England," I said. "I thought you had gone to the Continent; yet you seem as if you belonged here." She looked thanks; but, "Where is the Commodore?" A sudden expression of resentment, in a moment, changed into a smile, made me feel that I had been perhaps too curious, and caused me to *think*, the first time I did anything but admire since we met. "He is here," she hesitatingly replied; "his home is in Warwickshire. I had intended meeting my friend in Italy, but after a stay in London, which at present is very dull,—thought I would take a run down to Warwick to see the castle." You are not alone? "Yes." Oh, ho! She was annoyed—and so was I.

I didn't enjoy the next room, although it contained the picture of John baptizing Christ, painted on an amethyst in size twelve by fifteen inches; nor did I care for the Ignatius Loyola of Rubens, that everybody says is a picture of super-

lative value. In these days we use "Jesuitism" as a synonym for "deceit;" and the great picture, therefore, of the founder of the Society of Jesus seemed only to emphasize the *suspicions* that were causing me pain.

I stood dreaming unflattering dreams before the Cinque Cento statue, in snowy marble of the "Faun Marsyas," my admiration suspended, my mind occupied by other things, my whole being in revolt, and was glad when we passed through the State bedroom, with Queen Anne's ugly bed, and which was occupied by the good Victoria when last here. We entered together "the Queen's boudoir," containing pictures by Lely, the "Carracci, Lorenzo de Credi," "Andrea del Sarto," and, above all, Hans Holbein's realistic portrait of beastly Henry the Eighth; a jovial but animal face, low forehead, small eyes, diminutive straight nose, and unusually large under features; a face curiously repulsive, and yet somewhat airy in its heaviness. In a corner of the room is a picture of the same when a boy of about six years—a handsome, sweetly melancholy face. "Just see!" I said to my deposed queen. "See how sin has distorted these features. Behold the face of that lovely boy, and then—look into the brutalized lineaments of this man, who was once a *real* king! But since then, the interval is strewn with the headless trunks of mutilated wives and the memory of constant debauch; and here are their traces, these indelible marks, on the face." Over the door there are portraits of the unfortunate Anne Boleyn and her sister Mary. "Anne was *suspected* of guilt and put to death. Was it not horrible to have that lovely head severed from that fair body by the axe of the common executioner? and when she was only suspected, too!" "Horrible!" exclaimed my crest-fallen queen, covering her face with her hands. Then, going to the window, she absently looked down at the Cedars of Lebanon, planted by the Crusaders in the park, but spoke not.

"There is no art to find the mind's construction in the face: she was a woman in whom I put infinite trust"—I heard somebody paraphrasing from Macbeth, in reference, I suppose, to one of Henry's wives, as we passed through the armor- and weapon-lined hall into the park. We were conducted through the grounds to the building erected for the reception of the

"Warwick Vase," found at the bottom of a lake at Hadrian's Villa, near Tivoli. This wonderful vessel, large enough to contain one hundred and thirty-six gallons of water, is executed in the purest Grecian taste, and is one of the finest specimens of ancient sculpture known, compared with the age of which—even this castle, founded A. D. 915 by one of the daughters of Alfred the Great, is but a thing of yesterday. The old custodian, who repeated like a sentimental parrot its marvelous history, is himself an oddity. "This vase was presented, gentlemen—and ladies"—(seeing the humiliated queen and myself emerging from behind a cypress), "to the Earl of Warwick by the ambassador to Hitaly, Sir William 'Amilton;" then, in a stage whisper, "He, my gentlemen, whose wife, you know, 'took on so' to Lord Nelson" (I dared not look at the embarrassed queen), "and when he died at Trafalgar, wounded and faint, said 'Hengland hexpects hevery man this day to do his duty;' and then, with his heyes closing in death, 'Give my love to dear Lady 'Amilton; I trust that my country will take care of her'—he died. They found her picture and a lock of her hair that he had been seen kissing that morning, in his waistcoat pocket, near his 'art. It was a sad, sad story, my ladies—and gentlemen—over which we must draw the mantle of charity, for Lady 'Amilton was neglected by her country and people, and died, my ladies, in poverty and for lack of bread, in one of the garrets of a little village in France."

We left together—the unhappy queen and I; I to take the train for London, and she to remain in Warwick for a few days, as she was going to Kenilworth to see the ruins. Be careful, my lady enchantress, that there are no other ruins in Warwickshire but those of Kenilworth, when you bid its green fields adieu.

LONDON, July 20, 1887.

"Where has commerce such a mart—
So rich, so thronged, so drained, and so supplied
As London. Opulent, enlarged, and still
Increasing London."—*Cowper's Task.*

"I HAVE often amused myself with thinking of how different a place London is to different people. They, whose narrow

minds are contracted to the consideration of some particular pursuit, view it only through that medium. A politician thinks of it merely as the seat of government; a grazier, as a vast market for cattle; a mercantile man, as a place where a prodigious deal of business is done upon 'change; a dramatic enthusiast, as the grand scene of theatrical entertainments; a man of pleasure, as an assembly of taverns; but the intellectual man is struck with it as comprehending the whole of human life in all its variety, the contemplation of which is inexhaustible."

If Boswell could say so much of the London of Johnson, Reynolds, and Hannah More, with Pope, Addison, and Swift, in the "sere and yellow leaf," what could not be said of the present town with its 4,000,000 of people; where a child is born every five minutes, and somebody dies every eight; where upwards of £30,000 are distributed *weekly* for the relief of the poor; in this city which is not only the most wealthy, the most densely populated, and the most politically important in Europe, but also the most charitable and humane. The intellectual centre of the civilized world, whose very streets re-echo the names of the great and good, from the time that Chaucer started his pilgrims to Canterbury, up to the present reign of Tennyson, Browning, Morris, and Anthony Froude. With such thoughts as these I sallied out this morning to view the sights from the top of an omnibus, and get, if possible, the bearing of its great places, but in vain. I have been rolled over its smooth, densely peopled streets; have passed miles of palatial houses and splendid shops, and have returned stupified by its immensity with nothing to record. I feel as if I needed retirement for a few days before attacking the giant—except an occasional nibble at his extremities, just to keep myself from feeling alone. So, good-bye.

> "This *world's* a city full of straying streets,
> And death's the market place where each one meets."

LONDON, July 21, 1887.

——"Magnum stridens contorta philarica venit
Fulminis acta modo."—*Virg. Æn* 1, ix., 705.

"I have received, with the respects of the author, a pamphlet on the Crystal Palace, which tells me in its first sentence that the Crystal Palace is a subject which every cultivated Englishman has at heart; in its second, that the Crystal Palace is a household word, and is the loftiest moral triumph of the world; and in its third, that the palace is declining, it is said verging towards decay. I have not heard anything for a long time that has so pleased me, and beg to assure the author of the pamphlet in question that I never get up at Hearne Hill after a windy night without looking anxiously towards Norwood, in the hope that the loftiest moral triumph of the world may have been blown away."—*Fors*, II., p. 415.

RUSKIN.

FEELING the necessity of getting a bird's-eye view of this exceedingly intricate city, I left my lodgings early enough to get to the "top of the monument" before the heat of the day, enjoying as I did so the already vehicle-packed streets, omnibusses, cabs, carriages of all dimensions and shapes, donkey carts, hand carts, pony phætons, Tallyhos, and sprinkled over all, like diamond dust on the face of beauty, a profusion of bicycles and tricycles, which with their parti-colored riders, with here and there crossing sweepers in jerseys of scarlet, white, yellow, or blue, made a picture of variegated activity, leaving a pleasant impression on a mind, used only to the monotonous humdrum of black, brown, and gray. In good time I arrived at the noble column—"the monument," so distinguished from all others, erected on Fish street hill in commemoration of the fire of 1666, which broke out a short distance from its site. It was built by the architect who built Bow Church and St. Pauls; was commenced in 1671, and although the work was often impeded for want of stones of sufficient scantling, yet was finished in six years; you can't believe it, as you walk around its ponderous sides and look up the fluted column 202 feet to the blazing urn, enveloped in brightness and clouds, on its top. The west side of the pedestal is ornamented with a group of allegorical monsters, representing the destructive voraciousness of fire, with gaping mouths and glaring eyes, all in a state of crumbling decay; they are being gnawed themselves by the pitiless teeth of two hundred and

ten winters and summers. The east side similarly displays a sculpture, by Cibber, in alto and bas-relief, also emblematically expressive of the destruction of the fire-devoured city, with Charles the Second, surrounded by Liberty, Genius, and Science, giving direction for its restoration. This majestic column, which is twenty-four feet higher than Trajan's Pillar at Rome. had an inscription running around the plinth, reading as follows: "This pillar was set up in perpetual remembrance of that most dreadful burning of this protestant city, begun and carried by ye treachery and malice of ye popish factio in ye beginning of Septem., in ye year of our Lord 1666, in order to ye carrying on their horrid plott for extirpating the protestant religion and old English liberty and the introducing popery and slavery." The description on the north side continued:

"Sed fvror papisticus qvi tam dira
Patravit nondum restingvitvr."

These words, after being obliterated by James II, were recut in the reign of William, but finally disappeared by order of the Common Council in 1831. I pay two pence and am permitted to ascend. I do so; resolving, at every resting place, that this will be my last attempt at tower-climbing; at length, breathless and faint, I stand on the top—going out on the projecting stone to look abroad; I impulsively draw back, feeling as if it was going to fall—am terrified by the height; afraid to look down—out over the tops of the houses I can—but the great fluted stem that supports me seems so slender that I can't feel sufficiently secure; to be very comfortable; and withdraw towards the centre, in momentry dread of toppling over; am surprised at the reversed condition of things. The *streets, houses and sewers* of London are scrupulously clean, making it the healthiest city in the world, "most free from preventable diseases;" *above the houses*, the air is heavy with smoke and dust. The black-drab Thames, teeming with life, with its bridges, over which living streams of men and 'busses are passing, like undulating snakes, with swarms of coal barges and *tiegs* beneath—parasites on the good-natured mammoth London—whose sough, heard up here as if panting for breath, is indeed a sight prolific in suggestions. When on

the third step of my descent, the custodian says, in passing: "Excuse me, but I can get down quicker than you:"—darting by like a meteor, I see him descend the constantly diminishing spiral, until, like a speck, he appears on the floor, making the trip in fifty-eight seconds, almost as quickly as if he had fallen; while I descend, stopping at every window for air—bad air at that—and am glad when I am on the street, although the only objects in sight are the loungers of Billingsgate, and long lines of carts loaded with bags of coal, and with the calves of my legs bleating for rest. I am afraid my "bleating" calves are bulls, but they can't be altered now, as I am going to The American Exhibition at once. * * * * The ride was through South Kensington and Brompton, and as I was on the top of an omnibus you can imagine how delightful the trip. It took an hour, through avenues of trees, parks and beautiful homes, terminating in the "Exhibition of American Industries;" I am admitted for a shilling, and as I pass through the Buffalo Bill part, which partially stops up the entrance, like an old hat in a broken window, I find myself in the main hall. Everything is "great" here; I read in scarlet letters, over a department: "The great Koko Oil display,"—Hair Tonic—presided over by a number of girls, with moppy hair streaming down their backs, ostensibly the result of the oil, looking as if they were going to recite "the blood drinker's burial." "The great St. Jacob's Oil, a liniment for man and beast," also screams out its virtues in flaming letters a yard long. "The great collection of patent money jugs"—dogs, donkeys, Irishmen, monkeys—all having something affixed, that when you put a cent on it, snaps, and the money disappears. "The American rubber balloon display," reminding me of Eighth and Market streets, except that the fairy that controlled it was an American instead of an Italian; "American building blocks;" "beef tea;" "hair dye;" "the lovely display of wax work flowers, a shilling each;" "the great American organette;" "Waterbury watches, with cheap jewelry—cheaper than you can get in London," and "American bronzes," made of cast iron, etc., etc., all presided over by the genius of the Hon. William Cody, otherwise Buffalo Bill, and his crinigerous associates; surely enough to make a man's heart swell with pride and

patriotism. This, in connection with the three good pictures of "the American Fine Art display," with literally scores of portraits of "The Great American Humorist," M. P. Wilder; and "America's Greatest Wonder," W. Rider—"Lightning Landscape Artist;" six shilling, framed, and only a few left." Mr. Rider, with blue plush coat and vest and Byronic collar, at work on his matchless landscapes, adds dignity to an exhibition that without him would be poor indeed.

In getting out I walked through "The Leviathan American Bar," a counter of about fifty feet of unplaned, unpainted boards, with long rows of bottles and glasses and no customers, and I again breathed pure air. From this I go to "The Crystal Palace," of all places that I have ever dreamed or heard of, the most truly wonderful. I was astounded at every turn by the magnificence and multiplicity of its varied treasures. The mind can't grasp at once its vastness and the bewildering beauties of its possessions. Everything great and noble in the world seems to have its counterpart here. I walked from place to place dazed—lost in wonder and admiration, and felt that human genius and liberality had surely reached its acme in this matchless hall. I have resolved to pass some days in this crystal home, where dwells all that the world has produced great, in metal and stone, and will only try to-day to give you some account of the fire-works that are exhibited every Thursday night in the grounds, facing the main front. The evening was cool and clear, when going out into the open air, not knowing that anything was going on, I found the enormous promenade and steps filled with thousands upon thousands of gayly dressed and happy people, chatting, pushing their way through the good-natured crowds, and full of expectation, for it was within ten minutes of eight. I press through to the extreme edge of the promenade facing the garden. Looking out over its immense lawns and flower-beds, beautifully studded with stone copies of all the great statues and groups in the world; with its lakes lighted by thousands of parti-colored lamps; its graceful bridges and pagodas trimmed with the same; this, as far as the eye could see, presented a sight that surely nothing outside of Paradise can exceed. It can't be described; but, as I stood there enraptured, as a soul that has gotten its first glimpse of the

heavenly city, suddenly a hissing noise, and there was projected into the clouds a series of prismatic snakes, twisting, bounding; increasing in volume by others being constantly added; chasing each other up, up, until lost to sight, when crash! and the living serpentine trunk is enveloped in golden, willowy branches, gracefully falling until almost touching the earth, and covered with brilliantly-colored spheres, like a great tree of life upon which were growing all manner of fruit for the healing of the nations, all ending in shouts, as if hosannas, from the enrapt multitude that are looking on. To me it was too awfully grand for anything but silent wonder. After a few moments pause a great fountain of vapory water (of fire) is projected upwards until you think it is going to put out the very stars; it instantly stops, turns into a rippling rainbow fountain, reflecting red, orange, green, blue, indigo, and violet, until you are convinced that you are in a land of enchantment, and not being thronged by beings of flesh and blood at all. After this and the heavens were one blaze of roman candles, rockets, wheels, and prisms of all colors, hissing up their heavenly way until lost in the clouds, when whiz! and showers of golden stars lighted up the darkness; descending until almost out—another explosion, and a swarm of purple spheres are liberated, again silver, red, crimson, green, blue; you are amazed, wonder how it is all done without the whole bursting at once. This continues in endless variety until a rocket, striking as if by accident a pole suspended in space, when there runs along its entire length a flaming serpent, and immediately a cataract of golden water curves down until it reaches the earth, and continues flowing a Niagara of molten gold, eclipsing everything that has yet appeared by its brilliancy and light. After this the majestic outlines of the *Arc de Triumph* blazes up, showing its heiroglyphics and sculptures, and all its graceful details, down to the very railing and lamps that enclose it, and illuminate the place where it stands, and the pyrotechnic display is over. I did not wait for the open air pantomime of "The Artist's Dream," for I had already supped of the cup of wonders to repletion. Good-night.

LONDON, CRYSTAL PALACE, July 22, 1887.

"You may possibly ask me, whether a man has it always in his power to get into the best company? and how? I say, yes, he has, by deserving it."—*Chesterfield's Letters to his son.*

"But when I heare our Architects mouth-out those big and rattling words of Pilasters, Architraves, Cornixes, Frontispieces, Corinthian and Dorike Works, and such-like fustian terms of theirs, I cannot let my wandering imagination from a sodaine apprehension of Appollidonius, his pallace, and I find by effect that they are the seely and decayed pieces of my kitchen-doore."—*Florio's Montaigne.*

I WAS rather late in getting to my destination, on account of having to attend to annoying business. I am in a world peopled with creations of the imagination, and am not fit for the society of living men,—Aladdin has again blazed his lamp, and I am permitted to behold the wonders. Yet, as I ascend the stairs leading to the "miraculous courts," I realize by my quick breath and tired legs that I *am* flesh and blood; that these palms and tree ferns, cockatoos and flamingos, these breathing statues and moving men are all real, and that I am in good sooth the most matter-of-fact of mortals, so much so, that as I walk the corridors and enter the courts, and rest in the music rooms and stand in front of the great army of marble figures, and lounge about the book and photograph stalls, and admire these realms of pictures, and sit entranced before *this* most artistic of artist's dreams, with an open note book in one hand and a stylographic pen in the other, and regardless of what bystanders may think or say, write down for your amusement, *mon cher*, a small modicum of what I see and feel. All that is to be seen, in this place alone, would easily take the pen of a very ready writer, and the eye of a Darwin, six months to see and tell. I will say nothing of the new panorama of the City of Rome, with Garibaldi on the defence, which occupies a coliseum in the surrounding park, nor of the enormous galleries with *real* pictures, nor of the art student's exhibition, nor of the great tobogganing slide, because that these gigantic affairs occupy such a small space in the enormous dimensions of the Palace, that for the present we can afford to pass them by, as we wend our way to the instrumental concert, by the

company's orchestral band of fifty soloists, under the leadership of the well known August Mann. * * *

I sit now in a concert hall large enough to seat twenty thousand people, and yet it occupies but a small corner in the building. You might be here a dozen times and not see it. Since I sat here the band has rendered selections from Beethoven, Saint-Saens, Gounod, Wallace, Wagner, Liszt, with just enough interval between the selections for applause. I have never heard such music; could listen forever. The next item in the day's amusement is an entertainment court, which I find, after inquiring, in an out of the way corner; and although this also is of good dimensions,—as big as our Academy of Music, yet it bears about the same relative size to the palace itself that a child's ball would bear to a nursery. I enter and find a magician giving a seance similar to Kellar's, but accompanied with classic music; following this, in another part of the palace, came the great organ recital; "great," to distinguish it from the smaller instrument. The great organ was dedicated to Hayden some years ago, when his birth was celebrated in this the country of his adoption by an orchestra of four thousand instruments. The chairs for the *performers* number over four thousand, and are still sometimes filled with musicians. You may imagine how great must be the auditorium when I tell you that the organ itself has a frontage of 60 feet, and is capable of every thing between the trill of a warbling bird and a salute of artillery. The auditorium has a diameter double in size of the dome of St. Paul's, and the arch that covers it is 216 feet wide, the largest timber arch ever constructed. As the organ is playing, and I feel that I can hear it in any part of the building, I will stroll at my leisure toward the "fine art courts." I pass through groves of palms and tree ferns, magnificent fountains, enormous exotics, and collossi most life-like of the great of all lands—group after group of the most beautiful statuary. Everything great or worthy of being reproduced is represented by fac-similes here —casts taken directly from the originals, everything that you have ever heard of, and literally hundreds besides—so lovely, so expressive, so endowed with an ideal life, that you could almost imagine at every turn a repetition of the myth of Pygmalion and Galatea. Every place contains enchanting

groups of statuary. Around the fountains and groves, along the walks, behind the trees, every secluded retreat seems to be a trysting-place for graceful lovers, immortalized into stone by some Phidias of ancient or modern time. You find them at the entrance to the various departments, in front of the refreshment spaces, along the corridors, in the different buildings, until you begin to doubt which is the quick and which the dead. You pass at last without examination statue after statue of surpassing beauty; simply because they multiply so rapidly that your four or five days will only permit a passing glance at each; but I am going to the "fine art courts" which I had almost forgotten because of the wonders that I see by the way. These courts consist of large apartments containing fac-similes of the architecture, sculpture, decorations, etc., of the different periods and schools since the world began, and are intended to give the untraveled visitor the same advantage which has hitherto been the privilege of the traveled only.

We will first enter the Egyptian Court, executed under the personal direction of the Egyptologist, Owen James. A large court, open to the sky, approached through crowded arcades of gigantic pillars, having at one end the sanctuary, or holy of holies, in which was the ark containing the image of their God, or when the Deity was a calf, a hawk, or other animal; the God himself, in his sacred stall or cage. The open area in front was for processions and similar ceremonials. The pillars of the arcades are enormous in size, and crowded more together than is the case in other styles of architecture, but their gloom and coolness, you can see, must have rendered them most delicious retreats from the glare and heat which pervaded the sultry, sandy valleys of Egypt. The pillars are exact copies of those of the Temple of Karnak. The statues arranged around the walls of the area are of Rameses the Second, the conqueror and hero of the land of the Nile. It seems to have been the custom among the Pharaohs to set up rows of colossal statues of a man instead of merely one, as with us, for all of the great painted images here are identical, and all are said to be portraits of the popular hero of the day. On the walls of the court, the front of the statues, door-jambs, pillars, around the battle-pieces painted on the two ends of the court—every-

where—are lines of storied hieroglyphics, revealing the marvellous development of the country of Cleopatra, that for centuries, until the learned had discovered the key to its pictured literature, had been wrapped, like its mummies, in gloom. Several forms of pillars are exhibited in the courts around the area and colonnade, all, as usual, in Egyptian architecture —imitations of the papyrus bud or stalk, more or less open or closed; and, indeed, it is the representation of some modification of this plant, that gives Egyptian architecture and decoration its peculiar characteristics.

As you roam through the courts and under the colonnades of this mysterious place, you feel that you are in Egypt; not the Egypt of ruins and decay, but Egypt in its zenith; its glorious buildings still intact, its imperious people still conquerors and rulers; the fathers of living families—the bread-winners of happy homes; and that the delineations of Ebers and the canvases of Alma Tadema, are but reproductions of what exists there to-day.

A few steps from Egypt and we are in the main portion of the Greek Court—a representation of an agora, originally a market-place, but also used for festivals, religious processions, and other assemblies. The architecture of its enclosing walls is of the style or order for which Greece was most renowned —the Doric; the pillars are from a building at Athens—"The Monument of Thrasylus." Around the frieze are inscribed in ancient Greek letters the names of the great men of Illus— Homer, Pythagoras, Solon, Pericles, Plato, Socrates, and others; and through the opening in the back part of the area can be seen the noblest building of the Greeks, perhaps the finest structure ever erected anywhere, "The Parthenon"— the temple of Athene, the goddess worshipped in Athens, and after whom the city was named. A great many of the sculptures that ornamented this celebrated building were brought to England by Lord Elgin,—are at present in the British Museum (known now as "The Elgin Marbles").

Returning from the Parthenon toward the Court, we pass under an arcade, a continuation of one of the colonnades of Egypt, and representing the hall of a temple or other public building. The ceilings of this are exact copies of ceilings in Athens and Bassæ. Here, also, is a model of The Acropo-

lis," making you almost wish that you might die, to be buried surrounded by such enchanting beauty. The statuary, with which these courts and their environs are crowded, are casts from the finest specimens of Greek art scattered over the famous museums of the world, and seem to have come here as if by their own choice, to enjoy once more the splendor of their original surroundings. One piece in particular I can't refrain from mentioning, although the music of the "great" organ is seductively striving to draw me from this spot, where the spirit of the antique world seems again to live and breathe; but, Hercules-like, I will resist the solicitations of lounging indolence and remain. The piece is entitled "The Genius of Death." A beautiful youth, with flowing hair and sweetly contemplative expression, is standing pleasantly engaged in thought. Repose and good-will are so eloquently expressed by this lovely figure (*shön! shön!* a German at my elbow exclaims, unconsciously) that you feel that his wonderfully expressive face and form are vitalized by a life far superior to ours, the mystery of which he holds the key. How much better this than the skulls and crossbones with which the Dark Ages represented death! Death here is not insensibility, but a superior life. As you look at it, instead of feeling that all things must die, you realize that nothing can die:

> "That this life is but the entrance to the life elysian,
> Whose *portals* we call death."

This exquisite emphasis to my convictions from Pagan Greece, is to me a representation of the risen Christ, with the expression of perpetual youth depicted on his glorified features, and I am grateful for having been permitted to see it. Here, also, is a sinewy, willow-like Mercury, with winged feet and wand, a veritable messenger of the gods, most fawn-like in his adroitness, without conscience, yet without malice, looking as if he was indeed the patron of merchants and thieves. I can look into the benign features of the noble Trajan, the adopted father of Marcus Aurelius as I write this, and as a counterpoise to the magnanimous Pagan, the subtle, penetrative features of the apostate Julian are also witnessing this scene of polytheistical abundance, for which he abandoned the Christianity of his manhood and youth, to become the worshipper

and defender of the gods of Greece and Rome. After being under the spell of these divine creatures as I have been for some hours, you cease to wonder at it. The transition from Greece to Italy is imperceptibly made, and—you are surrounded by the magnificence of the country of Virgil and Cæsar! The most obvious novelty in Roman architecture is the arch, though not unknown to the Egyptians and Greeks, yet it was but very rarely used. The Romans, on the contrary, used it constantly in their baths, triumphal arches, and other structures. It is very properly used, therefore, in this reproduction of a Roman court. The walls, imitated from the Coliseum, are of the Tuscan order, strong and massive, the earliest and most original of the styles of Italy. The interior walls of the area are lined with beautiful specimens of Roman marble, as was the custom then. All the figures and groups of figures, and all the famous busts of their great men are to be found here. Here is a splendid Zeus-like head of Marcus Aurelius, impressive, thoughtful, and benign, and here, also, is the first attempt at anything like humor that I have ever seen in connection with the arts of either Greece, Egypt, or Rome—a most serious and dignified people, judging from what I have beheld to-day. I have reference to their sculpture only, of course I know of their comic writers,—this little group shows that there must have been an undercurrent of rippling drollery under their placid surface of serene repose. The example that I refer to is entitled "The young Pan removing a thorn from the foot of a faun." Most life-like and real, it is, you can almost hear the screams of the writhing pleasure-loving faun, as he submits to the manipulations of his rogueish friend, who, with cloven feet and hairy nether limbs, sits at his ease,—amusingly intent, in attempting to remove the cause of offence. I shall not soon forget him, as an illustration of a rollicking, fun-loving baby god, trying to pucker up his joyous features into an expression of feigned seriousness, as he thumbs the wounded foot of the shrinking faun. Here, also, is the Antinous from Naples, beautiful beyond words, a smooth-faced stalwart youth of about twenty years. The Apollo Belvidere and the Venus of the Capitol from Rome. The Diana with the stag from Paris. There is too much for the time. How I wish that I could remain within the walls

of these magnificent buildings, that I might become familiar with the very lines and curves that make up their beauty, that the lessons inculcated by the undying eloquence of these inimitable creations might remain with me to the end of time.

The three courts that we have just passed through, with the music of the "great" organ still attempting to seduce us from our onward path, succeed each other artistically in a sequence more or less close—Greek art was in a manner the daughter of the Egyptian, while Roman was the granddaughter, but through the instrumentality of an alien race, now the sequence is for the time about to be interrupted, for as we pass through the vestibule of the Roman Court we find ourselves in another world. Instead of the pomp and somewhat ponderous magnificence of Rome, or the chastened elegance and severity of Greece, we are surrounded by golden pillars, brilliant colors, tiled roofs, flowers, shrubs, marble fountains, intricate and involved decorations, an absence of the likeness of anything in "the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth;"—we have the celestial hosannas in the organ; nothing is wanting but the rustling of angelic wings to enable us to think that we are occupying the heavenly city, for we are in the Alhambra Palace, which, as you know, the Moors erected in Spain during their dominion there. Please remember, in order to realize the immensity of the building containing the things that I am attempting to describe, that they are not inaccurate or cheap imitations of the temples, palaces, monuments, pillars, churches, etc., that they represent. Commissioners appointed by government, under the management of architects and scholars, have been sent to take casts of these structures and build places like them here, with every detail exact, with all the gold, enamel, and carvings of the originals, from the tiles on the roof to the bewildering mosaics of the floors. This specimen in particular is the most charming and brilliant example of the art of building and decoration customary among the followers of Mahomet. The Moors held possession of the southern part of Spain from about the beginning of the eleventh to the end of the fifteenth centuries. Granada was the chief city of the kingdom, and the *Kalat Al-hambra*, the red castle, was the citadel of the chief city. From Washington Irving you know something of its charm and attrac-

tiveness, but in order to know fully what a miracle of indescribable beauty it is, it must be seen. Among other buildings which the citadel contained was a group of courts, halls, and residences, forming together the *casa real*, viz.: the royal house; and we have here one of the courts, two of the halls, and one of the living rooms of that apartment as they appeared after they were readorned by the Moorish king, Yusuf the First, in 1348. The walls and all the surfaces of these apartments are a continuous network of intricate carving, (suggesting some of Milton's inimitable descriptions of music), chiefly in straight lines in flat relief, either in enamel or painted in brilliant but harmonious colors, bewildering in the multitude and involvement of their angles, chasing each other out and in until lost behind the accumulating meshes of interlacing bands, unwinding all the cords that tie the hidden soul of harmony. In the rear of the court is a long corridor called the "Hall of Justice." Behind the centre of this is a room which makes you speechless to attempt to describe it. "The Hall of Abencerrages," so called because the chiefs of the family of that name, one of the rival factions of the Moors, were beheaded or condemned within its rainbow-colored walls by King Boabdil on his coming to the throne; it is called one of the wonders of the Crystal Palace. The design of this hall is certainly "one of the most beautiful things in art." "The gradual transition from the column to the arch and from the arch to the dome, and the growth of the sixteen-sided dome out of the four-sided room is something unique in architecture."

The organ has ceased, and is succeeded by the company's military band, which plays daily for an hour, so I will take a seat and listen to its warlike strains, while correcting my notes, and impressing upon my mind more deeply the beautiful features of the scenes through which I have just passed. As I sat here striving in vain to take all in, a Scotchman at my elbow entertained his friend with the following (imagine, if you can, that this was told in the broadest Scotch, and by a man who seemed like myself to be somewhat bewildered by what he heard and saw): "Some years ago in Ayr, it became necessary to pass an ordinance making it unlawful for a man to go into bathe in his pelt,—especially in the presence of women or children. One day during the bathing hour, a big

fellow with no more on him than when he was born, was seen by a guard making a bee-line for the sea; the peeler followed; when he had overtaken him—putting his hand on his shoulder—he said: 'You're my prisoner: it's against the law to bathe naked.' His nudeship turned on him, confused for a moment, but recovering himself in an instant, said: 'But I am not going to bathe; I am going to drown myself.' 'Oh! I beg your pardon,' says the minion of the law, 'but I really thought you were only going to take a dip. Go on, there is no law against drowning.'" Now, when I look around at all these men, and women, too, having on not even as much as a finger ring—the statuary is nearly all nude—it makes me very sad; for I feel that they, too, are going to find a watery grave. The music had ceased, and the narrative concluded in a paroxysm of double-barreled laughter, loud enough not only to wake the echoes, but to startle Echo herself, as she stands over yonder by a fountain with a shell at her ear, listening to the murmur of the sea. As I walk through the Tropical Department, with its enormous fountains and jungles of palms and ferns, "a paradise of calm delights," I can still hear the two Scotchmen laughingly enjoying the law-breaker's wit. From here I cross to the spaces on the opposite side, devoted to illustrations of the architecture of the different periods—since the advent of Christianity. You see already that the Christian art of building can't be divided into distinguished national divisions like the Pagan, but must be examined in "periods." The "Byzantine period," so called because its origin was in Byzantium, "the City of Constantine the Great," where Christianity first became the religion of the west. From thence it spread to other lands, gaining in variety according to the peculiarities of the people that adopted it. The Lombard and Romanesque styles of Italy, the Rhenish of Germany, and the Norman of England, you can see, by these "illustrations," are closely related, and have their origin in common, viz., round arches, massive columns, complicated surface ornaments, and badly-modeled representations of the human form, generally looking like caricatures.

In the Byzantine Court, where I write, are specimens of all these, represented by doors, tombs, cloisters, doorways, crosses from Tuam, fountains; the recumbent effigies, painted like

Shakespeare's bust at Stratford; of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, Henry II, and others; vestibules, tombs of Knights Templar. These, gathered from the ends of the earth, and illustrating the best specimens, enable you to study this period at your ease, and see at a glance its individuality. From this we enter the "Mediæval Court," through a magnificent doorway from Rochester Cathedral; date, 1352. Tracery-ornamented arches, colored, quaintly carved heads, etc., show the grotesque spirit that pervaded "English Gothic." This Court is filled with fac-similes of the best national examples—the "Early English," simple, bold, severe; the "decorated or middle pointed," its successor, more ornamented, softer, broader, richer; this is the style, as you can understand by the surrounding specimens in which English architecture reached its climax. The figures and foliage are almost perfect; then the "perpendicular style," in which lines begin to take the place of curves, and the freedom and beauty of the sculpture diminishes. There are specimens of this "period," also from France, Germany and Italy, showing it somewhat modified, according to the national characteristics of these people. Here is the portrait-tomb of Edward the Black Prince, also that of his mother, Eleanor, who sucked the poison from her husband's arm. Marvelous specimens of wrought-iron work are also here; one, that of an iron door, so skillful, so wonderful, that its author was accused of having the assistance of the evil one in performing such miracles in metal as he has shown in this and other specimens of his work. From here you may see "The Renaissance Court," opening before you as in a book, the development and decline of this "period," into the details of which fatigue prevents me from entering, as I strole vaguely through it into "The Elizabethan Court," as into a new world, where the sights are all strange, and as the saint longs for the rest of renewed activity and delight in another state, and rejoices at his nearness to the heavenly city seen only by the eye of Faith, so I emerge into the graceful Italian Courts, with their palaces, fountains, statuary, pictures, bronzes, pictorial decorations, furniture, and the rest, and containing something or other conceived by the mind and done by the hand of the great men who made Italy the synonym for everything that is beautiful and delights. Here are Michael

Angelo's most famous statues, cast from the originals, including the Medicean tomb, Raphael's Jonah, the only statue that he ever made, is here; products by Benvenuto Cellini and Giotto, Leonardo Da Vinci, and others, including a large plaster copy of St. Peter's at Rome; and yet, with all the bewildering variety and beauty of these temples and palaces, nothing possesses the charm, of beauty in repose, equal to the lovely "Pompeian house," which appears among the Southern Courts. There is nothing here that agitates, nothing contorted; no struggling after,—you know not what; no over-developed muscles; no passions written upon stony features; no Rachels weeping for their children and refusing to be comforted because they are not; no saints, pierced with crucifixial nails, to harrow up your soul, nothing but beauty, like the graceful beauty of the flower, or the gazelle, or the tree—mere volition—knowing neither good nor evil. This is a model of one of the exquisite homes in overwhelmed Pompeii. Imagine one of those houses which Cooman's—in the pictures you like—has painted with such precision. Well, I have seen one of these. Saw my reflection in the bath, occupying the central area; went through its rooms for women; sat upon its graceful, but uncomfortable seats; and best and strangest of all, I read the account of the destruction of the city, as given by Pliny the younger, in two letters to Tacitus, while leaning over a porphyry table containing some statuettes that stood by a rippling fountain, with a lovely marble Pompeian standing by my side, apparently waiting until I had finished, that he might do for me the honors of his home. As I read this realistic description I stopped occasionally to look around, and try to find out whether I was dreaming or awake; you may imagine, but you can never really know, how my soul reveled amid the exquisite symmetrical splendors of this palatial house, that was swallowed up by an eruption of Vesuvius eighteen hundred years ago, and that like a fly in amber, has been hermetically sealed within its pumice tomb until its resurrection of a few days ago. I am not half through with my second day at Crystal Palace, and I can imagine that to see the world it would hardly be necessary to leave this wonderful place, with its delightful gardens, beautiful walks, serpentine streams, statues, fountains, tropical trees and undulating lawns,

and towers—two of them, from which can be seen ten thousand square miles of England. O'H. might say, ten thousand from each, making twenty thousand square miles of England, not counting the water and sky—but I must conclude before I become "too feeble to stop." Ever yours.

LONDON, July 23, 1887.

Die Auswahl einer Blumenflur mit weiser Wahl in einen Strausz Gebunden.——*Die Kunstler.*

SCHILLER.

"Death is fearful and ugly unto Cicero; wished for and desired of Cato; and indifferent unto Socrates,"—*Florio's Montaigne.*

"Ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor læcerare nequit."
—*From Dean Swift's Epitaph, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, written by himself.*

TO-DAY the scene of my wanderings is "South Kensington Museum," beginning in the art department and leaving the scientific for a time when I shall have more leisure. I enter by the "Architectural Court," arranged something after the manner of the Palace, but, if possible, more elaborate, and containing in one enormous enclosure, especially designed for them, objects that excite your wonder and fill you with awe. You may imagine the size of this department, when I tell you that a fac-simile of Trajan's storied column, just as it stands, except that it is in two sections, is one of the specimens here. It is made from plaster casts taken from the column in Rome and colored, or rather discolored, like the original. Among the objects of great interest in this place I will tell you of only a few. The first—I select it on account of its beautiful symbolism—is the monument of Sir Francis Vere; four knights in armor, but bareheaded, are kneeling at the corners of the tomb, supporting on their shoulders a marble slab, on which is laid the armor of the deceased, while he rests underneath dressed in robes of peace; death, the reconciler, having disrobed him of his coat of mail, which lies useless by his side. Close to this is a couple of colossal groups from the monument to the Duke of Wellington, in St. Pauls, which in allegory illustrate episodes in his experience: "Truth pulling out the

tongue of Falsehood," is represented as follows: Falsehood, with mask thrown back, exposing his ugly malignant features, while Truth, with iron pincers, is pulling out his foul tongue; the other is "Valor Spurning Cowardice," both splendidly conceived and executed. The famous Tabernacle of Leau, rising to the height of one hundred feet, is also here; an octagon increasing towards the centre then diminishing towards the top, divided into open-work panels, and containing over three hundred most life-like figures, illustrating scenes in the Old and New Testament, the figures so ingeniously arranged that they tell the whole sacred story in a way that a child might comprehend. There is scarcely a type of man not represented, and hardly an expression nor attitude that is not used, and that without monotony or confusion; it is one of those works that you stand before with every faculty but wonder paralyzed, and yet papers are still extant among the archives of LEAU, showing its cost to have been but "Six hundred Rhenish Florins;" Sculptor, Cornelius de Vriendt; another curious but in no other way interesting specimen, is a baptismal font from Hal, which had a cover so massive that it required an enormous crane, large enough to raise a house, to lift it. Behind this font stands an arch from the Jewish Synagogue in Toledo, whose lovely painted devices were purified with whitewash, in the good old times, before they were thought worthy of being consecrated as a Christian church; beautiful, but extremely sad, when you think of the cruel experiences of these persecuted people while under "true Christian" control; also, some very remarkable wrought-iron screens, to me wonders—even when looking at them, you say, impossible; these, made by a Nottingham blacksmith in 1695, convinces you that Quentin Matsys had disciples, if they were not predecessors, in England, capable of improving on his methods. There is a bronze cannon here, also, remarkable in its way. If it should ever become my lot to be blown from the mouth of one of these, this is the one that I would select. The barrel encircled in arabesque so exquisitely wrought that you feel like bending over to smell their brazen petals. The wheels have for hubs, warlike female faces, their disheveled hair for spokes; for rims, victor's olive wreaths; while the end of the cannon, the part that rests on the ground, is a pair of curiously

contorted females, looking as if they were just suffering from the concussion of a recent volley. You can imagine how a fellow would feel after receiving a fiery kiss from one of those boisterous, yet persuasive, daughters of Mars.

From here I pass across the central passage, with its beautiful mosaic floor, made by persuaders of another sort—"female convicts, under the direction of Major Duncan"—and I am among the ivory carvings—a collection that has been to me a revelation. I have seen before some specimens of interest from China and Japan, but that the art of carving in ivory is of engrossing interest—that it is divided into periods like architecture—that among its masters are reckoned the greatest artists—and that fine examples of this elf-like work bring fabulous prices and have been competed for by kings and queens—is knowledge to me entirely new. But as you glance through this unique accumulation of wonderful productions, you will feel, and rightly, that it must have taken the concentrated skill, endurance, patience, and culture of many great minds, and many centuries, to have perfected this art so that it has been able to bring into immortal existence, from mere bits of animal remains, these teeming fancies of the devotee's heart, and poet's brain. Merely to enumerate the objects that are so variously and so miraculously treated, is in itself bewildering. As I go about from case to case, like a bee among flowers, I will simply write the names of the objects that are ornamented and made by these wonder-workers; to describe the work I cannot. Some of them are so small in material that you will find the whole "Passion of Christ" carved into the ivory handle of a bishop's staff, and yet so great as works of art, that from the arrest in Gethsemane to the death on Calvary, the whole tragedy, with all its terrific details, is so borne in upon your mind that, with the Roman soldier, you feel like crying out, "Verily he was a good man!"

The sizes of the objects that I am about to mention are as follows: Caskets, the largest objects treated, with one exception, are fourteen inches by eight inches, while the smallest articles (seals) are perhaps half an inch by two inches; and yet a magnifying glass will find the figures on the smallest symmetrical and life-like, and the flowers, symbols, animals, trees, and houses patterns of perfect modeling. Among the

multiplicity of examples I found chalices, pen cases, inkhorns, coffers, oliphants, caskets, combs (worthy of being framed in diamonds), placques, draughtsmen, tablets, mirror cases, book covers, paxes, ciboriums, consular diptychs, fans, pastoral staves, statuettes, pedestals, handles of flabellums, pommels, cane and hunting-knife handles, dies, scent and smelling bottles, medallions, tankards, cups, seals, cameos, snuff graters, goblets, snuff bonbonniers, dice and toothpick boxes, pagodas, flasks, reliquarys, predellæ, spoons, hunting horns, paxbrede, pomanders, memento mori, pectoral crosses, diptychs, triptychs, and polyptychs; also, "Madonnas," "Entombments," "Crucifixions," "Judgments of Solomon," "Ascensions," "Nativities," "St. Sebastians," "Ecce Homos," "Conquests of the Castle of Love," "Infant Bacchanals," monstrances, altar crosses, processional and pastoral staves. Busts—including fauns, satyrs, gods and goddesses, carved in every style and according to every period, in bold, alto, flat and low relief, incised and *nielloed.* Here is Priam supplicating Achilles for the body of Hector; and although the figures are not as large as your little finger, yet they tell the pathetic story with all the dignity and pathos of nature; Angelicos, Medoras, Chronos's, "The Fates," and others, most of them so remarkable and valuable as works of sublime invention, that the *Iscymmachorum* or name of the royal persons that ordered them, are inscribed upon them with the greatest particularity and skill, as if it was an honor for royalty to be associated with such regal specimens of art; specimens that exceed in grace, beauty, and—what is more difficult—action, the finest pictures; and, notwithstanding their diminutive dimensions, they never dwarf the subject they illustrate. While looking at them you are so engaged in the story they tell that, like reading a book, you forget the medium of communication; but we are circumnavigating the collection, and are impelled by the winds of unexhausted curiosity onward, past specimens of gold, silver, and all manner of metal work, cases filled with objects the possession of one of which would make a man noted with us. In mere exhaustion I sit down in front of a collection of precious stones made into and set in rings. Although worn out by what I have seen, yet my hand continues to write the names of the various gems represented in this object-lesson,

illustrating the history of the finger-ring from the remotest time to the present day, with hardly a great name in history that is not in some way connected with the former wearers of the collection—but,—I have already said too much, and will stop. Taking a newspaper from my pocket that, like Goethe, by changing my occupation I might rest—rid myself of the teeming thoughts that crowd upon me—I first turn to the column of Jokes; from here my eyes run across the page, when I am startled by an announcement under the head of "Casualties," which reads as follows: "In the Avon yesterday, about a mile from Warwick Castle, a drowned man was found by two fishermen, who at once notified the authorities; these, when seeing the body, immediately recognized it as that of a commodore of the Royal Navy, who had been visiting his family in Warwickshire on leave of absence, which he had received in the West Indies some two months ago. The deceased gentleman had not been well; had been detained in London, sick, on his way to his wife, and had been in an uneasy condition since. When last seen alive, he was in company with a tall, stately woman, engaged in conversation, as if pointing her the way, and it is supposed that after leaving her he was overcome with faintness or heart disease, with which he had been for some years slightly afflicted, and that he tumbled into the river and was drowned. He leaves a wife and three children. The body will be taken to London to be interred in the family vault in the crypt of St. Paul's." Amazed, the paper falls from my paralysed hands! Can this be our commodore? Can this "stately lady" be my deposed queen? Terrified by the very though I cover my face; am torn with a thousand conflicting feelings. It can't be! It must not be! But it is! She said he lived in Warwick; the statement in the *Times* said "he was a commodore in the Royal Navy." So was he. "He came from the West Indies on a furlough." So did he. "He was detained in London." She told me as much, and she was in Warwick a week ago; yet it can't be she, for this happened only three days since—but it is!

Hercules *has* been enchanted by the siren's song, entangled as a fish in a net. The music of Circe has seduced him from the straight and narrow way, and rather than be dashed against

the rocks of perpetual infamy and become irretrievably swinish, he has decided to put an end to all. It was not best, nor wisest; it was not good; but he was a weak man, and of two great evils—he has chosen what he thought the least; better death and oblivion than dishonor. It took me long to come to these conclusions, and as I reluctantly did so, I could see, in imagination, the eyes of the distracted wife accuse me, looking condemnation for what I had said. I could hear the wails of the children; could see the confusion and desolation of the home; the bowed shutters and draped door; the subdued, silent house, with the long, ominous blackness in the front room. I could hear the solemn "Never, forever; never, forever," of the sentinel clock in the darkly-lighted hall. I could see the gloom of the midnight of the day before the funeral slowly coming down on the house of mourning, until all was enveloped in the darkness of night. I could hear the deep sighs, as if her heart would break, of the solitary, disconsolate, sleepless widow, and I knew that the Egyptian, with her seductive wiles, was the cause of it all.

"When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And learns too late that men betray,
What grief can soothe her melancholy?
What tears can wipe her sin away?"

Oh, my wicked, wicked one! these lines can not be applied to you. Your sin was deliberate—planned. It was your trade, you Jezebel! you seducer! you strong, bad, lovely, lovely, woman. If the future has not in store for you constant remorse and final despair, then there is no justice in life. The lamb is indeed slain, but the ravenous she-wolf is prowling in quest of whom she may devour.

Sadly and always yours.

London, Sunday, July 24, 1887.

"And she was lost—and yet I breathed,
But not the breath of human life;
A serpent round my heart was wreathed,
And stung my very thought to strife."—*The Giaour.*
Byron.

To-day the commodore is four days dead. Since reading the dreadful announcement, I have not been able to get the

sad event out of my mind. It has haunted me in my sleep, and when awake has been my constant companion. I have been unable to rest, and in the morning get up as much fatigued as when I went to bed. This morning, as usual, I was up early, when I at once, but in a sort of dream, began getting ready to attend the 11 o'clock service in St. Paul's. I sat down to read until time to go. What an incessant, senseless jingle, jingle, jingle, the dreadful chimes of London make on a Sunday morning. The very day that above all others would be a day of rest, and quiet, even here, is turned into a pandemonium of harsh sounds by these heathenish chimes—of all the abominations ever yet invented by Satan to drive people from church, the very worst. I shut the windows—still the idiotic clatter and clash continues, so that in despair I have to stop reading and go into the street, or I will go out of my mind. I find all the stores closed, shutters up, nothing to be seen in the windows, taverns barred tight, until after service; no attempt at evading the law evident; people dressed in their finest, walking leisurely to the different places of worship; every occupation of man suspended—dead—but the bells

"How the clang, and clash, and roar,
What a horror they outpour,
On the bosom of the palpitating air.
* * * * * * *

"For every sound that floats,
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
* * * * * * *

"They are neither man nor woman,
They are neither beast nor human,
They are ghouls."

Accompanied by their clamor I, too, am on my way to the place where, perhaps already, all that remains of one whom I lately knew is at rest. The great carbonized dome is in sight, massive and solemn, a noble monument. I ascend the many steps to the vestibule, and in a few more moments stand in the enormous nave of this giant cathedral—England's pride. How vast, yet how empty! What pigmies the men and women up yonder under the great dome! About 3000 of them, with bowed heads, following the chanter as he chants the first prayer; they seem in this desert like a mere handful. I join

them, remain until the conclusion, when I come out, feeling that St. Paul's is very great but also very bare.

In the afternoon, at half-past five o'clock, I jump on an omnibus for Newington Butts; am rolled across Westminster bridge, for this street with the strange name, on which stands Spurgeon's Tabernacle, is on the other side of the Thames. We pass the House of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, are driven through densely populated streets, until in a neighborhood of houses inferior to any that I have yet known in London —White Chapel—when, looking up, I see the great Greek building, like a queen surrounded by her subjects, where Charles Spurgeon has been congregating twice every Sunday for many years ten thousand people to hear the simple word of God. I receive a pictured envelope of admission; obeying the injunction printed on the outside, I deposit it in the box and pass in. The interior contrasts strangely with the classic outside—a great oval auditorium filled with plain, unpainted deal seats, with two immense galleries making the entire circuit of the building. The raised platform or pulpit at the other end is on a level with the first gallery, projects slightly into the centre of the church, so that the preacher is surrounded by his flock; no instrument, no stained glass, no ornamentation, no architectural display, no attempt at decoration, no carpeted floors, even the single light by which the speaker reads is covered by a singed, dusty, cheap, green paper shade, no carvings, nothing—but the enwrapt faces of 10,000 people intently singing the praise of God. Every seat filled with standing occupants, and the aisles with two rows of people, who, when sitting, sit on seats that are fastened to the sides of the pews by hinges, so as to be let down when not needed, but all in use to-day—a most wonderfully impressive sight—ten thousand people filling every available seat of the building in about thirty minutes and without noise, and yet, as a spectacle, it was "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out, for "Pastor" Spurgeon was sick in bed.

Read the following, pasted on a pew, as I came out:

"Spurgeon's Pastors' College. Brief summary of the past ten years work. 652 ministers have been educated, 154 new churches formed; 53,192 persons baptized; 80 students in the college; 120 in the evening class. To maintain the various agencies £120 required weekly. Last Lord's day the contributions amounted to £30, 11*s.* 10*d.*"

LONDON, July 25, 1887.

"But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave."
Urn-Burial.

"Misera me! Sollievo a me non
resta. Altro che il piano, ed
il pianto é dellito."
VITTORIO ALFIERI.

To be read in connection with the Penitent.—Quoted by the poet, Keats, in Rome, a few hours before dying.

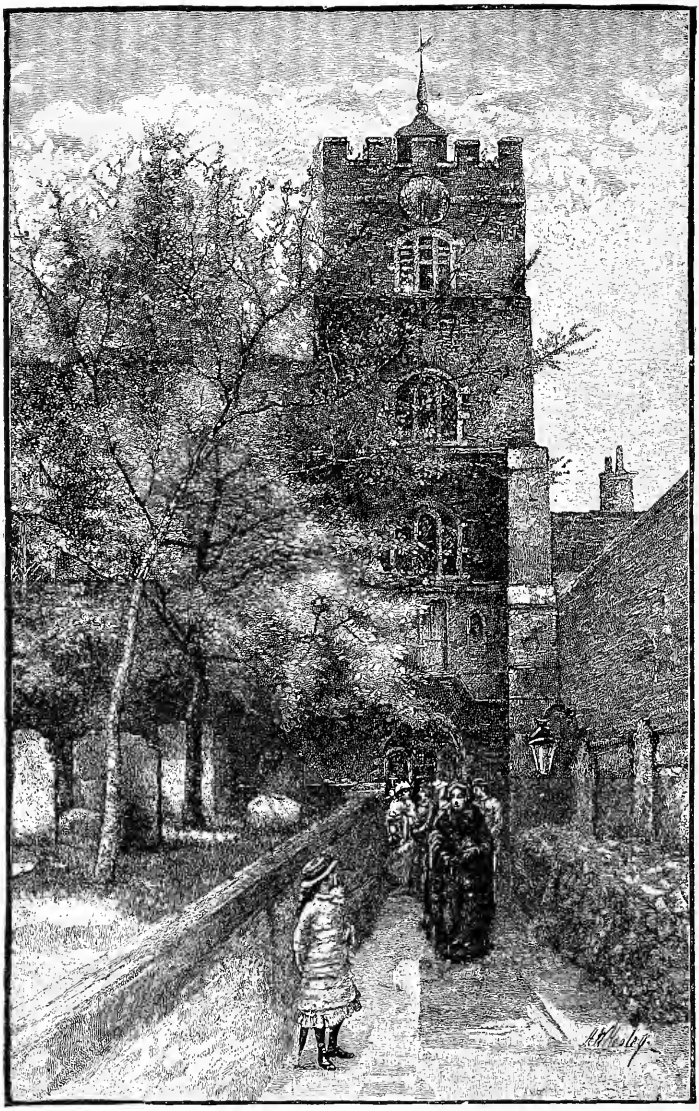
TO-DAY I give to the tombs, as my mind naturally reverts to the one in the cathedral that has been, or will be, reopened soon. The object of my first visit is St. Giles, Cripplegate, celebrated, among other reasons, because that here, Oliver Cromwell was married, and John Milton is buried, and here also rests the mortal remains of the author of "The Book of Martyrs," John Fox, who for many years was rector of this church. His epitaph says, "John Fox, the most faithful martyrologist of the Church of England, the most sagacious investigator of Historical Antiquity, the most valiant defender of the evangelical Truth, a wonder-worker of miracles, who presented the marian martyrs like phœnices, alive from their ashes," etc. "died 18 April, 1587." Strange that in coming to the historian of the sufferers under "bloody Mary," I should pass through Smithfield market in front of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where the martyrs were burned. Smithfield now occupies the site once used for the revels, miracle plays, and tournaments of St. Bartholomew's Fair; later, for the martyrdoms under Mary. This Mary, who was the daughter of Henry the Eighth by Catharine of Aragon, would have been queen at once, after the death of her father, but for her younger brother Edward, younger than she, and of the opposite faith. He died, and Mary, more of a bigot than her mother, becomes queen. She orders her people, and especially the clergy, to renounce the reformed faith; those who refused were put to death, and this was the place selected for the spectacle. A tablet which I read a few minutes since on one of the walls surrounding the square, gives the names of a few of the clergymen who suffered in the flames, as follows:

John Rodgers, John Bradford, John Philpot, with this underneath: "The noble hoste of martyrs shall also praise Thee." You can read in Fox's book how they died; but to return to St. Giles. A beautiful church, restored about six years ago, and at present in a most attractive condition—clean, carpeted, and cushioned. The ancient portion, in a good state of preservation, simply put into their original form. The "Milton monument" here, over the remains of the man whose "soul was like a star, and dwelt apart," consists of a mural tablet and bust with the following: "John Milton, author of Paradise Lost; born 1608, died 1674." This is all that is said of the "moral king of authors." "He who would write heroic poems should make his whole life a heroic poem! So thought our Milton, and, what was more difficult, he acted so." says Carlyle.

Among the curious painted monuments that compel a closer inspection in this church, is one erected to the memory of an eccentric unknown, one of those rare mortals—"A. Busbie" by name—who modestly conceal themselves behind their works. The rampant poet of the time, with "eyes in a fine frenzy rolling," has put upon record the following description of his beneficence:

"This Busbie willing to releve the poor with fire and with Breade,
Did give that Howse whearein he dyed, then called ye Queen's Heade
Four full loades of ye best charcoales, HE would have bought ech yeare
And fortie dozen of wheaten Bread for poor howsholders here,
To see that these distributed, this Busby put in trust
The vicar and churchwardens thinking them to be just."

At this point of my enraptured transcribing a clammy hand was placed upon my shoulder; I shuddered,—in dread that Busbie had called to claim his own, but it was only the verger, enforcing the law that makes it a crime for a man "to copy an inscription or anything else in this building." After some explanations he permitted me to keep what I had written, but refused to permit me to write another line. When I had sheathed my stylograph, and we had declared an armistice, he became the most sensible of sextons, telling me all that I wished to know. I learned that Busbie's bounty has been faithfully distributed from the day of his death to this, and that the original fund has been greatly increased. Like Homer, O'Holleron and



ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE GREAT.

Mark Twain, nothing is known of this quaint philanthropist —when he died—who he was—the date of his birth or death, not even the name of his hatter—nor the year of his epitaph; nothing is certain, save that for several centuries the various vicars and church wardens have been supplying "poor howsholders here" with bread and charcoales; why not bread and cheese, or butter, or ale, or even jam; no one knows, but bread and *charcoales!*—what a mixture. Removing a spray from a laurel in the yard, as a memorial of the tripartite worthies, "I take my leafs." I would like to tell you of the amber window with the gloria and cherubs—an exquisite bit of work—which, notwithstanding the restriction about copying has gotten into at least one book; but marry,—I cannot.

From here I tumbled into mouldy St. Bartholomew's, a decayed Norman structure, the oldest place of worship in London, and a great resort, I should imagine for ghosts. I spooked through its crumbling walls with note book and pen in hand, ready to enter into mortal conflict with anything, that in this gloomy place bore the resemblance of life. The sad-eyed sexton, who presided over the musty register, in which visitors have to write their names—looking as if he had been frozen to death during the great frost of 1739, and had not yet been thawed—gave me a look in entering not at all calculated to make me feel at home—almost froze me. The body of this church—in which Hogarth was baptized—you would hardly think it ever had a soul—is unusually dark. In a few minutes I began to distinguish objects;—noticed something move in the distance. Approaching, I saw that it was a young man, with a penknife, carving his name on the back of one of the pews. He seemed so much at his ease that for a moment I felt like apologizing for having disturbed him at work. Instead, I asked if there was anybody of note buried there, or if there was anything in particular, in the place, besides—cobwebs, too gracefully festooned to have ever caught a fly? He stopped in his carving, looked at me, then peering with eyes wide open—"yes, there is a tomb over in that dark corner; I have been here for some time staring at it—it's coming out nicely. It's the old gentleman himself, I think; Duke or Lord Bartholomew, or whatever he was. I wonder what he did? Something awful, I imagine, to have been buried

here." "I don't know much about him, but I pity him all the same. In fact, I know nothing of him; I came in because the name was the same as that of my favorite drink; you know—*Bartholomew's beer!*" "But, death! there is nothing beer-like in this gehenna of a place, except the hoary antique in the corner over yonder,"—by a movement of his head, indicating the sexton—"brooding over his sins." He laughed a laugh that waked the echoes imprisoned in the dusty walls,—almost waked the verger in his easy chair. "Let us go," he said; and would you believe it? I followed in his wake as he swaggered out—tipping the custodian on the shoulder and a shilling at the same time—designating him "old mole" as he bade him good-bye. I was ashamed, but his cool impudence had captivated me. "Are you interested in the Charter House?" I said, as we reached the street. What's that! the Charter House is a hospital and school—not a hospital in our American sense, where the sick are sometimes allowed to get well—but a home founded by Sir Thomas Sutton—peace be to his ashes—who endowed it with twenty manors, lordships, and other estates. "Have you read Pendennis?" "Oh! am I a professor of English literature—no!" "Well, then, it was originally a Carthusian monastery founded in 1371. After the disestablishment of the religious houses it was transformed to its present use, namely, an asylum for poor brethren, the number of which is limited to eighty; they must be bachelors, and they must be fifty years old. Each brother, in addition to food and lodging, receives an allowance of £26 annually." "Good for Thomas—go on." "The school is for the benefit of the sons of poor gentlemen to whom the charge of education is too onerous." "Onerous!" "the number of scholars is limited to forty-four, but besides these there are others—day and boarding scholars—attracted by the eminence of the school, and perhaps, more so, because that here were educated Addison, George Grote, Bishop Thirwall, Thackeray, John Leech, Blackstone, Steel, Barrow, Lovelace, Havelock—a great many others—and John Wesley." "Jerusalem! what a list; John Wesley, too? Let us go in; let us go together; I'll pay the bill; my mother's a Methodist, she'll like it?" There is nothing to pay.

After a few moments delay we are admitted, and started

to circumnavigate the haunts and halls that so often resounded with the voices of the boy occupants who afterward became such great men. I am always subdued into reverent silence by the presence of anything associated with the benefactors, who have written our great books, and here was an array of names powerful enough to have made me as speechless as the original Carthusians, whose chief vow was perpetual silence. We were taken from room to room by a stupid imitation of Capt. Costigan—able to tell but little of what we saw. I expected every minute to hear him talk of "me daghter;" couldn't help feeling how humiliated the author of "Vanity Fair" and other masters of correct English would have been to have heard this donkey talk about the people he did not know. He at least had not given "his days and nights to Addison." Coming through the dining-room, I saw a withered ivy-leaf on "Thackeray and Leech's table;" was about to pick it up to preserve, as a devotee would the coagulated blood of a martyr. "Oh, don't bother with that," says Shallow, "there is a whole tree of it at our hotel—nice and fresh. I'll bring you a branch to-morrow." This young gentleman is from Brooklyn, is doing Europe with his mother—a widow—all of whose eight children except this one are dead. He gave Costigan a half crown as we were shown to the street—when in the open air: "Oh, I forgot about Wesley. I must go back to see where he ate and slept: mother will like it;" and so, good Master Shallow re-entering, I took advantage of this favor of the gods, and sought alone the shades of Christ Hospital, otherwise the "Blue-coat school," "an institution to help those who held up their head in the world from sinking," sacred to the memory of Richardson, Coleridge, Leigh Hunt, and Charles Lamb. The doors were shut. Unlike the starling, I couldn't get in,—lingered lovingly without, and as the shouts of the boys inside with their long-tailed coats and silver buttons, low shoes, buff stockings, and knee-breeches, mingled with the rumbling of the laboring city, I conjured up visions of the delightful fancies and characters, that the above quartette of fancy's children had created, and I felt at home. "The Christ's Hospital boy is a religious character. His school is eminently a religious foundation; it has its peculiar prayers, its services at set times, its graces, hymns, and anthems, fol-

lowing each other in an almost monastic closeness of succession." "This religious character in him is not always untinged with superstition. This is not wonderful when we consider the thousand tales and traditions which must circulate with undisturbed credulity among so many boys that have so few checks to their belief from intercourse with the world at large. * * * This is to be traced in the same manner to their excess of society with each other. * * * Hence the peculiar avidity with which they read such books as the Arabian Nights' Entertainments and others of a still wilder cast. I remember when some half dozen of them set off from school without map or compass, on a serious expedition to find out *Philip Quarets Island*," says Charles Lamb, in his "Recollections of Christ Hospital."

This school, also, was formerly a monastery, though of Grey Friars, but like all others of its class, its function after the Reformation was changed. The present hospital was founded by that "godly, royal child, King Edward the Sixth, the flower of the Tudor name * * * the boy patron of boys—the serious and holy child who walked with Cranmer and Ridley—fit associate for the bishops and future martyrs of our church." And yet I confess that it was neither the Grey Friars, nor the boy King, nor the future martyrs of the church that filled me with gratitude, as I stood on the outside watching the young scholars at play, rather its former inmates, the only four that I know, the partakers of its bounty; the men who, by their humanity and goodwill have made the world their debtors; the men, the sound of whose names causes a responsive chord to vibrate in every tender heart. To think that yonder boy, stealing along under the trees, with "all the self-concentration of a young monk," was such a one as Leigh Hunt, who wrote *the* Autobiography, "The Story of Rimini," and so much else that delights; the man whose "Edens had no snakes," "whose flight was like the swallows," "whose notes are like those of Lamb, actual revelations," "whose essays give us the sense of golden summer afternoons," "who brings poetry to our breakfast table and strikes light out of the pebbles at our feet"—everybody says something pleasant of the sweet temperature and thoughts of Leigh Hunt, "who would have a world of happy and good men and women pleasing one

another and themselves, and delighting to read Spencer; to look at pictures, to wander in the fields, to see plays, their life being all the time a sort of gentle and moral play;" the man who more than any author was a lover of books, and who could only live where he was hemmed in by them, so that he might see the very wrinkles on their venerable but laughing faces as they beamed upon him from their serried shelves—the books of gloom, the Dantes and Homers, had no attractions for him, and yet he said of his own books that "they never pretended to be anything greater than birds singing among the trees." We can almost claim Leigh Hunt as our own, as his mother, Mary Shewell, was a native of Philadelphia, so tender and generous that she even owed her death to the consequences of an impulsive act of charity. But; there's another pacing up and down with measured step—the simulacrum of the boy Coleridge, "come back into memory like as thou wert in the dayspring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee—the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge, logician, metaphysician, bard." "How have I seen the casual passer through the cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration to hear thee unfold in thy deep and sweet intonations the mysteries of Jamblichus, or Plotinus (for even in those days thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts), or reciting Homer in his Greek. or Pindar—while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed to the accents of the inspired charity-boy!" They are gone, gone, and I am alone with my thoughts. I can imagine the place still haunted by the ghosts of these, and especially those of Charles Lamb, *gentle Elia*, and that his eyes of different colors still see the haunts that he has so tenderly described, and that has given to Christ Hospital the sacredness of a shrine. Reluctantly I came away from the place that I had so long desired to see, bringing with me but a single leaf, which I got by stretching through the railing, as the only memento of the sacred spot. Twenty minutes after found me in the crypt of St. Paul's, surrounded by all the splendors by which loving hearts strive to make mortality immortal. I had been roaming for some time, copying epitaphs, examining the beautiful devices that are so frequent here; had just seen the thirty-ton funeral car, cast from captured guns, to bear the body of Wel-

lington to London. and that was made at a week's notice; was returning to go out when my way was obstructed by one of the great stone vault-covers which are let into the floor, being raised and laid to one side; came near falling in. "A funeral?" I said to one of the laborers (you need never expect anything but a kind answer from an English workman). "Yes, sir." "Who?" "A gentleman from Warwick—Commodore Blank —sir." "Will it be soon?" "Yes, sir; the service is being read in the chapel now, sir." I hurried over and was just in time to hear the "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord. He who believeth on me though he were dead yet shall he live, and he *who liveth and believeth* on me shall never die." I could wait no longer; was suffocating; had to get into clear air. Hurrying out, I observed a tall, darkly-draped figure bent over one of the adjoining tombs—unconsciously I stopped —can it be—the Egyptian, penitent and in tears? I hesitated; heard a long, deep sigh, and I knew that repentance had begun its work. I came home, not daring to pursue any further my investigations among the resting-places of the dead, for I had seen death face to face. As ever yours.

London, July 26, 1887.

> "A cemetery, people call it; these many stones scattered around cover, they say, dust that is dead * * * This is the grave of one who wrote many books, but nothing has been left above ground; it is a grave, indeed, Cebes, and so matter must try in fresh form for immortality."
>
> —"*Two Thousand Years After*"—*Prof. James E. Garrettson, M.D.*
>
> "John Darby."

My spirits still being under a spell of gloom, and not knowing what better to do, I decided on the *similia similibus curantur* method, and took myself to the tombs. In England, and especially London, where every rood of ground has its history, and every street is associated with some event or disaster that stirs the blood; where you can hardly read a sign-post without having your soul thrilled with engrossing memories, you, very naturally—like Mark Tapley, with heart and head overflowing with joy, or what not—feel like retiring for a solitary walk among the graves. Fortunately, for the

traveler of sentiment, there are many of these solemn retreats scattered over the fair features of London, like black patches on the face of beauty, and unlucky may be the day when Trade or Avarice, under the guise of sanitation or Hygeia, dares to take one of them away. We are not in Italy, where the coffinless poor are thrown together in trenches, to become putrescent in the broiling sun, that we should want the places where our dead await the final trump removed beyond the habitation of man—in consideration, like these, commerce should have no claims allowed. There is no man that has not a grave somewhere, that to him is the dearest spot on earth; and well it is for a city when these gentle reminders of immortality and hope are in its heart. Bunhill Fields Burying-ground is one of these, that no visitor to London should neglect. This place, which, according to De Foe's terrible description, was used as a pestfield during the great plague of 1665, was subsequently converted into a cemetery for Dissenters, and here the body of the great anti-romancist himself, the unhappy possessor of one hundred and eighty-four Pseudonyms, five years after his graphic description was written, was laid away to mingle with the dust that he had immortalized by his pen; strange, too, that he should have died in the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate, where "the weight of infection," that he described, lay. Reaching the street, I accost the first man I meet. "How do you get to Bunhill Fields?" "Let me see, sir; Bunhill Fields; City road, sir." "Yes; first to your right, third to your left; first to your right again, sir; then you go down steps and turn to the left, around the station, and its right before you, sir; you'll see it when you look at it, sir; it's right before you."

I start again, this being the fourth person I had asked, with the same result. This is the usual way of directing strangers in London, most of the avenues being short and crooked, or if they are long, every section almost having a different name; the street, for example, that beginning at the Monument ends at St. Paul's bears the familiar names of Ludgate Hill, Fleet Street, The Strand, Charing Cross, and Whitehall; so that it would only be adding insanity to confusion to mention them. After winding and twisting until almost dizzy, sure enough there was "Bunhill Fields" "right before me," with its solid

phalanx of discolored headstones, that have been staring each other out of countenance for the past two hundred years, until, with most of them, every feature of recognition has been obliterated by the unpitying alternations of frost and wind. Yet there was but a few in that silent multitude that had the slightest interest for me, if you can call those "silent" "who still speak to us from their urns." These I knew—as Sir John Falstaff knew Prince Hal—by instinct. I am becoming such a frequenter of charnel-houses and graves that the Fates, knowing my predilection, accommodatingly lend me a helping hand; so that without asking a question I was enabled to walk to the quadrangular shaft, under the plane-tree, that expresses the gratitude of seventeen hundred boys and girls of England, who, in obedience to an appeal from "The Christian World" newspaper, erected this expressive memorial over the grave of poor Daniel De Foe, "whose thoughts enrich the blood of the world." Poor world, say I, who only know thee as the author of "Robinson Crusoe," which is but a tithe of thy versatility, thou pioneer of preraphaelism—thou pathologist of the "great plague"—thou father of captains and cavaliers! Well does the gentle Elia set forth thy greatness and infinite variety, and his own sympathetic appreciation at the same time. I, one of the least of thy admirers, rejoice to see thy grave kept green, and garlands on thy tomb.

From here is but a step to the unadorned sarcophagus of that dear old bachelor, Dr. Isaac Watts, the hymnologist; its only inscription his name, but with a narrow strip of vigorously-blooming flowers encircling its base, giving evidence of the attention of loving hands. By the way, did it ever strike you as peculiar—the number of good and great Englishmen who were bachelors: Sir Isaac Newton, John Newton, William Cowper, Lovelace, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Oliver Goldsmith, Edmund Burke, David Hume, Montgomery Toplady, Charles Lamb, Horne Tooke, Herrick, Gray, and Sir Thomas Wyatt. You know others, I am sure, besides the multitude of great unknowns who were only Bachelors of Civil Law, Music, and the Arts. These by preference, but the diminutive and delicate Dr. Watts was *Baccalaureus* against his will. I recall the occasion here, at his grave, as I write this elegy(?) in a city churchyard. "She loved the jewel, but could not admire the

casket that contained it," were the words—uttered by the Jilter —that disturbed the peacefulness of the otherwise serene life of the Jiltee.

"Give me the wings of Faith to rise
Within the veil, to see
The saints above how great their joys
And bright their glories be.

"Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins and doubts and fears.

"I ask them whence their victories came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquests to the Lamb—
Their triumphs to his death."

Across the avenue from this much-frequented spot, peacefully reclining under the tremulous shadow of an English oak, is the stone effigy of the immortal dreamer, John Bunyan, who was buried here in the vault of his friend Strudwick, a grocer, in whose home on Snow Hill he died in 1688. He has lain down with "the sword of the spirit"—a clasped Bible in his left hand. On the stone on which he reclines are two relievos, representing characters in The Pilgrimage. Thus—one age imprisons a man as a disturber of the peace, another eulogizes him as the disseminator of the peace which passeth knowledge. From Bunhill Fields to Cheapside is a very long walk, but the day is fine and just cool enough to make it pleasant. My destination is Bread street, where John Milton was born, and Milk street, the birthplace of Sir Thomas More, and on which stood the Mermaid Inn, the resort of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher, the Damon and Pythias of the day, Marlow, Drayton—all the wits of the time—including young Master Robert Herrick (Hesperides Herrick, whose father threw himself out of his window near here, and was killed a few months before his orphan son was born).

"Chaste I lived without a wife,
That's the story of my life,"

says the epigrammatic divine—everybody's favorite—of himself. What a world of reminiscences centres around these haunts.

How void of interest seems even the great modern buildings, erected in these sacred places as compared with the glorious memories suggested by the mere names of the streets. Near by is Bow Church, built by Sir Christopher Wren. "Whoever is born within the sound of Bow bells is a cockney." I walked up and down both sides of Bread and Milk streets (came near getting them mixed), occupied chiefly now by modern buildings, high and majestic, contrasting strangely with the contracted convolutions of these celebrated lanes, but found no trace of the men who had made them famous; no tablet nor inscription (although I was told there were such) discoverable by me.

Many of the people engaged in business thinking the questions asked about them strange—not ignorant people, but preoccupied with thoughts of trade—"no such person, to my knowledge, doing business here." Had to explain; when I was deluged with a shower of apologies, and immediately found myself famous—regarded as a great man in search of kindred spirits—truly "the places that knew them once, shall know them no more forever." After this unsuccessful attempt to discover the haunts of Shakespeare and his great associates, I mounted a 'bus, crossed London Bridge, and after twenty minutes of cautious riding through streets crowded with vehicles and people, dismounted at St. Saviour's venerable gates, and was admitted by an ideal sexton, or rather sextoness, both familiar with its history and appreciative of its distinction in containing the bones of Philip Massinger, who, in the church register—the only account of his death known—is put upon record as follows: "Philip Massinger, *a stranger*, died in March, 1638, and was buried in this church yard,"—and yet he was one of that galaxy of old English dramatists, who have contributed one of the most valuable—if also one of the least known—portions to the poetic literature of England, which, abounding as it does in wit and fancy, copiousness of character and truth, romantic situations, volubility and rapid change of incidents, makes it difficult to account for their neglect in an age so favorable to works of the imagination as ours. Such obscurity, perhaps, is due to the not euphemistic faults which they contain—transplanted from France with the profligate court of Charles the Second; this, at least, is one of the excuses that

their admirers offer for the unfortunate coarseness of these splendid men.

But what a commentary on the vanity of human wishes is this, that the author of that most most beautiful of plays, "The Virgin Martyr," and the terrific creation, "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," and thirty-five other remarkable productions besides, many of which in manuscript, by accident were literally used as "pot boilers" by Mr. Warburton's cook, should be so obscurely buried, that although every stone and fragment has been carefully examined, no monument or inscription of any sort was found to mark the place where his body was laid. "The man who never made an enemy" had no friend to write his epitaph. John Fletcher, the last of the dramatic duo, whose curiously-constructed plays are the common heritage of every lover of indissoluble friendship, is also buried here. By the side of Fletcher, and near the conjectured grave of Massinger, is deposited the dust of Edmon Shakespeare, youngest brother of "sweet Will." It is supposed that he also was an actor, and that London and "The Globe" was the place where "he strutted and fretted his hour upon the stage, and then was heard no more." It requires no stretch of the imagination to suppose that where I stood Shakespeare himself may have stood, and heard the minister say the often repeated "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," as the body of his beloved brother was laid to rest. Around the corner, in the seclusion of a retired angle, is the ornate monument of John Gower, the "moral Gower" of Chaucer, and to whom he dedicated his *Troilus and Cressida*. His tomb, with parti-colored decorations, represents him reclining in impressive repose, with his head supported by three of his own books—as if presentation copies for Gabriel, when he woke him with the last trump. He looks as if he got tired waiting and went to sleep. I remember the book of old stories, "Confessio Amantis," having had the same effect on myself, when in the vaulting ambition of idler days I had been rash enough to attempt to read it. The titles of the three books, and that were written in the three languages then used by English writers, conspicuously printed on the ends, are respectively—*Vox Clamantis*, in Latin; *Confessio Amantis*, in English; *Speculum Meditantis*, in French, which may be translated as follows: "Voice of one that

Crieth ;" " Confessions of One that Loveth," and " Beholding One's Face in a Glass." Thank God for books—all happiness, and honor to the noble army of men who love them, and devote their energies to their production. May they ever enjoy the calm delight of their perusal while living; the felicity like Petrarch* of resting their head on one when dying, and wake up to find their name written in the Lamb's Book of Life at the resurrection. But—let me not disturb by vain babbling thy rest, oh, mighty sleeper! May thy dreams be as pleasant as he who lay down in a strange land, with a stone for his pillow, and saw the angels of God ascending and descending, and filling with glory the place where he reposed. After depositing a bit of silver in the gaping box, for the poor of the parish, I quietly retired, the youthful sextoness smilingly accompanying me to the outer gate, where she directed me to Guy's Hospital, the field of action, the home, and the tomb of Sir Astley Cooper, Bart. The first thing that impresses you about Guy's is its great dimensions, its apparent antiquity, and air of dignified repose—as if the sick came here to rest and sleep. After entering you notice that the wards, instead of being numbered, as with us, are designated by Scriptural names. Female wards, "Lydia," "Esther," "Martha," "Charity," "Dorcas," "Samaritan." The male departments are known by the names of "Lazarus," "Job," "Naaman" (ward for skin diseases, I suppose), "Luke," and others. In the center of the outer court is a bronze statue of the gentlemanly looking creator, "Thomas Guy, sole founder of this hospital *in his lifetime.*" I ascend the four or five flights of stone steps leading to the operating-room, made famous by the surgical achievements of Sir Astley, and found it a very small place, indeed; the smallest amphitheatre for clinical operations that I have ever seen, making you think that perhaps the great surgeon was more interested in *saving* limbs than in *cutting* them off. The place is a square (?), of about twenty-five feet, with rounded corners—lighted from the roof, and capable of seating perhaps one hundred people. Here the great surgeon, whose portrait is the only ornament in the room, was educated, and here, for twenty-five years, he held forth daily, to the edification of

* Petrarch was found dead, his head resting upon a book that a few moments before he had been reading.

his students (whom he always excited to enthusiasm), and the amelioration of the multitudes who came for relief. I read—pinned on the wall—the probable programme of to-day's performances, which I copy, because it shows, apparently, the frightful prevalence of cancer here—every case being a variety of that horrible disease:

	Name of Surgeon.	Disease.	Position.
Messrs.	Durham,	Sarcoma,	Over Lip.
	Koust	Recurrent Growth,	Axilla.
	Lavies-Cottey,	Epithelioma,	Lip.
	Golding-Bird,	Scirrhus,	Axilla.

The surgeons, as you see, are not entitled doctors as with us—simply misters, surgery being but one branch of medicine; its practitioners are not necessarily M. D.'s, it requiring about three years longer of special study to take the degree in medicine; we, more liberal, after sixteen months of interrupted study, sometimes less, and *according to law*, *too*, convert raw recruits into doctors! I notice that the assistants looked rather formidable and tradesman-like with their scissors stuck into loops of tape on the outside of their coats. I waited for the removal of a cancerous breast—not on the list—which was done with the greatest precision and care, and of course without pain, except to the surgeon and his assistants—"dressers," the young gentlemen with the shears are called here. A couple of neat women, in the garb of nurses, in the most business-like way, laid bare the breast of the victim, and during the operation supplied the assistants with bandages and sponges, washed in a running stream; everything being done with a dignity and consideration commendable in the extreme—the young lady assistants pleasing factors to me, as I feel that if women were more directly connected with the more important duties of life, they would be better done. I entered the beautiful little chapel connected with the house in which Professor Cooper was buried. He was educated here; taught surgery here. He worshiped daily in the little church. It was here that he attained the zenith of his fame; the plenitude of his humane ingenuity was practiced here, and it was his dying request that here his body should be buried. They honored themselves in granting the request. In the chapel is a beautiful sculpture of the founder directing a wretched suf-

ferer to the building, into which at that moment men are being carried on stretchers. I copy partially the inscription: "Thomas Guy, sole founder of this Hospital in his lifetime, A. D. MCCXXI. * * * All that he earned by labor and withheld from self-indulgence were poured forth to the wants of others, * * * after administering with extensive bounty to the claims of consanguinity. He established this asylum for that stage of Languor and Disease to which the charity of others had not reached. He provided a retreat for hopeless insanity, and rivaled the endowment of Kings. Died 27 December, 1724, age 80 years." Interesting in connection with the Guy accumulations is the fact that most of the money was made by the sale of Bibles. Around the auditorium, above the windows, is the following from Revelations: "And I heard a great voice out of Heaven saying, behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he shall dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain for the former things are passed away. I am the Bread of Life." I also observed a small tablet to "Clara Faithful Lumley, a nurse who died from disease contracted in the line of duty." * * * I take my leave. I feel on clouds today; I am in love with the whole world; ineffable would be my state if I had here my babies and wife. There is so much here that is grand and glorious—so much for you to see in this precious land, this dear, dear, maligned, yet opening-not-its-mouth England, where the sheep are fed, not sheared. Lovingly yours.

LONDON, July 27, 1887.

"Prodigious! Prodigious!"
—*Dominie Sampson, in Guy Mannering.*

"Come with me * * * *
Across the terrace, up the stairs,
Our steps shall wander to and fro,
Where, pensive, stands the statues fair,
And murmur songs of long ago.
Or will you see my pictures old,
The landscapes hung for my delight
In window-frames of fretted gold,
Where, glowing, shines in colors bright,
That Claude of Mine at full of noon—
When the strong passion-throb of June
Stirs birds and leafs, and everywhere
The world is one gay love affair?
Or shall we linger, looking west,
Just when my Turner's at his best?—*My Chateaux in Spain.*
DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL.

I WRITE this standing in front of a case of manuscripts in the British Museum, a matchless collection, worth in money perhaps millions, and yet many of them—although making the fortune of their publishers—not worth the dry bread that was eaten when they were being written, to the men who wrote them. "The Complete English Gentleman,"—an unpublished work—by that most pugnacious and resolute of men, Alexander De Foe, is under my paper as I write, and although it is but one of his two hundred and fifty distinct productions, there are many collectors who would be willing to pay for it a snug sum—for his manuscripts are much sought after still—not as much though as was his "Trueborn Englishman," when he lived; eighty thousand *pirated* copies of which, within a few weeks after its first appearance, being sold in the streets of London, by people who found it difficult to supply the demand. On my right is the original, legible draft of Laurence Stern's "Sentimental Journey," as easily read as a printed page. The man Sterne, who "preferred whining over a dead ass to relieving a living mother," we do not perhaps love; but who would not like to look into the convoluted beds, where grew such sad, sweet flowers as that of Lefevre, for example; such dandelion-like creatures as the Widow Wadmen, not to

mention that cactus—Tristram Shandy—bristling over with prickles and blooms, with others not so easily classified, but still odorous with sympathy and esteem. Southey's round-handed "Joan of Arc" I can also read from where I write; rather too close you would say for her good name,—Voltaire not being the judge—to Byron's easily read "Childe Harold," although he, the Childe, might find her such "a creature of rule," as he said his wife was; "correct and without feeling,—incapable of committing a crime herself, or forgiving one in another." Many of Lord Byron's haunts I searched out a few nights since—Holles street, where he was born, and No. 139 Piccadilly, the birthplace of his daughter Ada, and where Lady Byron left him, is at present the home of another distinguished man. When the body of Byron was brought home from Greece, it laid in state at No. 25 Great George street, Westminster, before being taken to Hucknall-Forkard Church, in Nottinghamshire, for burial; and yet, none of these places, with all your interest in the man and admiration for the poet, affects you in the least; Lord Byron excites the imagination, thrills you by the sublimity of his descriptions, confuses you perhaps by the very "prodigality of his accumulated splendors," but never touches your heart, at least he never dwells there, like many of the men who have far less power. Methodical Macauley's much scratched, badly written, rough, first draft of the famous twenty-fifth and concluding chapter of the long expected history, contrasts strangely with the fair writing of the libertine lord, who "could watch the stars till he had peopled them with beings bright as their own beams." Coleridge's Journal, hard to read, and Dr. Johnson's tragedy of "Irene," that nobody ever read, are close to the "Kenilworth," of Sir Walter Scott, that everybody reads, and which is written in a fair round hand, like that of a lady's. Tennyson tells of somebody who wrote in such a style,

> "As when a field of corn
> Bows all its ears before the rosy east,"

which I think must have been suggested to him by the handwriting of the "Eclogues and other poems by Thomas Rowley." Perhaps the saddest memorial of vanished greatness exhibited in this great collection, illustrating as they do one of

the most marvelous episodes in the whole history of English letters. These Eclogues, "with a glossary and annotations by Thomas Chatterton," being a portion of the forgeries of that precocious child, who not only deceived, but turned some of the wisest heads in Britain. Poor, unfortunate boy! how vividly these fragments bring to memory the sad eventful history of his fragmentary career. I read Professor Wilson's sympathetic "Biographical Study" before leaving home, which throws much light on the "heart of his mystery," and I had been seriously impressed by the tragical Chatterton picture in the Manchester Exhibition. And now, to come across unexpectedly something that he had touched, and his prematurely developed brain had conceived, so appealed to my heart, that it was only through tears that I read the actual but *compelled* forgeries of "the matchless boy," who, to quote from his "will," written in desperation and on the eve of suicide,

> "Wildly squandered everything he got
> On books and learning, and the Lord knows what."

Even to-day, with a fair knowledge of the Chatterton controversy, I cannot tell why a youth was so universally condemned for having written a book *himself* in the writing and spelling of a former age, ascribing it to a great unknown whom he calls Thomas Rowley; then deliberately writing elucidations of obscure passages and explanatory notes—and all received as genuine by the learned and great. Why should he have received nothing but scorn and condemnation, and, in his

seventeenth year—because of want—a pauper-suicide's grave? when Horace Walpole (whom he deceived) in his "Castle of Ontrato," De Foe in his "Journal of the Plague" and "Life of a Cavalier," Barham in "The Ingoldsby Legends," and Thomas Carlyle in "Sartor Resartus," and many others—all guilty of the same offense—receive extravagant praise. But you perceive like a deaf mute I am dreaming with my fingers, yet my associates—the objects of my observations, are doing the same. Their signs manual are here in their glory; not only letters written and signed by such men as Melancthon, Erasmus, Dürer, Luther, Calvin, and Sir Thomas More, but every name connected with the progress of the world is represented, if not by a book, at least by a letter: Rubens, Galileo, Newton, Swift, Addison, Steele, Voltaire, Napoleon, Washington, and—even Leonardo da Vinci's Book of Observations and Demonstrations, chiefly connected with mathematics, is here, written, from right to left in reversed letters, with the margins covered with drawings, showing that the great Florentine, who painted The Last Supper and invented the mudscow, also knew everything between. Here, besides, is the manuscript volume of the first draft of Pope's translation of the Iliad and Odyssey, for the most part written on the backs of envelopes, and letters addressed to himself. William Harvey's illegible brief for his "Lectures on Universal Anatomy," which I try in vain to read, are also here, reminding me of the little interest these letters excited in their rosy youth, that afterward revolutionized his chosen science when they became better known. According to the custom then, they were announced long before their delivery. On the evening selected for the first lecture, Harvey, full of anxiety, entered the lecture-room accompanied by his servant, where, to his surprise—and perhaps delight—there was nobody present—not a soul. "Well, John, we shall have the place to ourselves, but the lecture must go on. Won't you go into the anatomical room, bring out the articulated skeleton, seat him in *that* chair, and take a place yourself by his side, so that I can begin in proper form by saying 'Gentlemen?'" Did ever orator before have such a grim audience! This collection comprises besides the writings of men of letters, orators, men of science, divines, law-makers, philosophers and statesmen; the historic papers of kings and queens

CHATTERTON ON HIS DEATH-BED.

including among the number manuscripts written by each of brutal Henry the Eighth's six wives, together with the original Bull of Pope Leo, signed by himself, and many cardinals and dated Rome, in the ninth year of his pontificate, conferring on the above-mentioned Henry, the title of "Defender of the Faith." A duplicate of this is said to be in the library of the Vatican. These autograph productions are not only in English, representing the famous writers of all reigns, but include the great authors of France, Germany, Italy, Holland, Belgium, and every country where letters were cultivated; Greek and Latin, on vellum; Egyptian, written shortly after Christ upon papyrus, and hanging in shreds. Acres of illuminated manuscript books also, are here, requiring a lifetime to properly see. One open before me has an exquisite miniature in crimson and gold, of a mother with a little girl on her knee—two boys in undress playing in the room. One with a paper pin-wheel in his hand—looking as if you had just made it for Birnam—is dragging his smaller brother on a pillow by way of vehicle, showing that the pillow-wagon improvised in our nursery a few days ago—one of those unconscious plagiarisms that sometimes occur in the best regulated families—was invented by babies in the twelfth century, and that the pinwheels made by devoted mammas in the new world, were contrived by their sisters in Holland centuries before their country was known; for this illumination is over seven hundred years old, and yet it presents the admiring mother to-day, as blooming as on the day of her espousal.

The books in the cases of the Museum library are, as far as I have seen, royally bound; Dr. Burney's library was purchased in 1818 for £13,500; Sir Joseph Bank's library and herbarium were bequeathed in 1820; King George IV presented the splendid and well-selected library of his father, George III, comprising upwards of 70,000 volumes, and which now occupy a handsome suite of rooms by themselves, and since, and before, the collection has had so many valuable additions that there is scarcely anything of consequence that is not to be found here, and all free! I have been trying to discover the room where Washington Irving had the dream about the making of books, but can't. The antiquities of the Museum also—Egyptian, Grecian, Roman, Scandinavian, and

British, are of the greatest interest, many of them unique; and the ethnological collection, and cabinets of coins and prints, are not to be equalled in the world. Roman sandals and shoes, pottery, household gods, and Roman milestones, with the names of Emperors engraved upon them, found in the soil of London, with Roman bottles, vases, etc., dredged out of the Thames, speak of the time when the place was a Roman town; but Rome has gone, and I am going to the National Gallery. * * * The National Gallery is not exclusively of English pictures, for I am now in the famous building in front of two of its greatest treasures, one by a foreigner,—the world seems glad to see them hung side by side—"Dido building Carthage," by Turner; "The Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba," by Claud. It was the ambition of Turner's life to paint a picture worthy of being a match for the masterpiece of the great Italianized German, and here they are; I can't decide which to admire most; Claud, of course, is full of anachronisms as you expect—pseudo-Greek architecture, with a Norman tower, English ships of about the seventeenth century, and poor figures, clad in a manner not common to Sheba's land. But such etherealized ships, temples, trees, sunlight and towers, as if seen in a gorgeous dream, I never saw before. The effect of the wind on grass and leaf, the dewy moisture of morning shadows, the magical blending of faint and ever-fainter hues in the far away horizon, of what I take to be an Italian sky, for there is nothing oriental in this picture at all—the mystical sunlight affects. The figures, not so bad as you have been led to believe, although he was wont to say, by way of apology, when selling his pictures, that he "made no charge for them;" truly you don't need them, you are so engrossed by the atmospheric subtleties, &c.—the magic of cloud and air, that you are lost to everything else. It is said that he is often "artificial," "conventional," "positively untrue." Hang truth, if he is not true, and give me the cunningly devised lies of Claud Lorraine,

"The light that never was on sea or land,"

rather than the most palpable and self-evident verities of the matter-of-fact school. Art is not art, but photography, unless it lets you see the subject with the artist's eyes.

In the "Dido building Carthage," the Turneresque expansiveness and vagueness is toned down to be in harmony with Claud's distinctness. Turner once heard a young lady criticise one of his pictures—"Impossible," she said; "never saw such a landscape as that in nature." "No? but wouldn't you like if you could?" was the laconic remonstrance of the eavesdropping artist. You think of the anecdote while looking at this picture. Who wouldn't wish for the imagination, all compact, that could see such glories; for nothing short of the enraptured sight of the poet and seer, can behold and reproduce such elysian visions as these; both pictures are of ravishing beauty, enveloped in a halo of poetry peculiar to themselves; but, to think that the sordid soul of Ruskin, hero of "Modern Painters," revelled in such scenes as these, can only be explained by the theory that we are made up of two elements, good and bad. With Turner, the coarseness, sensuality, and greed of gold was the evil which he hid away; the beautiful creations that he transferred to canvas, wishing them to live and be known, were of God; his gloomy life was but the shadow to his luminous works, and by his works we must know him.

"A Classical Landscape," and an "Embarkation of St. Ursula," by Claud, are made up of about the same combination of graceful houses, ships, etc., but so restful and calm are they, that you feel like removing your clothing, *very quietly*, so as not to disturb the benign stillness of the scene, and gliding gladly into the translucent wave, swim noiselessly out and away to the placid, fascinating, smiling sea beyond, all suggesting a line floating in memory from the "Lotus Eaters," "Calm is the only joy." Poussins pictures are just the opposite, full of violent action—storm-twisted trees—rugged mountains—tempest-tossed clouds—contorted figures—darkness, with but a glimmering of light, just enough to see but indistinctly your way—pictures of great power; none of Swift's "Sweetness and Light" here. Turner's "Dido with Landscape," and "Sun Rising in a Mist," a magnificent picture, without buildings, were bequeathed by him to the National Gallery, on condition that they should be hung beside two Clauds—which to prefer is again difficult. Claud's companion to this is the "Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca," a lovely creation,

more suggestive though of Apollo and the Muses than of anything Hebrewesque.

* * * * * * * * *

After some deliberation, I think Claud excels. Pardon the disloyalty of a neophyte, offended shade of Turner! but your frequent custom of putting your sun in the centre, so that the light streams down in yellow-white rays, with monotonous chrome tints, makes me decide against you. (I think Turner must have remained in bed until late, and only got to the fields for sketching about noon, which would account for this, as well as other peculiarities.) And yet none of thy pictures are as picturesque as thy strange life, thou son of a Maiden lane barber, that, by thy genius and industry made a princely fortune and built a palace, that had for its occupant only thy dingy self and thy multitudinous dreams; and left it all, and died in a disreputable shilling-a-night lodging, in a little house in Chelsea, and under an assumed name! His great fortune £200,000, he gave to establish a home for decayed artists; his invaluable collection of drawings he gave to the nation. Many of his pictures now sell for eight and ten thousand dollars, and every time they change hands, as shown by price lists, their value increases.* Please remember that I am not a critic—make no pretense to taste or infallibility of judgment—am merely a delighted doctor, technically knowing nothing about pictures but to admire them. When a child, like Poe's prodigy, my nurse must have let me fall down stairs, my bump of admiration striking against every step; the result—abnormal development of that part of the brain that's usually absent, and, ever since—a knack of admiring, resulting in happiness. Try this remedy all ye who are deficient in admiration; fall down nine or ten flights; take off the carpet if necessary; let the steps be of stone, and keep it up until you can be completely pleased with something else that God or man has made—besides yourselves. If this does not answer, try a tumble from the tower of the Public Buildings—a little of the brain escaping won't matter. In the department illustrating the Italian

* See Epilogue to Ruskin's "Notes on his Turner Drawings," where he tells that Turner appeared in Mr. Griffith's shop, Waterloo Place, with nineteen pictures in a roll in his pocket. Ruskin bought one, the original of the Ehrenbreitstein, for eighty guineas, and sold it afterwards to Mr. Vokins for a thousand pounds. He, also, found it a good investment.

schools you are surrounded by specimens painted by such men as Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Correggio and others—world famous pictures, such as Guido's Ecce Homo and Mary Magdalen are here; great Carraccis and Romanos, that have brought fabulous prices, and yet none take my attention more than a little "Coronation of the Virgin," composition consisting of about thirty figures, but so exquisitely painted; such rotundity of limb and brilliancy of complexion; such bright, joyous faces; celestial babies; angels; and such golden beams of amber light, illuminating and glorifying all, that as you gaze you are translated into the celestial assembly, and are actually witnessing the investing of the Virgin mother with the insignia of queen of Heaven. This little picture of but eighteen inches by twenty-four is truly great in every artistic sense. There are also here two splendid Venices by Canaletto, who, I would take to be not much the inferior of Claud, except perhaps a trifle more mechanical.

The next department to this is the one that illustrates the early Flemish and German schools, pictures distinguished by gold or black backgrounds; figures without perspective; stiff drapery and a pains-taking attention to every trifling detail—an almost microscopic finish; lovely faces with but one thought—devotion to duty; one desire—exemption from sin; good, honest German features, with every semblance of grossness removed by abstinence and prayer. Even the tavern yonder, so clean, that I have just left, and where I found the landlady asleep on her chair, with a couple of gentlemanly *bon vivants*, having a little fun at her expense (tickling her nose with a straw), seems as if it, too, was governed by a devout religious spirit. And a group of villagers, also by the pot-loving Teniers, is pervaded by the same feeling. A curious triple portrait of Richelieu, near me, gives a supernatural impression, making me feel as strange as the original did, Marie de Medicis. His full face in the centre and profile on each side, showing the contour of his pointed triangular features, with cardinal's cap, etc., is a decided oddity in portrait painting, admirably executed and conceived, and making you wonder if it was not done to show the tripartite alliance of priest, statesman, and tyrant, that made up the rare composition of this remarkable man. Although the ages of most of

the pictures in this room is counted by centuries, yet the colors are fresh and without a crack; the people look as if they were really alive, and that the life they *enjoyed* was a sweeter, nobler life than ours. Farewell, gentle dreamers; you make me feel as if I indeed was of common clay, and especially you with the sage yellow dress, fair, reading Magdalena, that was; disciple of the Meek and Lowly that is;—your serene calm has lifted the veil, by which even I also get celestial glimpses of the life hid with Christ in God. I shall not soon forget your impressive lessons, you noble army of ministering saints.

What a contrast, between the refinement of the devout people that I have just left, and the paganish voluptousness of these Rubenesque mountains of flesh, that live, move, and have their splendid *animal* being on the large canvases of Peter Paul—startling in their phlegmatic nudity—you feel like running for a shawl to cover them. Here are two pictures before me: "The Judgment of Paris," by Rubens, a subject susceptible of modest treatment, but as usual with this master we have the reverse; beside it is one by Rembrandt—"The Woman Taken in Adultery"—which might, perhaps with justice, be sensuously handled, but on the contrary, in Rembrandt's marvelous group of men and women we have the very *soul* of the matter presented; we see benignity, pity, sympathy, the dignity of purity, repentant weakness, shame, all the tender sadness, and all the nobleness are here; a sermon of simple eloquence, almost equal to the one on the mount, having for its text "Go and sin no more." The other picture, by Rubens, is simply an appeal to the æsthetical and animal in man, and most effectively he accomplishes his end. Two more examples in this worthy collection, which nobly illustrates the magnanimity of the government that so generously buys such gems and lays them at the feet of the sovereign people. The first is "Princess Christine of Denmark," by Hans Holbein; you feel like taking off your hat and bowing the knee before such regal loveliness. The other is merely a design for a plate, by Rubens—a monochrome, representing "The Birth of Venus"—a miracle of deceptive rotundity and life, like a carving in ivory, conceived and executed by a god.

It is now four o'clock; I have not broken my fast to-day; have been here four hours; at the museum, three, and so in-

tensely interested, that I am neither hungry nor tired. We must come to England with our children, for it is equal to a liberal education to pass through her towns and cities, and see her people and churches, her treasuries in science, literature and art. I have often, before my emancipation, taken exception to Englishmen's lack of enthusiasm for what they see in other lands, but know now, that it is because they had become familiar with all the great things of the world, in their own, and that unlike Bottom, they could not be delighted with the tongs and bones, because they had heard the music of the spheres. Mispah.

LONDON, July 28, 1887.

"By Goldsmith's tomb, the city's cry
Grows faint and distant; now no more
From the famed street he trod of yore;
Men turn where those old Templar's lie.

"Only some dreamer, such as I
Pauses awhile from smoke and roar
By Goldsmith's tomb.
And then—and then! when none is nigh,
What shadowy shapes unseen before,
Troop back again from Lethe's shore,
How the ghosts gather there and sigh,
By Goldsmith's tomb." AUSTIN DOBSON.

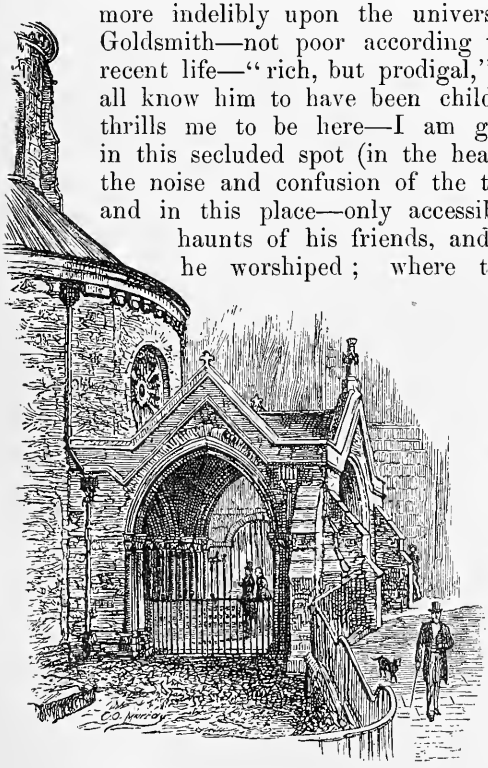
IN the beginning of the twelfth century, a few French gentlemen in Jerusalem founded an order which they named "The Poor Soldiers of the Temple of Solomon," otherwise known as Knights Templar, which had for their object the protection of pilgrims and the defence of the Holy Sepulchre. In 1128, ten years after their establishment, their rule was confirmed by the Pope. At first they were all noble laymen —afterwards secular priests were admitted—the banner with the red cross becoming their distinguishing mark. They were at first bound by vows of poverty, chastity, and severe religious exercises. On the loss of the Holy Land in 1192, they occupied Cyprus; but before this they had established chapters in other parts of Europe, and their reputation for valor and piety

had become almost universal. Notwithstanding their vows, wealth, and its consequent luxury, increased to such an extent that these, in connection with the united opposition of Philip the Fourth of France, and Pope Clement the Fifth, was the cause of their overthrow. They were accused of abominable crimes, of "serpent worship, gnostic and Mohammedan practices," phrases that were then synonyms for the worst offences. In 1308 the Pope demanded the aid of all princes and prelates to suppress the order, and four years subsequent—two hundred after their establishment, their dissolution was pro-

JOHNSON READING MANUSCRIPT OF "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD," PREPARATORY TO FINDING A PUBLISHER.

claimed by the Council of Vienna. About this time their grand master, with many others prominent in the order, were burned alive. The temples occupied by these knights in London—for almost two hundred years—on their downfall in the beginning of the fourteenth century—passed from their hands into the possession of the Knights of John of Jerusalem, and these leased the Inner and Middle Temples to the students at common law. At the dissolution of the religious houses they became the property of the crown, and in 1608 James conferred the freehold on the Benchers of the Inner and Middle Temple

and their successors forever. In the yard surrounding the church—which served for both of these temples—under a beautiful blue sky, I now stand beside the coffin-like stone that marks the final resting place of Oliver Goldsmith; for, strange as it may seem, he that was born in a desolate Irish town, now deserted and unmarked, is buried here; his monument is in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, but here are his remains; no "storied urn nor animated bust," no inscription, nothing but his name marks the spot, and, indeed, nothing more is needed, for who has written a record of tenderness more indelibly upon the universal heart than poor Goldsmith—not poor according to William Black's recent life—"rich, but prodigal," is the record; we all know him to have been child-like and free. It thrills me to be here—I am glad that he sleeps in this secluded spot (in the heart), but away from the noise and confusion of the town that he loved, and in this place—only accessible by passing the haunts of his friends, and the church where he worshiped; where the Primroses and Olivias, Tony Lumpkins and Gentlemen in Black, and all who are susceptible to the harms of pathos, sentiment, and gentleness—to the refinements of wit and humor, and the rollicking gambols of harmless fun, can make their loving pilgrimages, and in this secluded nook reflect, without being disturbed, over the vicissitudes of life and time. Dear, pitying Goldsmith! from a child it has been my wish



THE PORCH OF THE TEMPLE CHURCH.

to see your grave, and to meet you in heaven, and here I reverently stand at your tomb, the mile-stone that marks the completion of the first half of my longing desire. I, too, but in a different sense than that of the "Goldsmith of America," can address Dante's appreciative apostrophy to Virgil* to you. The entrance to this church is through the Middle Temple, a resort made famous among other things by its being variously the residence of Chaucer, Doctor Johnson, Charles Lamb, Oliver Goldsmith, and Blackstone, who wrote his commentaries in a room under the one occupied by the author of "The Citizen of the World." It may not be generally known that Blackstone, previous to his having been a reader of law, was a diligent student of poetry, especially classical, but after having selected the bar as his profession, wrote "A Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse," a few lines of which I quote:

THE MIDDLE TEMPLE HALL FROM FOUNTAIN COURT.

"As by some tyrant's stern command
A wretch forsakes his native land,
In foreign climes condemned to roam
An exile from his native home,
Pensive he treads the destined way,
And dreads to go, nor dares to stay,
Till on some neighboring mountain's brow
He stops and turns his eyes below,

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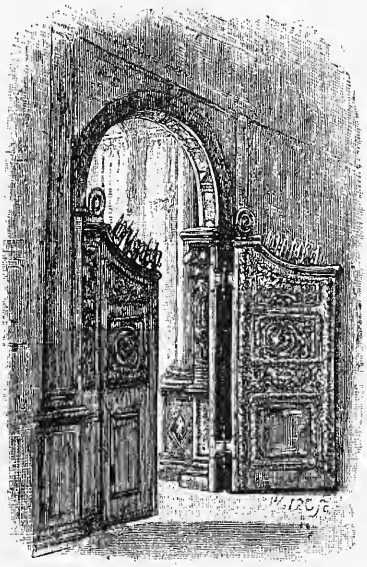
* "Tu se' lo mio maestro e'l mio autore,
Tu se' solo colui, da cu' io tolsi
Lo bello stile che m' ha fatto onore."—*Dante to Virgil.*
Applied to Oliver Goldsmith by WASHINGTON IRVING, in his delightful Life.

There, melting at the well-known view,
Drops a last tear and bids adieu—
So I, thus doomed from thee to part,
Gay Queen of Fancy and of Art,
Reluctant move with doubtful mind,
Oft stop, and often look behind.

* * * * * * *

Then welcome business, welcome strife;
Welcome the cares, the thorns of life;
The visage wan, the purblind sight,
The toil by day, the lamp at night,
The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
The pert dispute, the dull debate,
The drowsy bench, the babbling hall—
For thee, fair Justice, welcome all."

The courts of this venerable place are still marked with the names of their former occupants, as its echoing halls must surely be haunted by their ghosts, and the wigged and robed minions of justice, fitfully flitting back and forth like so many gray-headed crows, give a sort of scholastic animation to its hoary antiquity that pleaseth passing well. There is an air of dignity and grace, too, about its harmonious lines, and bits of *το καλόν* detail, that charm by their combination of complexity and repose, are frequently met as you ramble through its solemn corridors and courts, and pass its fountains and lawns.



ENTRANCE TO THE MIDDLE TEMPLE HALL.

Close by is the Temple Gardens, celebrated by Shakespeare as the scene of the plucking of the white and red roses, the badges of the houses of York and Lancaster,

which heralded in the bloody civil wars—an enchanting spot. Plucking a white rose from one of its parterres, a rasping "Ha! ha!" as if it might have been Henry the Eighth's, arrested me in the act. I looked up—when, partially concealed behind some shrubs, with the Lancaster insignia in his hand, stood good Master Shallow, the young vandal whom I found carving his name on a pew in St. Bartholomews a few days ago, and who was lost in the Charter house when he returned to see where John Wesley ate and slept. I thanked my stars and garters that it was not going to be another war of the roses as the youthful Plantagenet approached. A curious specimen he was, as if made up of the odds and ends left over when everybody else was finished; his ears did not match his head; his nose was too small for his face—like the soft, doughy nose of an infant on the hardened features of a man; the cunning of the faun of Praxiteles was in his eyes; his mouth had the flexibility of the Gladiator of the bust; and—although he looked as sleepy-headed as Peter and as ugly as Caius Cæsar, yet he was as good-natured as a doctor receipting a bill. How pleasant the varieties of humanity! they give a spice to existence. "Uniformity is the accompaniment of barbarism," says some philosopher; "diversity of civilized life;" and the charm of it is, that there is more diversity of character and faith in England and America, than in the world beside. I was glad, therefore, to greet this oddity again. "What in the world are you doing here?" I said, as he came up to me, extending his hand. "Oh, don't ask me; I am lost. I have just escaped from an old den over there," pointing to the Temple. "Have been trying to get out all morning. Saw a lot of black-robed duffers spooking around like ghosts, and when I asked them the way out, they but hurried past without even a smile. At last I followed one of them, and here I am. What place is this now? Something wonderful, I suppose; everything is here." I told him about the "Wars of the Roses." When through, he proposed a continuation of the contest. I held the red rose in my hand, when, raising his pallid emblem in the air, he came down on its slender neck, and the beautiful bud that I had plucked for the herbarium rolled on the ground and mingled its blood with the dust; thus symbolizing the desolating civil wars that, be-

ginning in this garden in 1455, continued until the battle of Bosworth Field, thirty years after, when the head of the hunchback tyrant, like my red rose, was cut off, and the conflicting claims to the throne were reunited in the family of Henry VII. "Is your mother with you?" I ask. "Oh, no; I am doing London alone. She is a widow, you know, and, of course, very careful of her complexion. And England's such a jolly place for the skin, she says—cheaper than cosmetics—which is the reason she comes here every year. This is my first trip; have been at school, you know. Mother never ventures out in the sun; the long twilight is her delight. But then everything is shut up, and thus I am compelled to see the sights alone." Just then a seedy-looking fellow, with glossy silk hat and very tight trousers, flaring at the bottom, crossed the garden, when Plantagenet hailed him aloud as "Bob!" and with a hurried apology left me to overtake the new friend, whose acquaintance he said he had made at the races, a few days ago.

From the Temple Garden I wended my way to St. Clement Dane's church, at the junction of Fleet street and the Strand, in whose yard, although I could find no trace of them, are buried the poet Otway, whose "Venice Preserved" still retains possession of the stage, and the "Mad Poet," Nat Lee, whose "Alexander the Great" was the dramatic rage for a year and a day. Otway died, in his thirty-fourth year, from a fever contracted while pursuing to Dover the assassin of one of his friends, and Lee was killed, in his thirty-fifth year, in a tavern brawl. Both were buried here, although every sign of them is at present obliterated. The place is redolent, too, with the memory of Dr. Johnson. Here he worshiped for many years. His body rests in the "Poet's Corner" in the Abbey, near the cenotaph of Goldsmith, and surrounded by many of the great men whose biographer and eulogizer he was; but St. Clement Danes is more closely associated with his name even than Westminster Abbey. I write these lines while sitting in the very pew that for so many years was occupied by him; the last pew in the church you would think to be singled out by such a shambling, purblind monster as *Ursa Major*, for it is in the gallery, the farthest from the door (only got at by climbing over other pews), and made more difficult of en-

trance still by a great pillar stopping up its mouth. And when you are seated you can see neither pulpit nor preacher; but even in this I think you will find something indicative of the man. A tablet on the back reads, "In this pew and beside this pillar for many years attended Divine Service Dr. Samuel Johnson, the philosopher, the poet, the great lexicographer, the profound moralist, and chief writer of his age. Born 1709. Died 1784."

Happening to have a small copy of the Rambler in my pocket, which, opening at "The Vanity of Human Wishes," I read it as a valedictory from the grave, with such sensations as I never expect to read it again. On coming out of the yard removing a bit of ivy as an emblem of the rugged grace of Otway, Lee, and Johnson, and a spray of marigold as a memorial of merry Joe Miller, the joker, who adds his handful of dust to the gravity of the venerable place, I became a part of the human stream which constantly floats down the Strand. At five o'clock I took a stroll in Hyde Park, London's fashionable resort, in the afternoon, entered at the marble arch on Oxford street, and after a pleasant walk in the direction of the "Albert Memorial," you can imagine me doing the elegant on a lounge in front of "The Ladies' Mile," the famous "Rotten Row" (a corruption of *Route en Roi*—Way of the King), of former days. The wealth and beauty of London are gliding past me as I write. This particular drive being set apart for equestrians only, I am treated to a constant succession of charming-looking people, all skilled in the royal art of *ménage*. What handsome faces and splendid horses! What elegant-looking women and men are cantering past. An animated throng of dignified, well-developed people, whose ruddy complexions and kindly faces are beaming over with good will. If these are England's aristocracy, there is certainly no physical nor mental degeneracy here, and I think that in looking at them you would feel with me that both your honor and happiness would be perfectly safe in their keeping; for these evidently represent the rulers of the multitude, and the controllers of not only this smiling land, but her numerous dependencies, that wherever they are, are much better because of her control; and as I lounge here and observe the spirited pageant passing before my delighted eyes, my memory involuntarily re-

verts to the scenes of the past month, created by these noble people, that like a panorama of infinite interest fills my heart by day and my dreams by night. Green hedges, undulating valleys, rivers rippling like arrows in their flight to the surrounding sea, grass of an indescribable green, with the sort of cattle and sheep that elsewhere are seen only on the canvases of a Sheyer or a Bonheur. The stately homes of the nobility, with parks and lawns reflecting their splendors on the country for miles around; ivy-clad farm houses, with windows ablaze with flowers in bloom, and surrounded with every variety of yellow and green, not a barren spot; villages enveloped in forests, like protecting garments, with here and there church spires appealing to heaven, like birdlings from their ivy and moss-covered nests, petitioning for food; and above all, and more than all, the neat, honeysuckled cottages of the laboring poor. Such objects as these revert to your mind when you think of the English at home. But the mosquitoes, called midges here, are making it uncomfortable under the wide-spreading branches of the great oak where I sit, and compel me to cross to "The Memorial," and leave the undivided honors of the feast of blood to the gentleman who shares my seat.

The Albert Memorial is difficult to describe; just imagine a slight elevation of green, closely cropped grass; ascend its summit by a stairway of twelve stone steps, each one hundred feet wide, and you are on a promenade, separated from the steps that lead to the monument proper by a beautifully wrought railing of iron and gold; the four corners are ornamented by four allegorical marble groups, representing Europe, Asia, Africa and America. After walking around the promenade to examine in detail these significant marbles, you return again to the main approach; mount thirty or forty steps chiseled out of the foundation of the tower, and you are in front of the lovely fringe of life-sized marble figures that skirts its base. I can't remain at a distance longer. I must get closer to admire the beautifully conceived and wonderfully executed dado—shall I call it?—that even from this distance attracts. * * * The great of the earth are here—architects, painters, sculptors, musicians, and men of letters—their dimensions the same as life, and grouped with remarkable

ingenuity and skill. I have counted two hundred and four figures around the four sides, together with the sculptured representations of their works. They are arranged in the most life-like positions—talking, praying, thinking, admiring the productions of others or examining their own, some sitting, many standing, but all expressive of the one dominant thought, "work." I notice sturdy-looking Hogarth, with his inseparable dog "Jack," looking indeed like an artist able to keep his carriage at forty-eight; Cimabue, the reviver of Italian art, is having an animated conversation with his attentive pupil, the ex-shepherd Giotto, the great-souled friend of Dante,

and the designer of that gem of Italy, the Florentine Campanile, Orgagna as an auditor. Fra Angelico, of whose pictures it is said that every one was a prayer, is represented on his knees, with clasped hands, addressing the Deity; while Masaccio, his antipode in *technique*, is making a remark to Ghirlandago, which seems to stimulate and awaken thought; near by sits Raphael, contemplating the contents of a portfolio, with Leonardo and Michael Angelo in attitudes of thought, occupy his right and left; Picturesque Titian, with familiar cap and fur-lined robe that he was so fond of painting into pictures, stands with palet in hand as if he was studying a sitter; Paul Cagliari, better known as Veronese, with his hand on the head of an Italian hound, hardly looks like a man capable of covering acres of canvas, as he did, with

architecture and men; close by is the melancholy and unfortunate Correggio, the founder of The Lombard School—"*Anch' io sono pittore*"—who, in his misery, saw glimpses of heaven; Poussin is properly near these three masters, and with the hand of his amiable friend, Claud Lorrain, resting on his shoulder—looks glad to be in his company—while Gerard, David and Gericault form an animated group by their side. The diminutive Horace Vernet, the cardinal-like Delacroix, dignified De la Roche, and two others that I know not, form a contemplative quintett; with Pugin, the apostate, in the robes of a priest, and brusque Barry, with his brogue, looking the slovenly ascetic, by *compulsion*, that he was—half stoic,

half epicurean, while near him—his opposite pole, is Sir Christopher Wren, in curls; William, of Wykeham, with his Abbey, De Lapo, with burin and metal plate, are a few of the great company that I have only a nodding acquaintance with. A great panel of Egyptians, among which I can only distinguish Rameses the Great, and that "Old Serpent of the Nile," Cleopatra; when we come to Phidias, with Diana in his hand; Lucca Della Robia, modelling a panel with index finger; Donatello, with his David, which is not at all a Goliah of art, and Angelo, with anatomical study—the tomb of Leo X; behind him, in relief. Peter Vischer, the iron worker, all the way from Nuremburg, is also here, with his bag of pincers and metal tools, and properly, with his leather apron on, for

from the multitude of curious work that he left behind he surely never could have taken it off.

I stop especially to admire this great man for having twisted bands of metal, as if they were wax, into forms of inimitable beauty and perpetual bloom, and for moulding with his hammer alone, resisting iron and steel, until it cried out the language of sentiment and love. Here, too, is Roubeliac, whose grave I visited to-day in St. Martin-in-the-fields, now in the city, and Colley Cibber, too, to keep him company—the dramatist and poet laureate—who thought to improve Shakespeare by changing many of the speeches, and in Hamlet, leaving out the grave diggers altogether, and whose version of Richard III is the one that still occupies the stage. All are here, a noble company—bald Flaxman and wigged Canova, and Guido with Monteverdo in hot debate, and poor, exiled Dante, "the man who had been in hell," rests at last here —addressing the blind Homer playing on a lyre, while Virgil, strong and benign, listens to what he says. Dante properly reclines here, for where has he found such an appreciative audience, better translators, more enlightened critics, or more subtle illustrators—the above mentioned Flaxman, being the best—than in this comprehensive England, that whether across the Atlantic Ocean or here, never withholds from greatness its meed of praise. Dante, an exile still—unknown in his own sunny Italy, finds a home and congenial spirits amid London's fog!—Shakespeare in thought—as if the universe of man was present to his mental vision, is near his greatest admirers; meagre Schiller looking as if wasted with study, and the great towering Goethe, the universal man, standing placidly by the side of his Weimar friend, with Faust and William Tell looking on their ideal poet, "the author of Hamlet," as they call him in the fatherland. But here comes the musicians—Beethoven and the rest—which, because of the darkness and the threatening storm I cannot see, and so I have to retire in the clouds of the night, while the procession of sheeted and robed immortals remain to be admired by multitudes, to the end of time. On the four corners, above the dado, are four groups representing agriculture, engineering, and the like. Overhead is the sitting statue of the Prince Consort, Albert the Good, covered by an

arch supported by clustered columns, surmounted by an open-work spire, terminating in a golden cross, the sides covered with graceful mosaics, glittering like the jeweled crown of a king, and all this is the "Albert Memorial," or rather its bare bones; its spirit is in the hearts of the people who say—

> "We know him now: all narrow jealousies
> Are silent, and we see him as he moved,
> How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise;
> With what sublime repression of himself,
> And in what limits and how tenderly;
> Not swaying to this faction or to that;
> Not making his high place the lawless perch
> Of wing'd ambitions, nor a'vantage ground
> For pleasure; but thro' all this tract of years
> Wearing the white flower of a blameless life
> Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
> In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,
> And blackens every blot."

A delightful ride home on the top of an omnibus through streets that never lose their interest, and my day's sight-seeing is done. Farewell.

London, July 29, 1887.

Prince Edward—"I do not like the tower of any place. Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?"

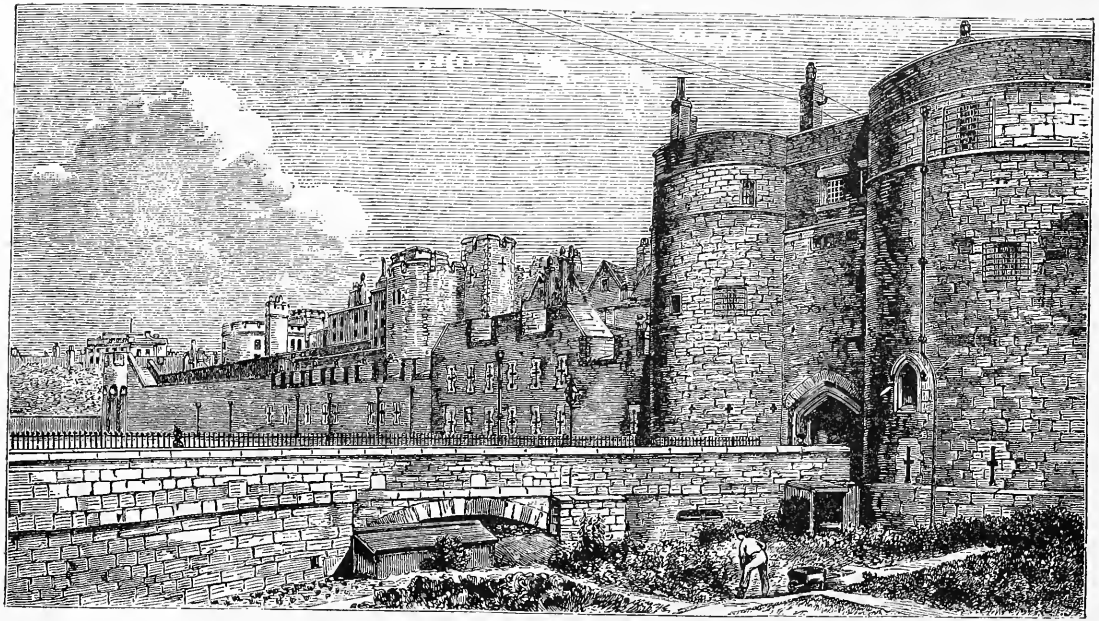
Gloster—"He did my gracious lord begin that place, which since succeeding ages have re-edified."

Prince—"Is it upon record? or else reported successively from age to age he built it?"

Buckingham—"Upon record, my gracious lord."—*Richard III, Scene* 1.

Oh! this London—like Mrs. Corney's room, "it's too much for one." I stand this moment in front of the Regalia of England, in London's famous tower. What tongue can tell the wonderful history of even the jewels, sceptres, crowns, diadems, maces, baptismal fonts and orbs in this renowned collection. I look at them amazed by their richness and splendor. The crown of the good Victoria, completely covered with diamonds, except the sapphire and ruby, the largest in the world; the ruby with the additional distinction of having been worn by the Black Prince in battle. This particular

crown was made expressly for Victoria at an expense of six hundred thousand dollars. Close to it the unjeweled crown of the Prince of Wales, and the diamond-studded diadem worn by the Prince Consort. The jeweled sceptres of the king and queen—who can calculate the worth of these graceful symbols of power, with the massive golden salt-cellars, studded with precious stones, used only during coronations; and the ampula and anointing spoon for the consecration of kings? The Kohinoor, "that mountain of light." * * * Was arrested here by a cautious but firm hand being placed on my shoulder; in looking around saw that it was the hand of my friend Harrow; if he had been a visitor from the sky he could not have been more welcome. "Where in the world did you come from?" "Directly from Philadelphia," was the reply; "feel as if I had been shot here; eight days ago, to the minute, I left home, and here I am." He certainly looked as if he had been "shot" out of something, he was so crumpled—*setose*, instead of the usual point device of his accoutrements, "everything about him demonstrated a careless desolation;" neglected beard, lean cheek, sunken eye, all the ear marks of a tempestuous trip proclaimed the seasick man. "How long have you been here?" "Just landed a few hours since in Liverpool and came directly to the tower; I always do, you know?" "Do what?" "Pay my respects to royalty before engaging my room—always make my first call on the jewels." I had forgotten his eccentricity. He pressed his hand against his forehead, in the way you know so well, as he said this, and looked at the treasures in the plate glass case as regretfully as if they had been his own, in a pawnbroker's window, and had lost the ticket. "I wish I had them out," he soliloquised, as he glanced at me with that amphibious, grass-and-water smile, that's so much a part of his nature, and then became so absorbed in the contemplation of the glittering trinkets, that although I was wild to hear from home, I was unable to get a word. After a few vain attempts to draw his attention from the jewels, decided to wait until I had gotten him away. "Are you making a collection of cast-off crowns and sceptres?" I asked him. "No—not exactly;" well, then, stop a moment and tell me how all are at home? "All are well; at least there was no crape on the door when I passed, so I didn't call!"



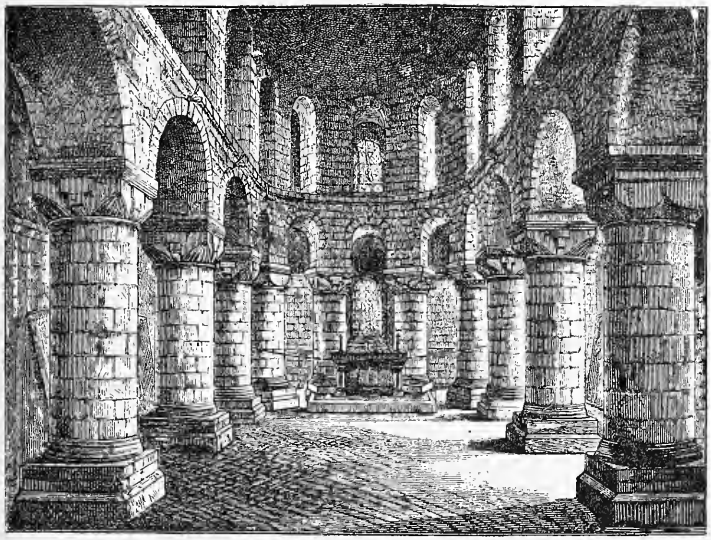
LEGGE'S MOUNT. DEVEREUX TOWER. BEAUCHAMP TOWER. YEOMAN GOALER'S HOUSE. SITE OF DRAWBRIDGE. GATEWAY OF BYWARD TOWER.

when he again relapsed into the embrace of the infatuation that has made him undergo a sea voyage, that he abominates, annually, for many years, merely to indulge his idolatry for these renowned gems—in their presence. It exceeded the bounds of being amusing; it was pitiable to see the intense interest with which he examined them; interest lighted up occasionally by expressions of special delight, as scintillations of particular brilliancy shot across the dark ground on which the jewels were placed. He seemed to be entirely unconscious, too, of the fluent description of the attendant who recounts the history of the collection to the revolving visitors, (the case in which the regalia is contained, is in the centre of the apartment—the spectators walk slowly around,) for in the midst of an eloquent passage, pressing his hand against his forehead as if pressing thoughts out of it, as you squeeze water out of a sponge, he says—"Let us go now; I left my luggage in care of a man at the gate; he'll be tired waiting." "Not if you pay him by the hour," I said. The remark brought him to his senses—we made an engagement to meet again in the evening, then he passed down the arched way through the traitor's gate, "wide enough to admit twenty traitors abreast," said Artemas Ward, and I entered the white tower alone.

The erection of this particular tower was begun by order of William the Conqueror before he entered London, on the site of an ancient Roman foundation, which will account for your being able to find in the architecture of this famous keep traces not only of the west Saxon kings, but of even Julius Cæsar himself. The White Tower is now used as a stronghold for the preservation of the armor and weapons of the illustrious warriors of other days; not only those of the year of our Lord, but also of an earlier date, for I find in a case a suit of Greek armor of bronze, found in a cave at Cumæ, dating a few centuries before Christ. It is covered with *verd antique*, looking very much the worse for its 2000 years; was not aware before that the ancients possessed such elaborate and effective protection in battle as would be afforded by this. This whole apartment is filled with heroes and horses, in effigy, in full *cap-a-pie*, and the walls are festooned with arms and shields. Here is the helmet and cuirass worn by Henry IV, of France, in many a bloody field; also numerous specimens of German

"white and black"—as well as the richly engraved armor of the sixteenth century. The elaborate suit for man and horse that Henry VIII presented to Maximillian, Emperor of Germany, on the occasion of his (Henry's) marriage with Catharine of Aragon, reversing, as you see, a common marriage custom with us; and more horrible than all, the black notched block on which Lords Balmorino, Kilmarnock, and Lovatt suffered death on Tower Hill, together with the axe and executioner's mask. I present you with a bird's-eye view of this infamous piece of wood, together with the axe; will not attempt to copy the mask nor the executioner—of the drawings, but are they not horrible? A lady explaining their use to a nervous young girl, she becomes hysterical. "Oh, never mind dear; don't cry, this happened a great many years ago." Almost in contact with these comparatively innocent instruments of instantaneous death, are some of the ingenious inventions—*instruments of Belial*—taken from the Spaniards in 1588. Thumbscrews; stretchers, for pulling people apart; iron collars for the neck, with internal spikes to be tightened into the flesh; wheels, showing a woman in the act of being torn asunder, as was the mode then among the faithful. You can't believe, even when you have seen them, that such fiendish inventions could ever have been used, and that, too, by a people who proudly claimed that they were the only genuine exponents of the true religion of Christ. A showman might add, all others being base imitations. Here also is a not very life-like effigy of the weak looking, but red haired and great queen, Elizabeth, on a white palfrey, as she appeared on the way to St. Paul's, to give thanks for the destruction of the Armada, in which the Spaniards had hoped to enter England as conquerors in 1588, and set up the inquisition for the extermination of heresy, as had been done in Holland and other lands. Fortunately the winds fought against them and they were destroyed—the few souvenirs mentioned above in this particular case being more expressive of their wish than their power. As a significant illustration of the warlike spirit of the time, I note the cannons, each about three feet long, made for the instruction of Charles II when a child! The Duke of Wellington's uniform is also shown; and the very cloak in which General Wolfe was laid when wounded, and on which he

died in the very moment of victory, near Quebec, September 12, 1759. Much else of great interest here, besides swords, blunderbusses, guns, and trumpets—to modify Hudibras, when I bid farewell to the martial collection until you and I make the circuit of its tortuous retreats together. How soon? Time will tell.



ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL IN THE TOWER, THE LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE EXAMPLE OF A CASTLE CHAPEL OF THE NORMAN PERIOD.

* * * * * * * * *

In the open air again, my only covering, except what I have on, the blue canopy of heaven. As I sit on a bench in the inner court and rest, it is strange to reflect that this same life-giving sun shone then as now, and that the same familiar stars kept vigil over the glorious achievements, as well as the horrible crimes illustrated by the terrific contents of that pallid but historic tower. The Tower of London, therefore, as you understand by this, is not one building, but consists of many. We have already been in two of them; there are many others: The Bloody Tower, where Richard III murdered his nephews,

the "little princes," painted by Millais; Bowyer's Tower, where the Duke of Clarence—Shakespeare's Duke of the Dream—was drowned in a butt of malmsey; St. Peter's Tower, crowded with interest; Brick Tower, where Lady Jane Grey was imprisoned, and others. So that you see this mass of buildings was not only a residence for the monarchs down to the time of Elizabeth, but it was also a prison for State criminals, as well. The histories of Lady Jane Grey, Catharine Howard, Anne Boleyn, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord William Russell, Sir Thomas More, the Protector Somerset, William Wallace, King John, of France, and many others, do they not live in memory, and fill up a never-to-be-forgotten period in the reading reminiscences of the majority of English-speaking men? It is with some feelings, therefore, of dreadful familiarity that you ascend the stone steps of the Beauchamp Tower leading to the octagon room, the former special abiding place of prisoners of state while awaiting their trial, which in many cases never came off until the unhappy culprits, wasted by mental suffering and dread, found a joyous release in death. I am sitting now in the veritable room; can see all around, in the solid stone walls, carvings made by the great of other days, who found this contracted octagon and these narrow cells—sepulchral apartments in the apparently solid rock—the melancholy vestibule to another and a better world. Worse it could not be. I can't remember ever having anything so affect me as these carvings in the solid stone—cut, painfully and tediously, with inefficient implements, perhaps nails, whatever they could find—centuries since, by men just like ourselves, appealing to us from the long ago, and mostly in a language similar to our own. These sculptures are made with an elaborateness and particularity sadly suggesting the length of their authors' confinement, and the pains they took to pass the time in making these pathetic appeals to posterity. Some of the devices and inscriptions left unfinished, as if the sculptors were suddenly called away to pay the penalty on the block of whatever their crime was supposed to be, or perhaps to be released, who knows?

I shall copy one for your benefit. Some of them are symbolically ornamented. This one is, you see, beautifully sculptured, but plain.

TOWER OF LONDON—INSCRIPTION MADE ON WALL OF CELL BY PRISONER.

Of this prisoner absolutely nothing is known, like many others, whose inscription here is the only record of their ever having lived. Even the indentations between each word, in the above inscription, as also in the centre of the ⊙'s and in the semicircular parts of the ℝ's, ℙ's and 𝔹's tell their melancholy story of "tyme with leaden wing," or less sadly, perhaps, of the artistic sense or conscience that could say, with the gallant and accomplished Lovelace, that glorious combination of hero, lover, poet, patriot, and Christian—himself a state prisoner in the Gatehouse, Westminster, when he said:

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage,
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.

If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty."

The other visitors—came near saying prisoners—are gone. I remain, the absent-minded victim of gloomy fancies, when the giant sentinel, in blue and red, beckons me "come, come, and see the cells of the condemned!" He led me through a narrow and dark passage—when at its end, enveloped in the blackness of night—"step in quick," he said. I hesitatingly —not knowing where I was—obeyed. "Now you are in the very cell successively occupied by Anne Boleyn, Catharine Howard, and the Lady Jane Grey before they were beheaded." Oh! how horribly cold and damp it is. "It is just as it was then, except that this narrow opening for air was covered with an iron door." Misery! like Sterne's Starling I wanted to get out. Shudderingly I made my exit. As we passed through the narrow and damp entrance, my guide said: "Look! here is the little slit through which they were allowed to see the light of day and the place of the block at the same time." What a refinement of cruelty I thought, as guarding one eye I peeped through. The only way by which the poor wretches could see outside of their living charnel house, showed them the place where the bloody axe would remove their heads. I looked again; was horrified by the sight and the dismal memories of the spectre-haunted place. Hurrying out, I came sadly away feeling that I had been with the historic dead.

What a contrast between the ominous shadows and terrible realities of the Tower, and the sunshine and splendors of the "Annual Exhibition." From Hades to the Elysian fields—and I am in Burlington House, the permanent exhibition ground of the English Academy, now in its mid-summer bloom. Here is concentrated all that England has done in the domain of art during the past year—pictures and statuary, all recent. Simply sublime are the glorious triumphs that surround you. Every subject selected with the greatest tact; every canvas handled with the greatest precision and skill. I go from picture to picture with Harrow, *alias* Smollet, at my heels, for he was waiting for me—"Thought I had been beheaded," he said, "in the Tower, but was glad to see, that

like other criminals I had only waited long enough to carve my name." Told him that it was something of an honor to be among the "State criminals." If he was ever put in it would be for stealing—the crown jewels. A little bit of good-natured retaliation which he actually resented, as if guilty—at least in his own mind, of theft. After this he hardly opened his mouth, except very occasionally, when something suggested the regalia or their appendages, when he would say, "It's awfully nice." Frequently, when productions of unusual splendor excited my admiration, I had almost to shake him up, or whisper "crown jewels," which was like saying "rats" to a terrier, when he would wake up and repeat as if it had just occurred to him—"it's awfully nice"—didn't know whether he meant the mineral or pictorial gems. This, until we stood—well-pleased to linger, listening—before Mr. Leighton's lovely "Romola Reading to Her Father." How can I tell you of the profound harmony of these two—the venerable father wrapped in the gentle words falling from the lips of his devoted daughter; the familiar interior, the books in vellum bindings, elegantly carved table, and art specimens—mere shards some of them—so dear to the heart of the scholar and antiquary—all are here; while Tito, in chiaroscuro, is seen in the back ground, entering. A peaceful, lamb-like scene with the shadowy graceful wolf at the door. A picture that for beauty of conception and fineness of technique charms me more than anything I have seen to-day. How different this, from a picture across the way by Stanhope Forbes, entitled "Their Ever Shifting Home." What a heart full of pathos is here. Scene—the street of a country village, down which is coming a company of perpetual itinerants—a family of gypsies, tinkers, or the like—with their covered wagon, the home of their children, their only shelter from sunshine and storm; not much of the former. A sad looking woman, with a sleeping boy in her arms, occupies the foreground. She has a look of ineffable tenderness in her swarthy, melancholy features, sweet beyond words. I can't help but feel, as I look into this wonderful face, that such a woman may have been the mother of Edmund Kean. His origin was something like this, for it is said that the streak of insanity, which accounted at the same time for his genius and bane, was due to recollections of just such

vicissitudes in his childhood, as would be common to such a life as this, so that I almost instinctively baptized this lovely picture "The Childhood of Edmund Kean," afterwards the man, whose acting, as Charles Lamb said, was "like teaching Shakespeare by flashes of lightning" (can the woman be Nance Carey?) May he not have been called Edmund, because of his genesis being similar to the character of that name in "Lear," and not because such was the name of the stage carpenter "when the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled," as Shakespeare, as indicated;* but if Mr. Forbes' enchanting genre is strong in sentiment and pathos, here is a great canvas on the opposite side of the room, powerful in another way—"physical force and *verve*," says my somnolent companion. What is verve? "Verve—verve—d—n it! it's that," says Smollet, snapping his fingers. I give this as a horrible and Vathek-like example to be avoided; not only of the man who swears, but also of the man who plagiarizes Tommy Moore's jokes, and tells them as his own. However, physical force and *verve* expresses, well, some of the characteristics of this picture of Solomon Solomon's, entitled "Samson Being Bound."

I would like to tell you of this masterpiece of anatomy and action, with the treacherous Delilah with snakey hair taunting him—laughing at his calamity—holding up in her hands his shorn locks. Full of vigor and strong animal life is the whole classic conception, suggesting Michael Angelo and his school. Here is another of those expressive interiors with figures, with an undertone all its own, of which I have seen so many since coming into England. I am glad to see the common occurrences of the everyday life of the people brought into art, as it is by many noble painters here, for surely these delineations can as justly be called historical as the pictures that perpetuate the glorious achievements as well as the crimes of a land. Green's History of the English People is just as much history—perhaps more so—than Gibbons' Rome. This picture is entitled "A London Soup House," a work full of sentiment, calm repose and restraint also; showing that, great as it is, the author, if needed, could have done much better.

*See "King Lear." Also Malloy Fitzgerald's "Life and Adventures of Edmund Kean."

God's poor, that we have always with us, are assembled within. An old lady, whose gentle, melancholy face tells only of misfortune, a number of street Arabs, subdued by hunger, and a few men, are quietly partaking of the plain bounties of this house of mercy, in which every face tells its history in its own graphic way, of its loss of independence, and willingness to become the recipient of the rich man's store. "Awfully nice! awfully nice!" soliloquizes Smollet. "They take care of the living jewels here as well as the dead—the old lady's a kohinoor." Still harping on the jewels, I must tell you also of Wasse's "Lancashire Lassies at Work in a Coal Pit," for two reasons. First, because of its being an illustration of a phase of life unknown to you, and, second, because of its artistic worth. Strange indeed would it appear in America to see a troup of Amazons, their skirts rolled to their waists, exhibiting the coarse trousers of men, kerchief-headed, smiling, ruddy faces, with the muscle and physical development of athletes, no superabundant flesh—pushing coal cars, turning wheels, doing the manual work of strong laborers—and doing it better, too; jeering and joking with men who seem to be their masters, yet without vulgarity—without an appeal to your pity—without anything about them calling or asking for reformation or change; no evidences of degradation, weakness, or vice; the woman not the slave but the master of the man, because of her workman-like ways and evident joy in work; seeming to be as happy while pushing wheelbarrows as nymphs playing in water. I have seen in the West Indies women—miserably degraded creatures—doing the horse-work of slaves, and supposed that it was the work that produced the degradation, but am convinced now that I was wrong, and must seek for the debasement in some other cause. These women are not degraded, but noble creatures of their class, needing neither pity nor help; and yet when I leave them I know that I will feel that it should not be necessary for women to work in this way. Nevertheless I have been taught by the picture this lesson, that there is no debasement in work, and that if you cannot be a true woman and work in a coal-pit, it is not the coal-pit's fault. A powerful vividly-painted picture, that I would like to tell you more about it, but am so jostled that, like Little Joe, I must move on.

This is the height of the London season, Smollet says, the house is consequently filled with a studious and elegant throng —what splendid faces; a heaven in each—who in a few more days, perhaps, will be scattered to the four winds. As all London goes out of town about the middle of August, they go everywhere, but mostly with *me*, on the Continent; but, what an Englishman goes out of his own country to see I can't understand, "except to remedy a certain insular narrowness, traces of which are to be found in some untravelled Englishmen. I know not why they should leave home," says the author of "Shakespeare's England,"—I can fully agree with him. But here I am, stranded again by the waves of humanity, on the graphic coast of Croft's "Napoleon at Moscow," a picture, I predict, that like many others here, will become famous. As an illustration of things military, this is superb. Some swords particularly attracting the attention of Smollet, suggesting, as he says, the "Swords of Justice and Mercy" among the regalia in the Tower. Poor Harrow—he seems to be as completely saturated with these gems as Cleopatra was, when she had hers pounded into a potion and swallowed. But I am weary; let us go to Goodall's Jesus, for I feel like worshiping in front of that wonderful figure, that has been shedding its benign influence over the room since we came in. Is it not admirable? "Yes; it's awfully nice," and we let ourselves drop into two chairs in front. "Misery and Mercy" is the suggestive title of the great canvas, which is perhaps one of the greatest pictures in the collection; certainly the most impressive. It consists of Christ and the accused woman; her accusers have left; she remains on the ground near the feet of the standing Lord—a rather factitious but certainly beautiful penitent, incapable of deep repentance, you would say—but the noble-looking Jesus, calm, thoughtfully sad; a face radiant with tenderness and love; the countenance marked with a glorious individuality and interest, as he asks—"Where are thy accusers?" * * * "Doth no man accuse thee, neither do I accuse thee, go and sin no more." She does not seem willing to go, as if she too, like every one in the presence of the masterpiece was riveted to the spot. A dear old lady yonder in the corner reading the Bible, has just stopped for a moment to look over, whether at

me, or her Master I know not. I wonder if she would think it rude if I spoke to her?—I am afraid, can only whisper a reverent adieu as I pass out. Farewell, mother, I am going to see some people in the other room; will return soon to renew my youth by a sight of your dear old face, so like the mother that is mine. "Women of Amphisse;" of course this is Alma Tadema. Is it not Vathek? No reply. I look at him; see that his heart is where his treasures are—in the Tower—perhaps comparing Tadema's onyxes with the crown gems, "*Shön*," "*Shön.*" "*Bon*," "*grandissime*, beautiful," I hear all around, for there are people here evidently from all parts of the earth, and Tadema never fails to elicit applause. There is the unmistakable touch of a master about all that he does. He is perhaps my favorite artist among moderns—this and all else you must see, and more, for describe it I cannot. You know that if Alma Tadema was not the greatest artist of England, he would be her greatest archæologist. Every detail, therefore, of his miraculous pictures are exact reproductions of something that was. Buttons, buckles, mosaics, vases, wall decorations, hangings, clothing, the very texture of the fabric—nothing is neglected; nothing lacking in these wonderful transcriptions of the manners and costumes of the antique world. Principally Egyptian, Roman and Greek are his subjects; to look at one of them is better than reading a volume of history. Tadema you read with delight, whereas Thucydides or Tacitus will likely produce weariness and fatigue; for, with all their vividness, they contain not the living people; there are no such complexions, drapery, grace, nor repose there. You do not find in them the glamor of re-created Egypt, Greece, or Rome, that envelopes these great pictures; inimitable in all their enchanting details, and absolutely correct in every architectural, atmospheric, and decorative particular—they are above description and criticism—you can only wonder and admire.

But—hello! there's Birnam; in a new suit, too. I hardly knew the cause of the slight change in his appearance. Oh, you rogue! But I am glad to meet you in such good company; and Ralph, too, barefooted, by the roaring sea, a bucket and shovel in his hands, but neither Mamma nor Irma about, and my bliss is incomplete. Oh, you happy,

smiling delvers in the sands of the present! How can I best prepare you for the digging that *shall* be, so that you may bring up pearls instead of broken shells; that your sands may be golden; that the strand of your future, my dear babies, may be strewn with coral; that the rippling and howling waves of temptation may leave no gaps—no indelible scars; that when your treasures are gathered, your work finished—when, weary of the struggle, you long to rest, and have earned the plaudit, "well done," may you, my dear ones, be wafted peacefully across the silent river into the golden splendors beyond—into the rest that remaineth for the people of God. Oh, Smollet! what a touching "Grandfather at the tomb of Little Nell" is that, is it not? I look around, he is *non est*—lost; can't see him anywhere—perhaps gone for the jewels; "it's awfully nice," for grandfather and I are good company. Dear, weak old man, but for thy strong love no longer is there need for thy pious frauds, thy tender ways, O thou of the snowy locks; for she who was thy all in all is beyond all human need. I describe the circuit of the collection again, this time alone, so as to make more permanent, if possible, the impressions already formed. Continuing, I am soon down the steps, out in Trafalgar Square, at the base of the monument, with its four leonine sentinels, at present admirably illustrating the English character as it is now. The colossal lions at the base, designed by Landseer, quietly guarding, as it were, the honor of the hero aloft, Nelson, a type of England. Dignified, powerful, calm; their strong haunches, broad backs, shaggy manes and massive heads, covered with playing children—dozens of them, mounted on the recumbent but alert sentinels; and they, the guardians of their security, disturbed not, neither by their gambols nor petty broils—simply vigilant, tolerant, reticent, that is all. I am sufficiently unacquainted with the streets to get delightfully lost now and then; and when I do, what glimpses of pretty shops, sometimes even in the narrowest lanes; what book stores and books, so exquisitely printed and bound, and at what attractive prices; paying not as much for good work as for poor at home. Some of my most pleasant experiences have been in consequence of my having been lost. Open air manners are so perfect in England, and I have come across such pleasantly unexpected sights that I would rather be

TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

lost in London than at home in many cities that I wot of, for the people are just what you would imagine the people to be who have produced such characters as Milton, Macauley, Ruskin, Eliot, Taylor, Hooker, Darwin, Cooper, Wilberforce, Stanley, Hood, and Lamb; but why enumerate when you can say that everything greatest in life, even a great, free people, as properly republican as we, with just enough of the monarchical among them to give a happy stability to all, can be found here in one of its most perfect forms. There is hardly a human interest that is not treated with a calm enthusiasm and lucidity—no fuss and flare—that commends it to all; hardly an important question that has not its special exponents, conscientiously laboring for its elucidation and spread; hardly an abuse, except Land Leagueism, that is not either entirely abolished, or at least being attacked and undermined by an army of censors, whose revolution, when directed against evil, is satisfied with nothing short of complete overthrow. Except in the case of Vivisection, at least, *I* have never known English reformers to compromise with evil; but I see now that even this "failing" leaned to virtue's side, and that it was a desire to ameliorate the suffering of animals subject to vivisection, rather than a disposition to legalize and condone tyranny and wrong that made them decide as they did; but having seen their mistake —attempting to restrict where they thought they could not abolish—they are laboring strenuously now for the complete abolition of the dreadful practice—the blot upon the escutcheon of England, America, civilization—of dissecting animals alive—and which is spreading like a hideous moral leprosy in every civilized clime. England has taken the initiative in restricting this horrible practice. May she soon make the cup of her good deeds overflow by blotting out entirely the accursed blight from the land.

London, July 30, 1887.

"This city now doth, like a garment wear,
The beauty of the morning; silent, fair.
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky."

Wordsworth.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."—*Hamlet.*

"After driving through London one sees that the English are a great people, and that the Lord of the Universe has bestowed upon them power and might, sense, wisdom and enlightenment. Thus it is that they have conquered a country like India, and hold important possessions in America and elsewhere. In justice (we can but say that) the demeanor of the English and everything of theirs is extremely well regulated and governed, and admirable. In respect to populousness, the wealth of the people, the commerce, the arts, business, and *dolce far niente*, they are the chief of all nations.—*Journal of Nasr-ed-din.*

Shah of Persia, (written in 1873.)

On my way to the Abbey this morning, noticed in the Embankment Gardens a handsome bronze statue; approached and found that it was erected to the memory of "William Tyndale, first translator of the New Testament into English from the Greek; born, 1484; died a martyr at Vilvorde, in Belgium, 1536." "The last words of William Tyndale were 'Lord; open the King of England's eyes;' within a year afterwards a Bible was placed in every parish church by the King's command," and thus enlightenment made another forward step. I sit down in front of this expressive monument, enamored by the surrounding beauty and under certainly the most *serene sky* that I have ever beheld, to put upon record, for your amusement, some of the *little* things that may be noticed in passing, and for that very reason perhaps—they are so frequent—are not mentioned at all. It is such a delightful experience, to be brought into contact with a people that exceed your most exalted expectations, that I cannot refrain from talking about the following indications of it, even if they are but trite. In the first place, the English are the nicest people that I have ever known; neat, thrifty, respectful and intelligent, exceedingly kind and polite to strangers; are a combination of deference and intelligence,

unfortunately too rare in these days of great pretentions and little worth. Since I have come into England I have not heard an *impolite* nor impatient word, nor have I seen drunkenness nor any kind of vice except among the foreign population or their children—*not anglicised*—a circumstance which has enabled some one to estimate that about eight-tenths of the crime of London is due to her alien inhabitants. I am talking of the working people of England, the only people that personally I know anything about. Gentlemen and ladies, as has been said, "are about the same everywhere." It is the condition of the laboring multitude that indicates the moral and mental standing of a country. I have never seen such good acting and pure plays as on the London stage, and I have never seen such dressing, or rather the absence of it, as among the "ladies" in the boxes and front seats; the quantity of clothing around the shoulders is in inverse ratio to the stoutness of the subject, to talk anatomically—this unwise custom is even worse than with us; although I have noticed that the prettiest and handsomest women dressed modestly enough, nevertheless, the nakedness at public places that I alluded to, strange as it appears, it never seems to elicit disapprobation in any form.

Among the pleasant features of open-air life in English towns are the following: Streets are swept before business hours every morning in the year, except Sundays, and are so smooth and clean that bicycles, velocipedes, and tricycles are commonly used for running messages and carrying light goods. To see these threading their graceful way through crowds of rumbling omnibuses and carts is a sight to be enjoyed. As swift but not as straight as arrows they fly, when looking at them—they are gone. Again, street cars and omnibuses carry signs reading, "Room for 3"—or 4 or 2, as the case may be—the number of passengers to each vehicle being limited by law to the number of seats; a custom, to say the least of it, that prevents tired men from being embarrassed because too fatigued to give up their seats to ladies equally as tired as they. If there are but seats for three, three only are *allowed to enter*, etc. Again, news venders are not permitted to bawl "Horrible murder in the Fourth Ward!" or anything else, in public—because of which restriction it is a common practice for

newspapers to print on placards in large letters the titles of their leading articles. These are *pasted* on pavements and streets, or held down by small stones, a man or boy standing alongside with papers under his arm, and who silently supplies customers; or instead of a printed placard it is a fancy design drawn *on the street* with chalk, that tells the contents of papers to the passers by. Just imagine anything being *pasted* or *printed* on our dimpled thoroughfares. In country places the smallest houses, consisting perhaps of but three rooms, are solidly built of stone. A woodbine- or rose-covered porch at the door, containing one or two flower-pots; also, a seat for the wayfarer or a friend. Flowers in every window, garden in front, and fruit trees around. The floors scrubbed like kitchen tables. Snow-white curtains wherever a curtain can be hung, and almost invariably a shelf of standard books, including a well-thumbed Bible. This in the humblest home; besides a dog, a cat, and menagerie of babies to keep them from feeling alone. Just exactly as you find it in the anti-Land League towns and districts of Ireland—Colerain, Larn, Portrush, Armagh, Ballamore, etc. When you get better acquainted, you learn that certain districts are celebrated for certain kinds of flowers, and that the people compete with each other in raising these kinds. The universal love for flowers is seen also in London in the great number of small parks scattered everywhere, with their well-tended beds and profusion of blooms; in the frequency of window gardening, and in the great number of well-patronized flower girls—some of them seventy years old!—standing around hotels and business streets with button-hole bouquets for "a penny each." Everybody wears flowers in his button-hole, and these pleasant addenda to all public resorts (flower girls) are not an insignificant element of London life. In many parts the windows are converted into ferneries filled with the most delicate specimens not only of ferns, but every variety of plant, with fronds, in every shade of green, and, as showing the intelligent care with which they are attended—but seldom an imperfect leaf. An air-tight glass box, sometimes curved outward, is fitted to the lower half of the window—the window forming the inner side, and the sill, on which is spread the soil, the floor. In this receptacle, protected from dust and cold, plants grow as if in

their native wilds, and are attended from the inside; raise the window, and your fernery is in the house. I have seen not only the most perishable varieties of maiden hair grow in these miniature conservatories, but also Pitcher plants, Venus fly-traps, Orchids, and other horticultural curios equally difficult to raise. In one window I observed all the insectivorous (*insect-eating*) plants mentioned by Darwin in his little book on that subject, and a few others not specified besides. I also noticed in the towns I visited, especially London, at the entrance to the larger hotels and stores, small oblong basins, some of marble, beautifully carved, others of snow-white porcelain, handsomely designed, sometimes decorated with blue and gold bands, filled with pure water and marked in bright letters "For Dogs;" and from the number of canines that you see drinking from these pretty troughs, you may understand that even the dogs of England know how to read. I also observed everywhere an attempt to make it as pleasant as possible for birds, by all sorts of contrivances, some very handsome, and stuck up in every conceivable place, in order to make the feathered citizens feel at home. Again; I have noticed that the different family groups that travel carry not only a lot of the inevitable hat-boxes and *fasces* of umbrellas and canes, but a *series* of bath tubs, also—various sizes—from the smallest baby size up to the tub out of which might be poured the largest man. I think it was Sir Isaac Newton who cut a large hole through his door for the cat and a smaller one for the kitten—here you see the same desire to be accommodating, expressed in another way. Again; in going along the street it occurs to you—I want to communicate with a friend. Stop at the first letter-box, drop a penny in it, and immediately, like the spectres to the frantic Richard—yet real—a postal card emerges from the opening. Write your message on it, return it, and before you get home, unless you hurry, you find the same postal ahead of you, with the reply written under the question you asked a few hours ago. There are so many of these things that I must stop, or I will be under the shadow of Tyndale all day.

These are but trifles, to be sure, it may be said, hardly worthy to be named in such an august presence as that of the martyred reformer; but still, since there are "sermons in

stones," may there not be even volumes in these little things noticeable to any casual visitor making the run of England, causing you to feel that at least to some extent the "kingdom" has "come," and that Tyndale, the reformer, who willingly suffered death for the truth, is but the root, that for three hundred and fifty years has been efflorescing into these little acts of kindness, justice, and goodwill. * * * To my sorrow I find the Abbey closed; workmen have been here since the jubilee taking down the decorations, put there in honor of that event. It will not be opened until Sunday; what shall I do, remain, or leave for Antwerp to-morrow?—I shall wait. There is enough to engage attention until then, and years as well. * * * I write now in "The Aquarium," where I have retreated in order not to have my visit to this quarter of the city in vain. This is the shabbiest resort that I have seen in London, but nevertheless a place of enchantment and wonder too. Imagine a building, I would judge five hundred feet long and two hundred broad, covered with a lofty arch of glass, and you have the shell of the Aquarium. The sides of this immense structure are lined with great windows, which, in looking through, you discover are not windows but aquaria, hence the name. From the top, lighted by the sun by day, and by the electric light, let down into the water by night, and in and out here, among their native sands, rocks, and weeds, are the fishes of the rivers of the United Kingdom, as well as the inhabitants of the sea. Projecting from the wall above the aquaria is a wide roof extending around the building, under which are stalls for the sale of all sorts of curious wares; above these are "picture galleries," natural history collections and the like, including one of the most remarkable collections of the crustaceæ of the ocean that I have ever heard of, or seen. The central open space is filled with chairs facing a stage, wherein is given twice, daily, performances of various kinds—statuary, fountains, and flowers in abundance, with space enough for promenading, to do for the parading ground of a regiment of soldiers, and this is "The Aquarium," one of the many resorts for the "working people" of London. I write this sitting on a divan, overshadowed by the drooping fronds of an enormous tree fern, in the centre of the great auditorium at 12 o'clock, having decided to wait for

the afternoon performance. I have still three days left for the sights of London, and am already regretting, by anticipation, my departure—am beginning to feel very much at home. You can't help it, there is such a charm about it all. I think a good deal of the pleasantness of the people of London is due to the fact that over *one million* of them visit the National Gallery every year, to learn from, and admire the multitude of masterpieces that hang on the walls, and crowds the marble, porphyry, and onyx halls. Much if not all of the charm of the English people is due to this and the universality of good reading, and also the high mental status of the press; or, perhaps it would be getting nearer the root of the matter to say that it is all due to the moral and religious teaching of the Bible, and that the purity of these are the consequence of that. You never find, even among those that are called the "lower orders"—an epithet in England implying no moral disparagement—men and women, that are not alive to the heroism of noble acts, and susceptible to the charms of purified lives; and then the beautiful blue sky, with light feathery clouds that have been canopying this great city of palaces and happy homes ever since I came into it. The flowery parks, with a beauty exceeding perfection—that are everywhere—around every corner are blooming playgrounds for children, and comfortable seats for weary labor or age—the theatre are schools for the inculcation of manliness, the heroisms and refinements of life, the most subordinate characters receive the careful study of cultivated men, and the productions of the dramatists are, as a matter of course, presented with an opulence of correct costumes and surroundings perhaps unequaled;—but I must bridle my stylograph, when I think that it is because England has sat for centuries at the feet of her lettered Gamaliels, that she has become the enlightener of the world; the goal for every pilgrim who worships at the shrine of moral, mental, or religious worth, and that *we* and *they* are one; for have *we* not also been ennobled by Shakespeare—by Milton transformed? Have we not laughed and wept with Dickens and Hood, Thackeray and Lamb? Have we not been made penitent by the pleadings of Jeremy Taylor and Bishop Hooker, Stanley, Milman, and Trench? Have we not been influenced and penetrated

by the teachings of Ruskin and Browning, Tennyson and Carlyle? Where is the American lady that has not been helped to her position by the words of Mrs. Browning, George Eliot, Hannah More, Harriet Martineau, Mrs. Hemans, The Brontes, The Austens, Sommervilles, and Francis Power Cobb? What ever has English bard sung or seer spoken, or prophet taught or reformer proclaimed aloud in the streets, that has not found an attentive ear with us; and is it not because of this mental kinship, this consamility of taste and thought, that with Miranda, we too can say of our dear people and land—

> "O wonder!
> How many goodly creatures are there here,
> How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world
> That has such people in it."

We are truly formed by the same hands, controlled by the same principles of right and wrong. And deny it as we may, with but slight modifications, we *are one*. An American need never feel, therefore, while in England, that he is in a foreign land.

It is six o'clock, and the performance, which was in keeping with the place, is over. At its conclusion we were invited to "Professor Beckwith's Aquatic Entertainment"—passed through turnstiles into a large quadrangular hall, an aquarium in the centre, twenty feet wide, eighty long—the water eight feet deep—around this, chairs. On the stage, at one end, a young lady at the piano; in a few moments, a gentleman—the "Professor"—appeared and said, after the usual preliminaries: "I now have the opportunity of introducing one of my pupils, Miss ——." The young lady of about eighteen years, in a bathing suit, bowed, threw a double somersault into the water, and with the instrument playing the Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon, swam around the tank, making graceful evolutions as she rapidly moved along. Then another candidate appeared, dressed in a different color; was introduced, made a few revolutions in the air, ending in a plunge to the bottom of the water, where she remained so long that we supposed her drowned, yet she came smiling to the surface and swam around the tank on her back. Another came from the clouds, fell on her back, made the circuit of the pool, feet foremost, like a

revenue cutter, using her hands as propellers. Another, standing erect in the water, employing her feet only as if walking. Another swam the entire distance, eighty feet, under the clear water, looking like a nymph in her native element; ascending to the surface, received two pieces of cake, swam out into the centre with the cake in one hand in the air; disappeared under the water, all but the cake which she held aloft; the other hand came up, took one piece under, when she ate it without appearing; when swallowed, the hand came up again, vanished with the remaining piece; it also was eaten, when she reappeared amid the shouts of the astonished spectators—everything done deliberately as if in no especial hurry to get up. After this, a little creature, the professor's daughter, perhaps seven years old, appeared dressed as a man-of-wars-man; she made a spring, was under the wave, in a few moments was floating on the surface, where undressing, the next moment she appeared disporting in the water like some gorgeously colored West India fish. After regaining the stage, with sailor clothing under her arm, she was followed by the first young lady, lying on her back in the middle of the tank, motionless, except that her limbs gradually assumed all the positions of a stately dancer. After this the child again—her father tied her feet with strong bands; holding out her arms, they were also pinioned, and tied so tightly that she could do nothing but laugh. He began: "You see, gentlemen and ladies, the water is much beyond my little daughter's depth; she is not much more than three feet, while the depth of the water is eight, yet she will jump in and circumnavigate the tank without removing the bands." In an instant she was in the air—splash! She disappeared—we held our breath—she reappears, the audience giving an audible sigh of relief; and the piano playing a waltz, she began singing an accompaniment while slowly gyrating around the basin—now on her back, now on face, now on side—her sweet baby voice chiming most mermaid-like, a vocal second, that when she concluded drove the auditors into a tempest of applause, when she was taken from the water, her hands and arms still tied. After this, five swimmers floated out into the middle of the great vessel, and lying motionless on the surface with clasped hands, first appeared as a classic Greek frieze, then by a few strokes

disbanded, to appear as a Maltese cross—their united feet being the centre—then a Roman cross, then a revolving wheel, then one of them lying perfectly still with outstretched arms, looking like a crucifix carved in ivory—another of the performers swam up, and clasping the feet of the floating figure, moved slowly away like an angel floating to heaven with the crucified Lord, while on each side, at the feet of the cross, appeared the lovely upturned faces of sentinel cherubs, with clasped hands as if in prayer, and at the head of the crucifix the baby seraph with hands also expressing adoration; when the whole impressive spectacle moved slowly along the entire length of the water, while the audience, awed into silence by the solemnity of what was passing before their eyes, remained still as death for some moments after the conclusion, their feelings too deep for applause—but the applause did come, and during its continuance I left the room, not wishing, yet fearing that the impression might be removed. As ever yours.

London, Sunday, July 31, 1887.

"Fichte calls the Man of Letters therefore, a prophet, or as he prefers to phrase it, a Priest, continually unfolding the God-like to men."

—*Heroes and Hero-worship.*

Carlyle.

"The fair Matilda dear he loved,
A maid of beauty rare;
Ev'n Margaret on the Scottish throne
Was never half so fair.

"Lang had he wooed, lang she received,
With seeming scorn and pride;
Yet after her eyes confessed the love
Her fearful words denied."

—Ballad of "*Sir James the Rose.*"

Michael Bruce.

On my way to service at the Abbey, I walked down Parliament street, past Whitehall Palace, where "the great widower" first met Anne Boleyn, and where he died; where Hans Holbein dwelt, and from whence Elizabeth was removed to prison, and Charles I to execution; the same house which was occupied by Milton and Cromwell, in the days of

the Commonwealth, where the latter died, and where Charles II afterwards held court. Further on is the House of Parliament, a building that does not *seem* as great as it is, simply because of the surrounding greatness; the Thames; the fronting squres, with their monuments to departed worth, and the Abbey. How long it takes you to become accustomed to greatness, and how liable you are to be deceived, you understand, when you learn that this enormous Tudor-Gothic pile—the House of Parliament—covers eight acres of ground, that it has eleven immense courts, and eleven hundred rooms; that the towers range from three hundred and forty to four hundred feet in height, about seventy-five feet square; that the clock-tower, with an altitude of three hundred and fifteen feet, has a time-piece with a face twenty-three feet in diameter, and yet from where I stand, at the base of the Beaconsfield Monument, it looks like an ordinary clock in a town hall; one of its bells, "Big Ben," weighing fifteen tons, is the confidant in the matter of time of all London, and has never betrayed his trust. The Disraeli statue, under whose shadow I write, is a very life-like representation of the author of "Vivian Grey," presumably after the "Vienna Arbitration;" in knee breeches and graceful robes, he looks as if he was saying: "Lord Salisbury and myself have brought you back peace, but a peace I hope with honor." The inscription also says: "In memory of England's deeply regretted, loved and honored Premier." Flowers are kept fresh around the base. Another fine monument in the open air here is that to the Earl of Derby, remarkable because of the great beauty of the panels, in perspective of the pedestal, representing him addressing the Cabinet Council, House of Commons, and making his inaugural speech as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, in 1853. * * * I find the two churches of Westminster, viz.: The Abbey and St. Margaret's, next door, so packed with people that it is impossible for me to get in, and am obliged therefore to seek pastures new. I look up again at the pictorial monument of Derby and see a chirping sparrow peacefully sitting on the thumb of his outstretched hand, and feel like becoming sentimental, and say: "Pipe on thy joyous chirrup, thou merry scavanger of London streets, for thy seat is now as honorable as the throne of a king." *Jacobus Secundus Dei Gratiæ Angleæ Scotiæ Fran-*

cice et Hibernicæ Rex fidei defensor Anno, MDCLXXXVI, is what I read on the pedestal of a graceful bronze in Whitehall Garden, rear of Chapel Royal, once the great palladian banqueting hall, designed by Inigo Jones and painted by Rubens. It was in this chapel that the talking across pews continued so incessantly during divine service, that Bishop Burnet had to talk to Queen Anne Boleyn, one of the worshipers, about it, who ordered the pews to be built so high—the origin of the box pews—that communication was impossible, thus giving occasion to the following:

> "And now Britain's nymphs in a Protestant reign
> Are boxed up at prayers like the virgins of Spain."

It seems, though, that the remedy did not cure the disease, for Addison afterwards found it necessary to write a paper or two on the "Tattling in Chapel Royal;" and her majesty, Queen Caroline, who was a worshiper here, said once to her chaplain, Mr. Whiston, "What fault do the people find with me?" "That your majesty converses during divine service." "Bad enough; what else?" "When your majesty corrects that I will tell you the rest?" he replies. Chapel Royal is still employed as a place of worship; but whether the devout still use their linguistic prerogatives as of yore, or are silent, I know not, as the following dialogue, written in presence of King James, prevented me from penetrating its tattling precincts, and bent my inclination another way. "What sayest thou," asks my inclination, "to a trip up the Thames, starting from Westminster Bridge, and going as far as Chelsea?" "It's the Sabbath," says my conscience. "Yes, but the day is clear, the trip is past palaces of delight and by pleasant places; besides, it is thy last day in London, perhaps forever," says inclination. Conscience feebly replies, "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord, in which thou shalt not do any;" but, says persistent inclination, "Thomas Carlyle, the champion of morality, the delineator of heroes, the creator of Sartor Resartus, the friend of Goethe, the discoverer of German literature and thought, the biographer of Schiller, the magician who, with the mere flourish of his omnipotent wand, swept the dust of disgrace from the memory of glorious Cromwell, and created

the literature of purity and moral force; he once had his throne, and flourished his sceptre, and issued his commands there, which throughout the earth, stimulated men to noble deeds." "He was unquestionably great," replied my yielding conscience, but methinks there was one, Anthony Froude, who scattered broadcast certain revelations reflecting on the character, at least the reputation, of our hero. What say you of him?" "That he, too, was a lover of truth. A pathologist that found it easier to exhibit the excretæ of a sick man than to show the intricate and multifarious workings of his heart and brain." "We are one," replies conscience. "I, too, was blinded and prejudiced by the crotchets and jerks of Froude's biographical wail, even to the extent of unframing my hero and reducing him to flames; but I am now convinced that pathology, not impatience; a contracted stomach, not a contracted heart, irritable nerves, not mind; a diminution of physical force, not a decrease of sympathy and love; that suffering, and not a lack of kindness for his fellow men, were the cause of the inconsistencies that for a time somewhat blurred his reputation; but the sun of a better understanding has dispersed the clouds of reproach. The "Life," the publication of which was a sacred trust, no longer stands as a flaming sword at the entrance to the Carlylian garden. If you are willing I will accompany you to the place of the hero's exploits, and we can talk of him by the way." And so, having jumped into a steamer at the foot of Westminster Bridge, you can imagine me making our pilgrimage to "Cheyne Row, Chelsea." We pass the house of Parliament on the right; on the left, the Lambeth Palace, the residence of the archbishop; still further on Doulton & Co.'s famous potteries; on the other side, Millbank Prison, low, plain, and having its angles terminating in circular towers; then a wilderness of coal and lumber yards; then Pimlico, Battersea Park, Albert's Palace, when the embankment again becomes stone; then Chelsea, when my conscience giving a spring of approving delight, and we are ashore. I accost a venerable-looking pensioner dreaming on the embankment. "Will you please show me the way to Cheyne Row?" "Great Cheyne Row?" "Yes." He becomes wide awake, "That I will, sir; you mean where Thomas Carlyle lived, of course?" "Yes." "Indeed, I'll show you, sir, and gladly.

Right across, sir; you'll know the street when you come to it, sir; it has his profile cut in a piece of white marble let into the wall, and its his *sic* image, sir; for many a time I have seen him walking up and down these streets; but wait, sir; just go through the embankment garden there, and you'll see him sitting on an old chair, with a pile of books under it, and that's just him as he lived, sir. I knew him well, and that's just him as he lived."

We thanked the old gentleman, and as we came away could hear him garrulously reciting his often-repeated encomiums until we stood in front of the subject of them, representing him as he lived, breathed, and had his being. It's the sitting statue, a copy of which was at the Centennial. You may remember it in terra cotta, in the Main Building. The same ill-fitting clothes, granite features, and shaggy hair; a confused clutter of books scattered around and under his chair, as if the book-hating demons, using him for a peg, had been playing quoits with them; really books of reference, that when he had gotten the item he sought, in the heat of composition he threw to one side. For surely they could not have been *real* books that a book-maker could handle in such a barbarous way, like discarded garments—cast aside. The inscription reads, "Thomas Carlyle, B. Dec. 4th, 1795, at Ecclefechen, Dumfriesshire; D. Feb. 5th, 1881, at Great Cheyne Row, Chelsea." I think it can be observed at once that the portrait is that of an invalid; the same can be said of the profile let into the wall on the corner of the row, placed there by the Carlyle Society —a bust in high relief, with the following underneath: "Thomas Carlyle lived at 24 Cheyne Row, 1834–1881." We are now in front of the fine old house that, as Harriet Martineau said, "almost every day in every year for half a century he threatened to leave." I have measured its width, twenty-one feet—a foot narrower than ours—have gone up its three hollowed steps, listlessly, as if in a dream, scraping my shoes on its well-worn scraper, and pulled the diminutive bell. "Why do you ring the bell?" says reverential conscience, that annoying product of *our* civilization, my ever-wakeful censor, restrainor, and sometimes tormentor—startling me with a scowl, as if it had been never trained to offices of tender courtesy. I look up—*scusatemi, la mia dolce coscienza*—but

nothing can be amiss when simpleness and duty tender it. I certainly meant no offense. "But can't you see that the house is 'To Let'—has been since his death?" "Pardon me again," I humbly repeated, "Love looks not with the eye, but with the mind. I had, unconsciously, hoped that they were still at home—had forgotten," when taking hold of the acorn-shaped ornament on the corner-post of the railing, placed there to prevent people from falling into the basement, I descend—now wide awake—and cross the street, where I can get a good view of the dilapidated white and red brick façade, three stories with a mansard roof, a basement with windows half under ground, and area—hence the railing. The three second-story windows have outside Venitian shutters, the others inside solid. The window-sills are of wood. But it is not of the brick and mortar of this honored house that you think, but of the noble lady—among a galaxy the brightest—the life companion of the sage that, like the kind life-rendering pelican, she repasted with her blood. Peace be with thee, thou ideal wife!—thou great mind!—most patient of women! Sad—inexpressibly sad and sweet—was the tragedy of which thou wert the silent heroine, enacted within the mouldering bricks of that childless home. But now thou art at rest, and the daisies and bluebells of Scotland are blooming on thy grave near thy old home in Ecclefechen.

In strolling through the town noticed the monument (a vase with entwisted snakes) erected by his daughters Eliza Cadogan and Sarah Stanley to "Sir Hans Sloane, President of the Royal Society and of the College of Physicians, who in the year of our Lord 1753, in the 92d of his age, without the least pain of body and with a conscious serenity of mind, ended a virtuous and beneficial life." How much a place can be dominated by a few minds is well shown in this old town, where everything strives to partake of the honors of the great. In walking around I found Sloan Street, Sloan Place, Hans Place, Stanley Street, Cadogan Street, Sloan Toilet Club, "Carlyle Mansions" (a cluster of colossal apartment houses), "Carlyle Buildings," and the name of the "Sage of Chelsea" printed in various places—besides being on every man's lips.

LONDON, August 1, 1887.

"Ulysses, in Hecuba, cared not how meanly he lived, so he might find a noble tomb when dead."—*Urn Burial.*

SIR THOMAS BROWN, M. D.

"Glückseliges Albion, lustiges alt England! warum verliess ich dich?"
—*Die ehrlichen Leute.* VON W. ALEXIS.

THIS lovely morning, my last in London, I sally forth to see the Abbey. On my way there, so as to use to more advantage my walk, I go down the Strand, pass Trafalgar Square; from there cut across to Pall Mall, a street about a half mile long, neither very wide nor impressive, and yet containing the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, an immense building with a Grecian front, ornamented with statues of the great in medical annals, "The Royal Society of Painters in Water Colors," The United Service Club House, and where the Mall is crossed by Waterloo place, the Crimean monument—uniformed soldiers around the base with victory aloft—with her outstretched hand filled with laurel wreaths, the whole fine conception recalling Alma, Inkermann, and Sebastapol; farther on, The Reform, Carlton, Athenæum, Junior Carlton, The Wanderers, and the gloomy but ornate Beaconsfield Clubs, with many other impressive buildings, the names of which I did not learn; all massive, cloudy structures, which must have cost millions to build, as many of them are something in style and size between our Post Office and the old Masonic Temple. I pass also the plain residence of the Prince of Wales, and stand in full view of St. James' Palace, a brick building, low and unattractive, with twelve dingy panes in each window, behind which are hanging cheap looking white shades; a building without flowers, trees, or ornamentation, and yet it was designed by Hans Holbein, built by Henry the Eighth, was the residence of England's kings from 1691 to 1809, was the place where the present queen was married, and in it are still held the great State levees. As I approach, a company of "Cold Stream Guards," with banners and music, march past. Following them through Marlborough gate—in a minute—I am in front of the palace yard, where they stop. This is bank holiday, one of the legal holidays

here, all business suspended, stores closed, streets crowded with people, and military in holiday attire, so that I am encircled by a jolly throng. I push through, enter the gloomy "Ambassador's Court" on my way to Buckingham Palace, the town residence of the queen, which is in the midst of a handsome park with groves, flowers, comfortable benches, and a charming little lake, all, accessible to all London. I take a seat in front of the famous home of England's beloved Victoria, but as at present a company of Scotch highlanders, together with an admiring crowd, stand between me and the more straggly than stately three-storied pile, I can't say much more than that it is of brownish grey stone, and perfectly plain. The windows have ordinary white shades, all down, as the sun is bright, and the queen is also a widow. There are no awnings and no flowers. It is evidently a place where the people do as they please (the English usually please to do right), for notwithstanding the fact that soldiers in red are on duty in front, the people walk or lounge familiarly around the railing, and seem to feel at home, which I do not, because that both my curiosity and anxiety are connected with other interests to day.

Twice before have I attempted in vain to visit the Abbey; to-day is my third attempt, not as a worshipper but as an inspector of its treasures—my feelings, therefore, are a strange combination of fear and joy. Fear, that like the foolish virgins, I may again find the door shut and be compelled to leave without properly seeing this centre, around which circulates the most sacred interests of, at least, the English-speaking world, and joy because of the nearness of this, the fulfilment of my hope, the realization of desire. So anxious have I become about it, that I have been unable to think clearly of anything else, and not very lucidly of even it. Its very antiquity fills me with awe, for Westminster Abbey not only claims to be, but is, the oldest house of worship in Christendom. Five hundred years before Michael Angelo added the crowning dome, a copy of that on the Cathedral of Florence, by Brunelleschi, to St. Peters, at Rome, this was a place of worship and resounded with the sounds of adoration and praise. Here, as has been said, you are environed by historic memories which render the very atmosphere a perpetual incense, and listen to a service which substantially, in its present form, has

been repeated within its sacred walls as the vehicle of worship ever since the days of Edward VI, and which, in its expression of thought and feeling, is almost as old as Christianity itself, a building which has seen England successively Saxon, Norman, and English. Has seen it Roman Catholic, Protestant, Roman Catholic, Protestant again. Has seen it an absolute monarchy, a constitutional monarchy, a republic, a limited monarchy, and the creator of an empire; and has been a silent witness of the various developments of the empire, from her comparatively small beginning among a population of semi-barbarous men, to her present position of mistress of the ocean —by her commerce now—and civilizer of the world.

How can I tell you of all that's awaiting description? As your first impression of St. Pauls is that it is too empty; of the Abbey, on the contrary, you feel that it is too full—crowded. On the right as you enter is the marble group erected by a grateful people to the eloquent but austere Earl of Chatham—William Pitt—a pyramid of six classic figures, surmounted by the orator himself in the attitude of a speaker. He was a friend, as you know, of America during our colonial strife, and it was after making a speech in the House of Lords, in which he spoke against the harsh and arbitrary policy of the government towards the American Colonies, and urged an amicable settlement of the differences, that he fell back into the arms of his friends and was carried from the house, never to return—he died in a few days. I can't help thinking, though, as I look at the handsome patriot, why it was that the Duchess of Marlborough, at her death, left him £10,000. I wish I knew; I would even be willing to begin with smaller amounts, just for practice, until I understood thoroughly the art or science —the being

> "Rough to common men,
> But honeying at the whisper of a Lord."

or whatever it is that induces the wealthy to remember you in their wills. I notice that the tail of a dolphin accommodatingly takes the place of the more conventional fig leaf on the great Neptune that forms a part of the base. You are surrounded here, not as I had supposed, by the Great of Britian alone, but of other lands as well, men who had made England their home because of the generous hospitality and more, that

it has ever been her custom to extend to people of worth, and to the glory of England, I am glad to be able to say that neither nationality, color nor eccentricity of faith excludes a man from his niche or cenotaph, in this pantheon of her greatness. Genius and heroism are the qualifications for honorable mention here; of course there are those within her truly sacred walls who perhaps never could have laid claim to either, as there are also many possessing both, without a line in the Abbey to make it known, but that is mere matter of opinion, the other is the rule, and so you find therefore the representatives of all creeds as well as many who have had none, equally the subject of eulogy, with her saintly and orthodox kings; which to admire most I can't decide. There is too much. They confuse you by their number: I simply say "Good morning" to Palmerson, Grattan, Londonderry, Canning, Sir John Malcolm, and other on my way to the Poet's Corner, where I hope to get out of the crowd. * * * Poets' Corner! It is encrusted with the tablets and monuments of the men whom Benjamin Franklin called "the waste paper of humanity;" more truly, to borrow a line from Tennyson, "the men whose thoughts make rich the blood of the world." The assemblage here is of life-like figures, and not living beings, for the crowd that I have just passed were first worshipers of God, apparently without my precipitancy in hurrying away before the conclusion of Divine service to see the great sights. How can the world express its gratitude to the men put upon record here, combining as they do, the bud, flower and fruitage of humanity in themselves, while we lesser men are but the laboring roots and leaves. I confess to have been made almost unconscious by the mere thought of being in the presence of so much that was great, was overcome with a flood of memories; had to retire to an adjoining pew, where dropping on my knees and closing my eyes, I remained long in silence, overwhelmed by the proximity of the immortals, and the glorious things they had wrought—a *Laus Deus* on the swelling organ —was a fitting terminator to my meditations; when getting on my feet, I again found my way to where they slept. How can they be classified? I will begin with Isaac Casaubon, the Huguenot-Swiss, who found this honorable grave in the country where he was merely a sojourner, but a poor compensation

for the persecutions of his exiled life, and yet to have won the affection of scholars by his Athenæus, and his commentary on Theophrastus, a work which exhibits his most characteristic excellencies, was something that made life worth living. It has been said that he was the original of the antiquary in George Eliot's novel, and also that the name of one of her favorites —Theophrastus—gave the title to her last book. I will not copy his epitaph, for if I begin I might never get through, even if it pleased you to read the transcripts that show how affection strives to press the virtues of honorable careers into the compass of a few lines. For in this page of the directory of death can be found the names of Grote, Thirwall, Triplett, Campbell, Barrow, Macaulay, Thackeray, Addison, Handel, Coleridge, Southey, Shakespeare, Thompson, Burns, represented by tomb or cenotaph, none perhaps more pleasing than the lovely weeping figure leaning on a pedestal, on which the handsome Nicholas Rowe, crowned with bays, seems to breathe and live.

Not only the walls but the floors of this corner are covered with slabs, inscribed with such names as Dickens, Cumberland, Johnson, Garrick, and over one of the doors a beautiful medallion of Goldsmith, with emblems of love. The site of Goldsmith's monument was selected by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Dr. Johnson wrote the epitaph. In another section I find memorials of Hudibras Butler, and the medallion of Ben Jonson, near the spot where he is buried standing—a very good way, when there is so little room, and seeming as if by accident emblematic of the popularity of his plays, where the legend "standing room only" may often have been placed at the door. The medallion shows at least that he was not a tailor-made man, or he would have had the buttons on the right side of his coat instead of on the left, as they are. The inscription "O rare Ben Jonson" is cut in three places in the Abbey—twice in the north aisle, where is also his perpendicular grave, and once in Poet's Corner. Every one who talks of Lincoln's Inn says, "Here worked Ben Jonson, as a stone mason, with a trowel in one hand and a volume of Horace in the other," a sentence sounding queer in these days of trades-unions and strikes. Close by is an inscription over the "poet's poet," which reads as follows: "Heare lyes (ex-

pecting the second comminge of our Saviour Christ Jesus) the body of Edmund Spenser, the prince of poets in his tyme, whose divine spirrit needs noe other witness than the works which he left behinde him. He was born in London, in the year 1553, and died in the year 1598." Spenser had been living in Ireland, near Cork; Ben Jonson's brief record of his misfortune is well known—"The Irish, having robbed Spenser's goods and burnt his house, and a little child new born, he and his wife escaped, and after, he died for lack of bread in King street." His brother poet, Drummond, of Hawthornden, said that a few days before his death "he refused twenty pieces sent him by my Lord Essex, adding he was sorry he had no time to spend them." And an eminent American critic, Will Winter, has recently wrote, in speaking of King street, "You will not forget Edmund Spenser, who died there in grief and destitution, a victim to the same inhuman spirit of Irish ruffianism which is still disgracing humanity and troubling the peace of the world." Matthew Prior is buried, by his own request, at Spenser's feet. Here also is Michael Dalton, "who exchanged his Laurell for a crown of Glory, A° 1631." And the worm-eaten tomb of Chaucer, "the father of English verse,"—rather the worse for its five hundred years. And here is Ossian McPherson, all the way from Invernesshire, sleeping under the same roof with his arch enemy, Dr. Johnson. Truly, Westminster Abbey is a "temple of reconciliation and peace." Close by this are the noble features of our own Longfellow—to make us feel at home—a handsome bust, around the neck of which some admirer has recently, for they are not yet withered, tied by a manilla string a bunch of ferns and immortelles; the inscription is as follows: "This bust was placed among the memorials of the poets of England by the English admirers of an American poet." "Glorious John Dryden, I am glad to see you; but I never could like you, although I have tried hard," says a young fellow at my elbow, with a young lady on his arm, looking decidedly bride-and-groomish—"Natus, 1634; mortus, May 1, 1700," is all that is said.

It does seem somewhat significant, though, that notwithstanding Dryden's thirty tragedies and the like, with much that was just and eloquent about Shakespeare besides, that twenty years

after his pompous funeral in the Abbey, all that his friends could think of to put upon his monument was that he was born, and that he died. Some have epitaphs thrust upon them—he has escaped. I leave the poets, the "kings of thought," to enter the chapels containing the royal tombs, the tombs of the kings of men. * * * Wonderful! wonderful! my head aches before their matchless carvings, hangings, mural and monumental memorials, banners, and a great host of everything stately and solemn that could be associated with death, and yet among these *royal* tombs there is one there of only a few days ago, that stands out in relief. It is that of the late Arthur Penryyn Stanley, dean and historian of the Abbey, the most liberal, learned, and childlike of men. Among the many wreaths on the tomb is one marked: "Expressive of the gratitude of the Armenians," which is but proof of the fact that persistent liberality and kindness conquers all hearts. I stand on the slab that once covered the remains of Cromwell and his son-in-law, Henry Ireton, and their children. In 1661 the bodies were removed. On the occasion of Cromwell's death, the dispatch sent by Bernadi, the Genoese envoy to the Council of Genoa, is significant: "He (Cromwell) left the world with unimaginable valor, prudence, and charity; more like a priest or a monk than a man who had fashioned and worked so mighty an engine in so few years. * * * His body was opened and embalmed, and little trace of disease found therein, which was not the cause of his death, but rather the continual fever which came upon him from sorrow and melancholy at Madame Claypole's death." He was buried here with every honor. In less than two years after his body was disinterred, and treated with every petty dishonor that a small revenge could suggest, thus giving another proof of the unfitness of his successor to rule. I enter the chapel of Edward the Confessor, and stand in front of the famous coronation chair. Victoria and all English sovereigns for the past six hundred years have been crowned in this straight-backed, worm-eaten seat, underneath which, fastened to the bottom, is the historic "Stone of Fate," brought from Scotland by Edward, and upon which the ancient monarchs of that country were crowned at the Palace of Scone. Tradition says that the kings of Ireland previously, in the Halls of Tara, were

also anointed upon it, and that it was this same stone upon which Jacob rested his head when sleeping, an outcast in Haran, he saw celestial visions, and dreamt exhilarating dreams. From then until now it has been connected with many such, which, especially in England, has resulted in bringing Heaven nearer, and in a realization of that communion with Heaven which to Jacob was but a dream. Near the shrine of the Confessor is the tomb of his beloved queen, Eleanor, in whose memory the crosses were erected, where her body rested on its way to the Abbey, the last of these giving its name to Charing-Cross. Within this chapel were kept the relics which made this spot one of the centres of attraction to pilgrims during the Middle Ages. It was here that was kept the Holy Grail—the cup out of which the Saviour drank at the Last Supper, some of Christ's blood, brought from Jerusalem, and much else, besides the bones of saints. The devout knelt here for forgiveness and healing; some for death, like Henry the Fourth, who, coming to London covered with a hideous leprosy, —a disease fortunately eliminated from England—was seized by his last illness, while kneeling in prayer, within a few feet of where I stand, and from whence he was carried into the Jerusalem chamber, hard by, where he died. Shakespeare recounts this event in the following:

King Henry.—Doth any name in particular belong unto the lodging
where I first did swoon?
Warwick.—'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.
King Henry.—Laud be to God! even there my life must end.
It hath been prophesied to me many years
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land:—
But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie.
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

Another monument here, doubly interesting because of our familiarity with the life of its founder, is that of Henry V, the "Prince Hal" of Falstaffian memory, and the delight of subsequent ages. Who knows not of his fun-provoking adolescence, and of his sudden conversion from a prank-loving, intemperate youth to a steady, resolute man, becoming not only the greatest warrior of his age, but religious even to superstition as well. What history do we need but Shakespeare to tell of such episodes as these? How sadly the death knell of

poor Falstaff's hopes was struck, comes to you afresh as you stand here and listen in imagination to the depressing valedictory of the recently elevated and converted king. The prince —now king—shortly after his father's death, is met by Falstaff and his friends, somewhere near the Abbey, returning, I think from his father's grave.

"*Falstaff.*—My king! my Jove! I speak to thee my heart.
"*King.*—I know thee not, old man, fall to thy prayers;
How ill white hairs becomes a fool and jester!"

Poor Falstaff.

"I have long dreamed of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swelled, so old and so profane;
But being awaked, I do despise my dream."

How we saints, in the first flush of new life, lord it over sinners.

"Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape
For thee, *thrice wider* than for other men."

Almost the old Hal vein.

"Presume not that I am the thing I was;
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive
That as I have turned away my former self,
So will I those that kept me company."

After this the "Mad Prince Hal" becomes Henry V, he fills the world with his glory, becomes the hero of Agincourt, the graceful, but soldier-like wooer of the Princess Katherine, and thus, under one crown, unites the two Kingdoms of France and England. "He, alone, of all the kings hitherto buried in the Abbey, ordered a separate chantry to be erected —where masses might be offered up forever."

"And I have built
Two chantries where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul."—*King Henry V.*

As an illustration of the brevity of mortal strife, perhaps nothing is more effective than the tombs of the three queens—almost touching each other in the Chapel of Henry VI—Bloody Mary, the last of the Roman Catholic sovereigns; Queen Elizabeth, whose head only her own prudence saved from the executioner's block; and Mary Queen of Scots, whose death warrant she signed.

I write these lines with my paper resting on the little plain tomb of "Margaret of York," daughter of Edward IV, aged 9 months, who died in 1472; surely she was not brought down the back stairs, like the baby in "On the Heights." I can write no more. To give you an account of what is passing before me to-day, would be to write again a history of England—of the world. "Lady Nightingale died in her husband's arms in the 27th year of her age, in 1734," and here is the whole dreadful scene still presenting its terrors to every one who looks. The swooning woman and the horrified husband endeavoring to protect his wife from the shafts of a frightful-draped skeleton, Death—coming from the metal door of a marble tomb, is indeed an object of intense dread. Awfully realistic is the whole terrifically-conceived group, that holds you to it by a fascination you can hardly resist. From this Death I go to Halifax, or rather to the tomb of that rich but honest man, who has indirectly made the English tongue his debtor for an expressive epithet—a noble monument to a noble man. Merely to *name* all put upon statuesque record here, would be an effort of memory, as well as an instructive lesson,—Balfe, Wilberforce, the Wesleys—their name is legion. The *great* tomb of Edward the First—opened in 1774, five hundred years after his death, when his body was found embalmed, and measuring six feet two inches. He was called "long shanks." I find it difficult to leave, although my wonder, admiration, reverence and curiosity—as well as my legs—are exhausted.

* * * * * * * * *

In strolling around, I stumbled against an epitaph which impressed me more sadly than anything I have seen to-day except, perhaps, the small sarcophagus containing the remains of the infant, Margaret of York, nine months old, and the receptacle containing the supposed bones of the little Princess killed in the Tower; these have been appealing to the instinct of maternity for over four centuries, and still continue to subdue the heart to pitying tears; the other is more recent in date, 1688, but also appeals to you in a language more eloquent than poet or sage—"Jane Lister, dear child," is all that speaks of a sorrow too deep for words. * * * Jerusalem Chamber!

It is with unusual reverence that I enter this famous room. It was here that Henry IV died, as he was about to start on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Here Ann Oldfield, a name suggesting all that was brilliant on the stage of a by-gone day, lay in state, as did also Congreve and Sir Isaac Newton. Here unquestionably stood Shakespeare and the contemporaries of the poet Spenser, who attended his funeral and threw their elegies with the pens that wrote them into his grave. And here met, in 1643, that Assembly of Divines which, resulting in an event not perhaps as dramatic as that delineated by the great poet, but which added one to the many important memories of the room connected with the history of the church and the development of theology and faith. This convocation apparently ending in failure, yet actually resulting in the establishment of a religious community, closer, perhaps, to the apostolic pattern than even the Church of England herself; a community whose scope and usefulness has outrun the anticipations of its friends, and which, if it does not exceed the mother church, at least equals her in carrying the gospel of peace and good will to the poor, and in proclaiming the brotherhood of man; for it was here that the infant Presbyterianism was born. This little room was its cradle of liberty —its Fanueil Hall—and the books resulting from its infant deliberations—The Directory, The Confession of Faith, and especially The Westminster Catechism, the best synopsis of theology ever written—constitute still its Declaration of Independence and Submission in one. In visiting the Abbey the Chapter House should not be omitted, as formerly here the governing body of the Abbey met weekly, to hear confessions and complaints, and to inflict punishment—the rod on the bare back. Here also the House of Commons met for their first deliberation, when they separated from the Lords; and here were established many laws familiar to English students. including those repudiating papal authority, and which resulted in the foundation of the Church of England, as distinguished from a church ruled by a foreign power. I am done—I have told you but a fraction of what I have seen in this place—in London, England. Westminster, in particular, is excessively oppressive in its grandeur for a man in a hurry. I feel that it would take a long course of preparatory study, and a resi-

dence of at least a year to comprehend it in its entirety, for you might as well try to pour the ocean into a child's cup, as to put the contents of "the Collegiate Church of St. Peter in Westminster" into your mind in less than a year, and for that reason I am glad to get out under the blue sky; and although I feel myself now to be the merest serf, laboring for a day in this field of England's greatness, yet even I have brought a sheaf on the end of my sickle from this harvest field of thought. Yet, if I were the greatest man in the realm, I would not desire to be buried within the Abbey's awful gloom, or if I were the sweetest singer that ever sung, I surely would not be willing to be imbedded in its sacred soil, covered by a mighty stone, and trampled upon by the dusty feet of the careless throng. No, no! for me the green fields, the blue sky and the song of birds, rather than the most stately pile ever conceived by the mind of man. I would rather lie by the side of Paul under the meanest spot in the open air, than to be in a jeweled casket, and under a storied monument, durable as brass, in this historic temple. And now what shall I say in conclusion of this England of fact—that I am going to leave in a few hours—so different from the England of the newspapers? I have but one regret since I came—that you were not with me, yet have been buoyed by the hope that we would see it together again. My days here have been most happy. I have not heard a rude word, nor a jarring noise—except the chimes—nor a coarse remark. I have not seen an unbecoming act—even the very dogs, cats, and horses partake of the general joy; for they are an animal- as well as a flower-loving people; but above all, they are lovers of fair play and manliness, and order, self respect, politeness, and independence, are their predominant traits. I have been in the so-called criminal quarters, too; but the language there was either English, with a brogue, or not English at all; and I came away—so that in leaving this great city, I can well understand why she is called "the metropolis of the world," for she contains within herself, and in a marked degree, all that the universe has done in science and art—and in that which is above all art—the sweet amenities and gentle ministrations of domestic life, and an account of her multiplied charities would fill volumes. Adieu.

HARWICH, ON BOARD STEAMER IPSWICH, Aug. 2, 1887.

"Words! words!" SHAKESPEARE.

"Too great confidence in success is the likeliest to prevent it."
ATTERBURY.

I LEFT London at 8 P. M., and after a pleasant ride through green fields the train stopped at Harwich, where a great multitude of us got out to take the Belgium steamer for Antwerp. How pleasant to be again away from the noise and turmoil of the city, and to feel that instead of smoke, the brine of the ocean is in the air! We get on board and are assigned rooms—snowy bed linen, electric lights, maple wainscoting, stationary washstands, Wilton carpets, polite attention—and I an integral part of a giddy but delighted throng. I can't realize myself the same being; that but a few hours ago, covered with the dust of travel, fatigued, but intensely interested, with pen in one hand and paper in the other, haunted day and night the attractive places of London. Why all this exuberance? I have had a bath(!) and a complete change, and a quiet, solitary walk on the fair deck of the steamer in this lovely moonlight night, so that although it is now midnight, and nearly all the other passengers are asleep, I feel as if I could outrival the cow in the nursery rhyme and jump over the moon. "My bosom's Lord sits lightly on his throne." I am in love with the world, and feel that I am going to a land that I know, for just as an acquaintance with English history, including the old chronicles, is better than all guide-books combined to enable you to feel the significance of what you see, so for traveling in Belgium, since they have no national literature, and perhaps never can—you can't call that a literature that had its cradle and grave in the brain of one man, Henri Conscience, for even he, although a master in the delineation of Flemish character, wrote partially in French. To know, therefore, the people of the United Netherlands that was, or the kingdoms of Holland and Belgium that are, you find your best guides in two foreign books — Motley's "Rise and Fall of the Dutch

Republic" and "Der dreiszigjährgen Krieges" of Schiller. The one a series of romantic episodes, heroic struggles, that make its pages luminous as the missal of a mediæval monk; the other graphic and thrilling, keeping you constantly alternating between hope and despair. An acquaintance with these will enable you to become an appreciative wanderer on the banks of the Scheldt and in the country of William of Orange and Peter Van der Poor. * * * I feel ashamed of myself for being so jolly when away from home, with all my friends perhaps smothering in a dusty town, but what can I do? I am in a country where there are no flies—no dust—the thermometer seldom over 56°, with the wonders of the world being spread before me like a panorama of delight, and where, like a boy climbing a pole, the higher I go the farther I see. Oh, this joy of perfect animal life which has always been mine!—where the pleasure of being, of thought, faith, and sight, undisturbed by suffering or doubt, has made my years like the flight of a bird through a pleasant land!

Since I began writing the vessel has left her mooring—is on the deep, and struggling and panting from the embrace of vigorous Neptune as she is, I must cease until we get into a calmer sea. So good-night. Will resume at daybreak, when we hope to be in the mouth of the Scheldt, previous to our three hours' descent down his tortuous throat to the town in his maw.

MOUTH OF THE SCHELDT, August 3, 1887.

> "In returning we met a splendid funeral, with a magnificent sarcophagus coffin and pall, and an immense crowd of white penitents, in white hoods, entirely covering their faces and figures, with holes for their eyes, carrying lighted torches, together with its splendid burthen to its last home."
>
> —*Private Diary of the Duke of Buckingham, Rome.*

EARLY morning, bright and beautiful, with a refreshing breeze from the sea; we are "laying-to," awaiting the advent of the pilot to take us to Antwerp! think of it—Jonah being swallowed by the Belgian whale—are passing fortifications, wharves, shelving semi-sandy shores, grey houses with roofs of red brick, and over all, a foreign flag—the vertical black,

yellow and red of Belgium—for surely no American can feel that the English is the flag of a foreign power.

How charming it all is, and how delighted every one on deck. The passage across has been most pleasant—after the somewhat roughness of the opposite port, hardly a ripple, just enough to make writing a little difficult. What a picturesque crowd we have on board? They are already assuming the characteristics of the continent, and look in variety as if we had all the people that were in Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost. Last night I heard the languages of five distinct nations in the saloon, and at my elbow as I write, two nondescripts, with long coats, pointed shoes, cardinal caps and eagle noses, are jabbering in a sixth. It is astonishing how very few American travelers you meet, few as compared with French, German and English. How delightful it is to be a solitary observer of the ways of men, with no cares nor luggage, no debts and no harrowing regrets, with visions of Rubens, Teniers, Rembrandt, Vandyke and Gerard Douw, and going up, or rather down, the Scheldt to Antwerp. A group of enthusiastic Scots are by my side as I write, talking unconventionally about heaven and earth. They are now discussing the respective merits of a troop of people they met in "Edinboro." The leader, the "King Cole" of the party is very jolly.

The Lady.—"Well, you must admit that Mrs. Merritt is a fine-looking woman?"

King Cole.—"Yes—she's big."

Lady.—"A fine form."

King Cole.—"But look at her physiognomy—fine figure? (sarcastically). She's a round figure—a cipher," and then he laughs, as only little men can.

How gloriously bright is everything around—a lovely sky, multitudes of gulls, making the brown coast white, and filling the air with everlasting "mews," graceful parti-colored fishermen, clumsy boats and jumping fish; with passengers lounging under parasols and awnings, or basking in the hot sun, or strolling up and down with field-glass in hand and pouch on side, making a delightful and varied picture, and here comes for the fiftieth time my friend, Bob Sawyer, jauntily walking up and down, as if he was in love with the world

and himself, a gold eye-glass glued in one eye, his black round-about buttoned tight, exhibiting the Apollo within, contracted pantaloons stretched to the splitting point, snowy overgaiters, clerical collar, massive ring, chamois gloves, and cane as thick as his spindle legs; young ladies with portfolio sketching the wicker-work embankment and odd looking houses of the tortuous river, and a brace of fat Venuses yonder, snoring under scarlet umbrellas, oblivious of all, even the young lady artists who are including them in their sketches as mermaids on the muddy banks; but here's Antwerp! and bidding a hasty farewell to the Ipswich and her motley crew, I am ashore. Strange! the river that we have ascended is higher than the land on either side; from the ship you look down on the roofs of houses. It has been said that if the dykes of Belgium had been built of copper instead of willow-withes their cost would have been less. * * *

After ending a palaver with the keeper of the Hotel de Flanders, around the corner from the cathedral, with the tower, which Napoleon likened to Mechlin lace, the truthfulness of which comparison you see at a glance—as I got to the church and stood in front of the main entrance, over which is a fine crucifixion, I was greeted with what to me was a strange spectacle, viz.: A Belgian hearse—the horses draped in black to the ground, completely covered—except the spectral eyes, which shone through holes cut in the covering like immortality looking out of death. The driver also enveloped in a cloak of sable, covering not only the man but the seat on which he sat. and making him look like a black pyramid screwed to the spot; the hearse also decked in the most gruesome trappings that a grotesque taste ever invented, with a great lilac-colored wreath and black plume in the centre; yet more resplendent than all was the gold letters proclaiming the unpronounceable name of the happy "Funeral Director," the owner of the proud caravan of death. In looking at it I felt as if I would never want to die—especially in Belgium; nevertheless, I thought here's a chance to see a Flemish funeral—with such feelings, I enter through a small door the magnificent but plain and empty cathedral, containing the three master-pieces by Rubens, "The Elevation to" and "The Descent from the Cross," and "The Assumption." Every eye is on

the funeral; up near the altar are four men draped in sable to the heels, and looking like burlesques of what you are familiar with as the portrait of Dante. They are supporting on their shoulders a coffin of plain unvarnished oak with brass fixtures, partially covered with a black pall, except just enough to reveal the fine workmanship of the coffin, which is not the shape familiar to us, more like a skiff or the curious galleon-shaped boats that we had just passed in the river, appropriate enough, too, for launching a body into the unknown sea. The quartet of sable caryatides stand motionless, supporting their mortal load; around them, forming a circle, are twelve priests, ten in white garments and two with stoles of gold; they chant, and bow, and pray, and sing, in a language neither French nor Flemish, and if Latin—is Latin pronounced in a way unfamiliar to English ears. They continue, until at a signal the dead man moves—on the shoulders of the until then motionless bearers—when the priests, falling into a line two deep, the front two carrying long burning tapers, march around the building, chanting occasionally and stopping now and then at the objects of especial sanctity to bow, they approach me, and as I but see—dressed in the garments of purity—twelve of the bloated and brutal faces that at first horrify you in Cork, I turn away in disgust.

The floor of this glorious building is paved with the tombstones of men, and here and there kneeling on curious praying stools, on the back of one of which I am now writing, are men and women with stupid faces and wrapt looks, making the stations of the cross; open books in their hands, and *rasping* the chairs after them on the stone floor as they move along. Some of these devout-looking people have hampers filled with soiled clothes bulging up the lids, some with marketing—legs of chickens, heads of cabbage, carrots, etc., protruding from between yawning covers—others with great bundles, as if they stopped to worship on their errands—all with the unmistakable signs of decent poverty and impenetrable ignorance about them, without any evidence of intemperance or vice, except the officials mentioned above; some tourists with "Bedekers," field-glasses, and open-mouthed wonder, are stalking about, and whispering, or in low voices calling to each other at the recognition of some of the more remarkable sights that abound.

There are no pews, although perhaps fifteen or twenty thousand people could be sheltered under the immense roof; indeed, this is the building that the irreverent Napoleon converted into a stable for the accommodation of his army of horses. But here comes a procession of hooded nuns, breasts padded conspicuously flat with a board like a lath horizontally across the chest under the dress; they pass with downcast eyes; at the tinkling of a bell, they drop on their knees as if shot, their retinue of young girl pupils doing the same, and causing the Bedekerites to move over to where they are. Now a very corpulent old man, with crimson face and golden robes, is passing where I stand; on one side of him a boy with burning censer, on the other the same with tinkling bell; in front, a bearded man with regalia and silver mace. They also stop in front of certain images, when the old gentleman, who by the way does not seem very gentle, bows, reads from a book, the censer swings, the bell rings, and all except the old gentleman flop, remain a moment prostrate, and move on. I can only give you things as they appear; their significance I do not know; to the esoteric there must be something peculiarly significant in these processional genuflections, prostrations, matutinal ejaculations, and so forth, so meaningless to the uninitiated, and so little like the services in our own churches of the same denomination; yet, as for myself, who am happy in the possession of a faith comprehensive enough, thank Heaven, to feel at home in any temple, I think the wings of my adoration could hardly even expand, under the leadership of such gross, not to say beastly-looking men as these, who have just passed. In time, all disappear—into the mystical dim of an inaccessible, curtained recess—as if swallowed; and I also, after again making the circuit of the stations leave, as I can't see the pictures until 4 P. M., when they are exhibited to all willing to pay a franc. * * * The time has arrived for the exhibition, and we tourists, with great expectations, are assembled in front of the thirty feet high "Descent," painted on wood. The curtain is removed with a flourish—we gaze. The picture is a tryptic, as is also the "Elevation," with the side pieces representing some scenes associated with the central fact—the Mary Magdalene and the Martha of "The Descent," are portraits of the painter's two wives. The arm of Mary

and the face of the Virgin having been restored by Vandyke. There are other pictures by Rubens and his master here; one, "A Last Supper," with the disciples seated at a *round* table, after the manner of the knights of King Arthur, and another, "The Marriage in Cana of Galilee"—turning water into wine. On the other side of the high altar is the equally famous "Elevation," Christ nailed to the cross—is being raised to an upright position by a number of Rubenesque men; the one in armor, a portrait of the artist himself. The left wing of the picture is "The Holy Family of Jerusalem" being astonished at the spectacle; the right, the two thieves being brought to the place of execution. "The Assumption," which hangs over the high altar, is said to have been painted by Rubens in sixteen days—all are *perfectly abominable.* Had hoped to have been pleased, and more, by these famous pictures that I had almost purposely came to Antwerp to see; instead, I lean here over a praying chair looking at them, and I know, that without regret, I could set fire to them all; they are simply infamous. I have always felt about the copies in my possession—photographs and engravings—that such monstrosities could hardly represent the *chef-d'œuvres* of such a man as Rubens, but I am now convinced that no copy could transmit the revoltingly sensuous objections of these masterpieces of Notre Dame. The grossness, so reprehensive; the blood and muscle that should certainly not be the chief element in the delineation of self-denial and spiritual force, cannot be transmitted by a copy. They are pictures, produced by a Titan of Titans. Take any one of the army of butcher-like men that are helping at the "Elevation," and you see that he is putting enough physical force to the performance of his tittle of the service to throw the cross and its precious burden to the clouds; and yet, judging from the little I have seen, it is in painting such intense scenes as this that Rubens is thought greatest. The spiritual side of Christianity of course he knows nothing of at all. He almost shows no sentiment even in any of his fifteen hundred "great" pictures, at least, as far as you can judge from photographs, and you can see, I think, that he hardly believes that what he paints is true—endeavors to make up in vehemence what he lacks in faith. In the delineation of the *animal* in man, he is at home; but he has desecrated almost

every *sacred* object that he has touched. The wonderful wood carvings in this place will never cease to be admired, especially the panels of the choir. The lady chapel still contains the effigy of the Virgin found on the spot—supposed to have fallen from heaven—around which the building was erected, which ultimately grew into this magnificent specimen of Gothic art. The image, which is dressed in tinsel and lace, is about as expressionless as a figure made by a boy from putty; is, perhaps, four feet in length, and wears hoops, and yet it is taken down from its niche once a year and carried by a procession of priests through the streets of the city, the people bowing as it passes. A very remarkable bit of portraiture exhibited here is a small head of Christ painted on marble, and ascribed variously to Leonardo, Guido, and others. It is simply a brown-bearded face, with neither neck nor background, yet producing an indescribable effect. It not only looks alive, as all good pictures do, but this face, in particular, without accessories of any kind, a mere masque, looks placidly at you, entirely indifferent to your discomfort, *follows* you with its wonder-producing eyes wherever you go, and seems to be reading your very soul. I have moved out of its sight before writing the above, for the same reason that you refrain from expressing an opinion of a man in his presence. I could imagine this picture which hangs on the shady side of one of the great pillars in the left aisle, awing into silence a whole houseful of "ranting" children, and even subduing a garrulous mamma (I am not personal), yet I shall buy a copy and have it framed for the nursery. This church—then beautifully painted according to the style of the Moors—after Napoleon had used it as a stable for his horses, was whitewashed, in which condition it is to-day—a bit of the original decoration overlooked by the calciminers may still be seen behind the high altar—but nothing could remove the grandeur and grace of its proportions, or detract from the airy impressiveness of its well-lighted nave and aisles.

I am at present resting at the half-way platform on the ascent to the top of the spire, five hundred and fourteen steps, and still, like "the Wandering Jew," I must on. * * * I have reached the clock, and yet am surrounded by high walls, the way getting constantly darker and more constricted as I

ascend—the nearer heaven the narrower the way, with difficulties increasing—yet on, "without rest, without haste," until at last, emerging from a narrow door at the top, like Teufeldrek, in Sartor Resartus, I find myself alone with the stars; but, oh, what an effort! I am here and alive, and that is all. In sheer exhaustion I fall on a stool that some good Samaritan, knowing I was coming, left for my use. The place up here is covered with names, many of them said to have been carved by Napoleon's old guard, but looking as if they were done by professional stonecutters, who must have carried their kits on their backs to do it. How they ever did it is a mystery, the fatigue of getting so high is so great. A conspicuous name, staring at me as I sit here panting for breath—"A Buffon," shows that he was so much fatigued by the ascent that he didn't have strength enought left to add the other O. The position I now occupy is not only great, but elevated and important. It is about forty feet in diameter, encircled by an ornamental stone railing five feet high, and yet, as I cautiously approach it—the railing—and look down, I impulsively draw back, so strong the instinct of self-preservation, that not only in adult life, but even from earliest infancy, we unconsciously shrink from even an appearance of danger; fortunately for many that it is so, or there might be more cases of what we falsely call suicides—jumping from towers—which are not deliberate at all, but due to the "altitude insanity" that possesses many men when on great heights, and compels them to cast themselves down, so that it is not Satan that issues the command, but equally imperious idiosyncrasy or disease. Looking up, still towering above me, as far as the eye can reach, is an intricate fret-work of florid open windows, arches, and spires, pierced by a circular stairway of stone, a spiral ladder reaching to heaven, on which might ascend and descend the angels of God, confirming its reputation of being the tallest spire in the world, and making you cease to wonder because every authority gives you a different estimate of its height. What a splendid scene from where I stand. The tortuous Scheldt, crawling into the heart of the country like a snake, twisting around green places and attractive homes, and here and there rupturing into the meadows on every side; the river, crowded with shipping, and yet higher than the land: but,

because of its diminutive proportions as compared with the infinite stretches of green through which it winds its phlegmatic way, it seems like a monster tamed, and that can do no harm. I can see, from my seat in the clouds, the low countries from Breda to Brussels, with the varied expanse between, and feel repaid for the exhaustion of the ascent. How pleasant it is to sit in an aerie built by the eagles of another day, even if you are but a chirping sparrow; and so I sit here and chirrup of the joy of being lost in Antwerp, an experience dear to me in any place, but doubly so in this place, where every street is a picture, and every cluster of people at an open door or around a corner a scene of melancholy, if not animated, delight. What sleepy-looking people and what strange sights—dogs dragging great lumbering wagons, which make a noise like thunder over the smooth blocks of the streets; you wonder how these small animals, for they are but the size of setters, some not so large, can drag after them clumsy, two-wheeled wagons, and with such incredible loads, the dogs having no harness but a collar around the breast and nêck; to these are attached ropes fastened to any part of the vehicle, usually the *axle*, the dog being under or at one side. On the streets, women with short dresses, wooden shoes dug out of one piece, projecting an inch or more beyond their heels, and very clean stockings of wool, are pushing in hand-carts loads that you think too much for a horse; and little children and men, with the same wooden shoes, clattering along like a company of performers on castanets, the shoes partially falling from the foot every time they raise them, and coming down with a clack when they touch the ground—the bare, polished stones—with no friendly coating of filth, as with us, to deaden the sound. The wagons for horses are without shafts, are on four wheels, and are within a few inches of the streets; are drawn by powerful horses, just about as rapidly as a district telegraph boy goes on an errand—a mile a minute. Soldiers in abundance, dirty, not upright, and about the worst specimens that I have ever seen; and the musicians, which are numerous, toot out a conglomeration of unearthly—I don't mean celestial—sounds, and yet it was owing to one of these abominations that I got lost. I marched through a number of streets, bringing up the rear, and inspired by the stimulating howls of one of these same

bands, I stopped in front of a monument, walked around, and was—inexistant. I knew at once what it meant—I would not see what I had intended, but something better. A good-natured looking man approached. "Will you please tell me the way to the museum?" I ask, in German. He doesn't understand. "I want to see Rubens' pictures—this is the three hundredth anniversary of his birth." His shoulders went up (not Rubens), and he shook his head. Then I tried him with boarding-school French. He looked as if he would give anything to understand me, but couldn't. Tried again, speaking every word through my nose, according to regulation—no. Then I attempted the Italian of Dante, too antiquated—of Leopardi, unintelligible still. "What shall I do?" I exclaim, in despair. "Oh, you speak English; so do I. I only speak Flemish—except English, which I well speak." After a sigh of relief I tell my simple want. "You wish to go to the Mussee?—so. You go along; you see that beelding—so; you go to the *feenish* (end) of that same; you tweest yourself so (turning himself around) — and you see where you — in." I thanked him, went to the museum, but, like the door of office to the hungry politician, it was shut. I would like to tell you of Quentin Matsys—*Incomparabilis artis pictori admeratrix, etc.*, but I have not the time, neither can I tell you, for the same reason, of other sights, nor of the strange state of nature in which these Flemings live, nor of how pleasant it must be to dwell in a country where women do all the hard work, and attend to their household duties by way of amusement, and leave men nothing but to smoke; and yet where this is noticeable, that although ignorant, women are not degraded, like the creatures of the South and extreme North of Ireland, and the lower orders in Glasgow, besides being attractively clean. Of course, they are shocked at nothing, which is fortunate for them. Let me recline on the towers of a country, and I care not who builds them or makes her songs, I was writing, when arrested by a gentle voice in my ear, telling me that it was time to close; and so, leaving my perch in the clouds, and bidding my leal annunciator adieu, I flap my wings for Brussels. Farewell.

BRUSSELS, August 4, 1887.

"There was wide wandering for the greediest eye,
To peer about upon variety." KEATS.

„Aber vielleicht ist die Pest kein, vortheilhafter vorwurf für die malerei."—*Laokoon.*

LESSING.

I AM standing tip-toe, not upon a little hill, as Keats has it, but on top of the tower of the *Hotel de Ville*, Brussels, surrounded by a protecting embattlement of stone. Without subduing the city, it is at my feet. I look abroad and see the great dome of St. Mary's, decorated with fretwork and gold—like a peeled orange with an overgrown stem projecting from the top. I can see the grand double-steepled cathedral, suggesting England's Abbey, the minarets and spires of the palace of the king and the great wilderness of undulating green which marks the site of the park. I look down on theatres and temples, handsome homes, gilded shops, and places of grotesque and picturesque beauty, yet all eclipsed in grandeur and size by the famous Palace of Justice, that court of equity and fair play, and towering over my head at an enormous height, I get glimpses of the gilded trappings of the colossal St. Michael, the patron saint of the people of this once warlike town; but of all I see nothing pleases me so much as the square, the former Forum, at my feet; and on the other side the Maison du Roi, built by Charles the Fifth, and in which lived that "scourge of the Netherlands," the Duke of Alva. It was here that Egmont the Generous was imprisoned by the treachery of the villainous duke, and it was on this identical square that he and Horne, opponents of the introduction of the Inquisition into the Netherlands, were put to death. It was here also, on June 4, 1568, when they were beheaded, that the people, in a paroxysm of sympathy and grief, dipped their handkerchiefs in the blood that seemed shed in martyrdom to freedom, and it was on these same stones, as Egmont received the fatal stroke, that his sweetheart, Johanna Lavil, fell dead, thus covering her otherwise not very enviable reputation with a glamor of glory, for who can blame a woman, no matter how lax, who dies of grief and love,—I wish I could remember the

words from Goethe's play, "Egmont," describing the romantic but pathetic imprisonment of this noble life, which ended in the terrible tragedy on this square; but I must descend, as a great deal of the day is already gone.

"Oh, come here, sir; here is a marriage!" I looked around at the gesticulating figure, and saw that it was the young man who collected a franc before allowing me to mount the tower. "Look down there, sir, at the court door; the carriages are stopping; they are going into the burgomaster's. Here, sir, the people and the church, as in Italy, are at variance—the church refuses to recognize the legality of a civil marriage, and the government will not accept as legitimate one performed merely by a priest; therefore, to make it right all around, the judicious, such as the pair beneath, are first married by the justice—then they apply to the church. Look, sir! now you see the bride get out of the last coach—there, that's the groom—he takes her hand—she's out now;" where, standing on the pavement, enveloped in a veil, with a great bouquet in her hand, she waits until her train is adjusted in the hands of two ladies. "Those are the bridesmaids, sir." I have been watching their movements, so interesting to my animated informant, through the reticulations of my embattlement, and observe how lovely the bride looks, even from here, in her dress of lustrous satin—the color of the little leaves nearest the heart of a tea rose—the couple illustrating charmingly the old, old story, that angels in common with myself are glad to see, from their haunts in the sky. My blessing on you, you loving pair; may this day, with its sunshine and cloudless sky and hearts full of exuberant joy, be but a foretaste of a brighter future, and as the years roll may your regard for each other be still deeper and your love more profound than to-day. But tell me more of the nature and cause of this double marriage. Is the effect good or bad? "Very bad indeed, sir; you see, if an adroit scoundrel (he used a word here that signified a nameless kind of rascal) wants to get possession of an innocent girl, he first makes love, then proposes matrimony, then the marriage bells and the curé—they are pronounced man and wife, and—after a few weeks, at most—desertion! The young girl in distress seeks protection; she applies to the authorities. 'Where are your lines?' 'Here, sir,' presenting

her marriage certificate, signed by a priest. "By a priest! no other?" "No." "You are not married, Miss; the law of the land says you must be married by a justice of the peace" —tableaux: hysterics, protestations, tears, faints on the shoulder of the *gendarmes*, who on such occasions are always in the right position to receive them. But are not the clergymen aware of this? and, knowing it, should they not see that the civil rite is first performed? "Certainly so, sir; but here"—shrugging his shoulders, and holding up his hands in that *foreign* way that implies the possession of a greater amount of knowledge than you wish to express—"here, sir, we expect nothing of that sort from a priest, you know." Is it possible? "Yes." Why, you are all Catholics? "Nominally, yes; in reality, no—politically we are divided into two parties, Clericals and Liberals, and although of the same communion ostensibly, they are bitterly opposed. One is in favor of the extension of the power of the church, the other its restriction. Fortunately, sir, the arrogance of the Clericals in attempting to influence elections, control schools, condemn dissent, etc., is constantly weakening their power, diminishing their influence, constricting their control." Thus continuing, the fiery young custodian, who seemed to be most emphatically a Liberal, kept lashing himself into excitement by rapidly repeating a series of expletives similar to these—until in a white heat—when he delivered a tirade against Clerical corruption that, in its vehemence, would have satisfied the canonized Savanarola or even St. Francis himself. It seemed so strange to hear a mere boy talk as he did, using denunciations with the intensity of an enraged man, that had felt in his own soul all that he condemned; yet I could not become sufficiently interested to listen long, and as soon as I could with politeness do so I broke away.

Instead of descending I find that I can go still higher * * * I am a little lower than the Archangel Michael, in fact I am just under the great toe of the martial celestial who commanded the heavenly hosts. The carriages and drays in the public square look like milk wagons with dogs, men like crows, and the stronghold of the infamous Duke and the prison of Egmont like a cote for doves, with the gloomy apartments in the rear, where, in seclusion, they attend to their

young; but instead it is the place where the thumb-screws—hot iron through tongues—cauldrons of boiling oil—saws and lacerating-wheels were used for conscience sake! on shrieking victims, and where lingering death penalties, without judge or defence, in the dear old times, were inflicted on helpless creatures, who hardly knew their offences. I turn around from the sight, and looking ten miles inland, can see the famous Waterloo Monument—the site of the battle, when I close my portfolio and descend.

In the Museum of Painting, and horrified; in front of Louis Gallait's "*Peste de Tournai*" (The Plague at Doornik)—a Madonna and child has been brought from one of the churches to the market place, in the hope that she might stay the plague. A frantic, half-naked monk, with tunic loose, and consternation on every feature, stands with crucifix in hand, supplicating the assistance of heaven, apparently in vain; for oh, horror of horrors! he is surrounded by the ghastly, the pestiferous dead. The very dogs on the streets are victims of the horrible malady—children and mothers, fathers and sons, all dying or dead. The cattle by the wayside—women dead, with children at their breast. Priests in golden robes, and knights in mail, all in the grasp of the fell destroyer, and the tonsured monks in white, with gleaming crucifixes and tolling bells proceeding on their way, crying "Bring out your dead, bring out your dead," with no one indifferent but the woodeny Madonna, who sits serenely aloft and heeds not their cry;—a scene of terror and dismay, exceeding in blood-curdling details even De Foe's realistic "Journal," all conceived in the theatrical French style, too, as if even such truths needed exaggeration * * * I have passed through a chamber of horrors, and am glad to sit for awhile before this lovely picture, that you know so well, yet not knowing that it was here—our violinist. It is entitled on the catalogue in French, "*Art et Liberté*," with its synonym in Flemish, "*Kunst en Vrijheid.*" All the pictures that I have seen in Belgium are labeled in this way, which perhaps tells more about the absence of national pride than the people would be willing to admit—the native tongue is secondary in Belgium, many of her people apparently ashamed to acknowledge that they know it at all. A Flemish lady said to me, to-day,

"Only the lower orders speak flams." The picture is simply a vagrant troubadour, with violin in hand as if about to play—what a world of melancholy and sadness in his broad handsome face, and yet looking, too, as if enraptured by far-away strains that *he only* can hear—perhaps, the murmuring of the blue Adriatic at the base of the purple Appenines, who knows, or—as if thinking of his far-away home; or as if he was about to improvise one of those dissolving strains mentioned by Milton, that could draw souls from Paradise, for you can imagine that wonderful face capable of anything; and yet I sit here alone and at rest in his dream-producing presence, although surrounded by kings, queens, sinners, and saints, who, when in the proximity of my ragged son of Italy, are as naught.

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As I go from room to room, the floors are being rewaxed, each workman, with a brush fastened to one foot rubs, and at the same time stands erect, so that here, at least, they conquer without stooping. There are many good pictures in this collection, but none so attractive, because of a personality that's dear to me, as "The Forbidden Lesson," a picture that would be hardly understood with us, or at least would be thought an exaggeration—a venerable old man with a splendidly-resolute face, is reading from a Bible, his solitary auditor, a lovely, young lady; the interior, an elegant, but sufficiently subdued apartment in some great house, making an appropriate background for the "youth and old age" of the scene, who even, in this secluded room, are not secure, for a knock at the door from the clenched fist of an officer of the dreaded Inquisition startles them, without destroying their calm. Beautiful—a masterpiece—an immortal picture that delights, and at the same time fills your mind with harrowing thoughts. Except this, and the few others that I have mentioned, none of the pictures equal those of the English painters of the same period. Unless there is something better than what I have seen, I would judge that art, if not dead, is at least moribund in the Netherlands, maybe it is only being born with Braekeleer, Wauters, Portaels, Cluysenaar, Verlat, Verwee, Ooms—whose picture of the prohibited reading I have just mentioned—as accouchers. So that to-day you may say, perhaps, that art in Belgium is in transition—turning away from the ghastly

crucifixions, and lacerated and naked saints of a former day to subjects of more universal interest. Henri de Braekeleer is most interesting to me; he paints the very soul of old Antwerp —its grass grown streets—its house-tops bathed in an atmosphere of tranquility and rest, with their wilderness of turrets and termini of various sorts. He is a master also in representing the depressing desolation of workingmen's homes—the melancholy romance of crumbling courts, infested with the weeds "that sweat themselves in ease" from decay—the empty vastness of chill-producing churches, and much else he loves to produce with sympathy and truth. Truly his is a brush that pats and caresses, and makes what it touches doubly dear. The adoption of new views will usher in a new art, and there are already, as you see, indications of the dawn of a brighter day. * * *

I am at present in one of the most beautiful buildings that I have ever seen. The front, Italian in style, is a mass of bronzes—busts and groups. The inside, enormous in size, entirely bare of ornament—no paint, no decorations—as clean cut as a cameo are its graceful lines—the supports—circular pillars with simple doric capitals, the arches perfectly plain—is such a delightful change from the profusely decorated places that I have seen of late, that it rests me to look upon it; and this is the "*Musee des Antients*," the casket in which are the gem-like productions of the great men of the Belgium and Holland that was, and the civilized world as well. I am before "*la chaste Susane*," by Quentin Matsys, the Antwerp blacksmith, with the romantic life. He was born in Antwerp; fell in love with the daughter of an opulent painter; but, between the manual laborer and the daughter of a man whose wealth came from the productions of heart and brain, there was an impassible gulf. How shall I bridge it? asks Quentin. I shall become an artist. His first essays were in his native metal. He made works of miraculous beauty—the famous canopy over the well in front of the Antwerp Cathedral of Notre Dame, being the least. In the mean time, he practiced with the brush, and before long exhibited his pictures, took the city by storm, and the hand of the artist's daughter at the same time; produced after this works of immortal fame into the fair proportions of one of which I now look. It was painted before

1370, and yet looks as fresh as if done to-day. "Susannah" is a portrait of his well-won wife, her maids, his two sisters. The villianous-looking elders—no one that you would want to know; the background, with the exception of the conventional-looking palms, decidedly Flemish, with the Cathedral of St. Paul in the extreme distance. As you look at it, you unconsciously recall the line from his epitaph:

"It was love connubial taught the smith to paint."

Ruysdael, Ostade, Jan Van Steen, Verboom, Rembrandt, Bol Guyps, The Teniers, Van Lint, Fulden, F. Hals, Rubens, Van de Veld and his ships, which I am tired of, as they all have flapping sails and are nearly always becalmed; and Champaigne, that graphic illustrator of monkish legends, idiotic and stiff, these and many others are here in great variety. The pictures of Holland, perfectly wonderful in finish and finesse. Before me is a little bit, twelve inches by fourteen, consisting of three full length figures, a vase, a landscape, a statue, a robe of blue and wine-colored velvet, with a fringe of gold and a few familiar weeds. It was painted by Van Mieris over two hundred years ago, and yet, even when very close to it, I can't be convinced but that the real materials are there, everything,—texture, finger nails, a coral necklace, the stamens, petals and pistils of the diminutive bloom—a spray of London pride, the hairs of the head actually numbered; and the faces —well—you really hesitate in your staring admiration, with a feeling as if you were impertinent for looking at them at all, (yet a beggar may look at a queen,) not only the finish, but the expression are so wonderful—none of the features symmetrical nor classic in form; but we must not too highly esteem that, for Socrates was ill-favored, Paul's bodily presence was mean, Alexander the Great was small, Agesilaus was low, lame, and commonplace, Michaelaugh was not handsome, Dante was anything but good looking, the Good Samaritan, as has been said, "may have been lank, sour, and unattractive," and the Saviour, as we know, "had no beauty (that is, physical) that we could desire him"—from all of which it might seem as if beauty was incompatible with superiority; yet so much are we prejudiced in favor of it, that we make it the sign manual of everything good—until we see Dutch pictures, then we learn

that homeliest features can be transformed by goodness into a beauty beyond words. These are but simply plain, *clean*, every-day faces (how you get to value cleanliness after having seen Cork and Kerry), with white caps and collars; no immodest nakedness—figures encouraging to the multitude, as they show beyond dispute how superior beauty of soul is, to beauty of features or flesh and blood. These are the plain faces of men and women, especially women, whose lives have been illuminated by the love of purity and God. Saints,—not the sort that retire from the hard duties and sometimes coarseness of domestic ties, into the quiet and ease of nunneries,—with their elysian freedom from responsibility, rather mothers and daughters doing the work of *home*, regulating, controlling, directing their own children; surrounding with a nimbus of glory not their own heads but the life of the whole family. I am in front of one of these women now, and she has put a spell upon me which I cannot break, try as I may. I am in love again, could worship; can understand, now, what an undercurrent of truth is in the classic legend of the sculptor, enamored with the production of his own hand, and how she became alive; but my Dutch Galatea is not a woman of stone, but of real flesh and blood; she needs not to become alive; she is alive, and I, the adoring Pygmalion, am satisfied simply to worship from afar. I should never wish to draw you with me into the complicated realities of modern life, you sweet emblem of a peace almost unknown. I would leave you, in the realm that you adorn, to make others happy by your gentle and kindly ways, for I know a face that is even sweeter than yours. I have looked into eyes that are dearer than yours; I have seen features expressive of a life as pure as yours, sweet sister, and I am now telling her of you, and promising that in the future, she and I, like birds of passage, with their fledged brood, will take our flight across the blue sea to bask in thy sunshine and rest.

The bell rings, the signal for closing, and I go * * *
A walk in the crowded streets and through the lovely park and my time for home-going is come. Oh, if I could but live forever, that I might have time to see and admire the beauty of this fair world, and all the glorious things it contains. Heaven is here, as well as beyond.

BRUSSELS, August 5, 1887.

"How rev'rend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rus roof!
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquility."—*The Mourning Bride.*
CONGREVE.

"The enemy of art is the enemy of nature, for art is nothing but the highest sagacity of humanity, and he who despises this will honor nothing."
LAVATER.

BEFORE leaving Brussels, I decided this morning to visit some of the more celebrated churches. Selected first the Cathedral of St. Gudule, whose square towers I had seen yesterday from the *Hotel de Ville.* This church, which was founded in 1010, had its outside restored in 1843. Its imposing front includes two square towers, from the tops of which, it is said, can be seen Antwerp. The bell weighs fourteen thousand five hundred pounds. Except in the Cathedral of St. Giles, Edinburgh, I have never seen such beautiful windows, especially the window containing the extremely realistic representation of the "Last Judgment," by the celebrated Franz Florins. The windows of the north chapel, by Roger Van der Weyde, depicting "The Sacraments of the Miracles," are also exceedingly impressive; and indeed the whole interior design and ornamentation is distinguished by unparalled magnificence. It is in this chapel that are preserved the three consecrated wafers, reported to have been stolen by Jews in the fourteenth century, and also miraculously recovered. The theft was committed on Good Friday, and the Semitic kleptomaniacs, to add to the sacrilege, "spitefully stabbed the wafers with their knives, when, to their consternation, streams of blood flowed from the wounds." The Jews, struck senseless by the wonder (as who would not), and the inhabitants, supposing this a second miracle (as who would not), tore the flesh from the bones of the wafer-stabbing Israelites and burned what was left of them at the stake; and thus the truthfulness of transubstantiation was established forever, and the accusers and the church were equally enriched by the confiscated goods and property of every Hebrew that

had such, in the city. These wafers, with great pomp, are still annually carried through the principal streets, and an act of extreme cruelty against the descendants of the Maccabees—the very people who made the best in our civilization possible—is thus celebrated with honor every year, as if deserving of praise. I think it was Shelley who said, in a letter written from Venice to a friend, in which he describes a picture—"The Founder of the Carthusians Practicing his Austerities in the Desert"—"Why write books against religion when we may hang up such pictures as this?" You feel like saying the same as you listen to such mercenary and cruel puerilities as the above; told, too, instead of with an apology or with shame, as you would expect, the rather with a sort of religious fervor, as if the narrator felt that he was relating some tale of heroic daring or strife, telling of the nobleness of his ancestors. When I hear related in cold blood such narratives as the above by people who, strange as it may seem, *appear* to believe them, I confess my feelings of reverence are so shocked by the revelation that they take wing even from such magnificent temples as this. And so I pass, not sufficiently noticed, the wonderfully-carved pulpit, representing the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise—the figures life size; also, the magnificent altars and fine paintings; and am glad when I get to the street.

What a difference between the two cities—Brussels and Antwerp—so close together, and yet separated by impassable social customs! In Antwerp you get along very well with German. The Flemish spoken there is enough like it for you to be understood. In Brussels, which is said to pride itself in being able to outrival Paris in wickedness, the language is almost entirely French, every shopkeeper speaking it badly, and only a few understanding their native tongue. In Antwerp the corners of very many of the streets are hollowed into niches for images of the Virgin—some of the houses have one over the door—besides realistic crucifixions—the purple blood streaming from lacerated hands and feet, and death agony on contorted features—occupying places of prominence here and there. Over the main door of the cathedral is one as big as Thothness, as frightful as Hoa Haka Nana, and yet directly under it are two *orinale* for men, in constant use and entirely exposed. Indeed

these foul receptacles seem to be the chief attraction in every prominent place, at the entrance to churches, on the corners of streets, in market-places, around fountains, and entirely uncovered, notwithstanding the fact that women in passing brush the occupants, and that the virgin mother with divine child is often represented as looking down askance. All the same, the Antwerpian stops on his way to mass, in broad daylight, and while wife and daughters stand by his side talking and waiting—friends saluting them as they pass by—he patronizes *le femur urinor*, unconscious of anything unbecoming in the act.

I imagine it is the shocking animalities of Rubens that every Fleming is familiar with from infancy up that produces this stolidity or immodesty, or whatever it is—things much worse than this—perfectly revolting, are exhibited in his pictures, and being done, too, by what are supposed, superior people—make what I have quoted as common to the streets, seem as nothing compared to what he paints, and what they hang on the walls of buildings dedicated to the distractions of the mind, or the service of God. On the other hand, as Antwerp is famous for the above, Brussels is famous for fountains—you find them every where—the most celebrated of which is the world-renowned manikin, a little bronze boy, about two years old, who discharges a stream of water in a natural manner like any innocent child, holding himself in such a way that the stream describes the segment of a circle into a marble basin beneath. This is situated on one of the side streets near the new City Hall. As a work of art, it is *nil;* as an object of common utility, ditto. As no one would use the water, at least outside of Belgium—for that reason, perhaps, the fountain is railed; yet I saw a young girl putting a vessel attached to a long handle through the bars catching some water, and drinking it with perfect *naïveté*. You will admit that it is not in good taste. How it came to be made, or when it was put there, I have not been able to find out for certain. One story, which may be true, is as follows: A gentleman had an only son—a child of a few years—he was afflicted with a malady that prevented him, except very occasionally, and then only with great agony, from doing what the little boy is always doing. After a period of great suffering, in which he had consulted various physicians in vain, he came

to Brussels and had the child not only relieved, but cured. In gratitude to God, Brussels, and the physician—the last should have been first—he had this votive fountain erected—the figure, the likeness of the boy—to proclaim to a world in darkness the permanency of the cure; in consequence, that little fellow has not been able to go to bed for a century or more, is an established fact. He is mentioned in every guide book. Conducted to by every guide. It is one of the attractions of the town. I stopped on a street near by; the lady of the house said to me, "Have you seen the manikin?" Pictures of it are in the windows of every dealer. It is printed on plates, and engraved on ornaments, and young girls sell copies of it in plaster and bronze. It is for sale by photographers, and print shops have it engraved. Great value and historical interest are attached to it by the old citizens of Brussels, who regard it solicitously as a kind of palladium, and tradition invests him with an importance which is shown especially on holidays, when he is dressed in uniform and decorated with the Order of St. Louis. Nevertheless, *here*, unlike Antwerp, the places for public retirement are concealed, and when men or women enter they disappear. How do you account for these paradoxes? Do you not with me feel like giving them up, and simply being satisfied to let people live and do according to their own standard, while we try to do the best by ours?

In Antwerp the heaviest work is done by women, and what women; you can't help but admire their proportions, with every muscle brought into action by labor, and yet they are as neat about it as if they were only dressed to appear as such characters on the stage. I have seen them push up hill heavy, clumsy carts ten feet long, by measurement, with loads so heavy that their faces were scarlet, the temporal blood-vessels distended with purple blood, and the muscles of their sinuous limbs contracted and swollen—convoluting—under their neat stockings as if alive. Broad leather straps across the shoulders or *over the head*, to take the weight from their arms; and yet they are as smiling about it as if they expected to have their photographs taken at the next corner. They also push immense barrows eight feet long, with but one wheel, the shafts from the wheel to the hands of the *barrowatier* slightly curved

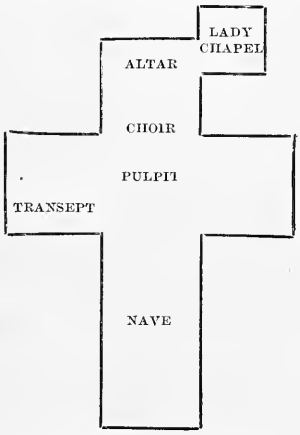
with the convexity towards the ground, the weight sustained by their great beefy arms and their skulls, which you expect to see flattened by the coarse bands that, attached to the handles, are supported across the crown. Others, with straps across their *foreheads*, push in the same way loads heavy enough for a horse. In Brussels the dogs have regular suits of harness like horses, and you can hardly credit them capable of the loads they carry, even when you see it done. Dog-carts, many of them twelve feet long, with wheels like hansoms, the whole vehicle made in proportion, with these dogs dragging large loads, their master or mistress putting their shoulder to the wheel, occasionally, while going up hill. When at the end of their journey, the poor animals drop on the ground as if shot; perhaps in a few minutes again you will see their tails wag, and hear their great bow-ow of friendly recognition at something that they have just observed Most of them are handsome and well formed, sober, and dignified beasts; while others, especially those who support the weight on their backs, are pressed out of shape, with the convexity of the spinal column towards the ground. * * * I have just had a pleasant walk up steep streets, past lovely shops, or rather windows—shops *non est*—like shrouds, beautiful in front, nothing behind. Have passed many magnificent houses, superior to anything that we have, also a number of the inevitable dog-carts. Think I have discovered the cause of the origin of these. Many of the long, tortuous streets, with fine buildings on either side, are so narrow—seven or eight feet—that a horse-cart could not get through, hence the dogs. * * * I have been at church again—St. Peters. When I entered a lady was on her knees within the railing of the altar; two surpliced boys holding over her burning candles, with a very ruddy and corpulent priest mumbling prayers by her side. In a moment he dipped a *whitewash brush*—actually—into a pot of water, shook it at her, covering her with spray, and muttering all the time. The boys, at a nod, crossed the candles over her, then she got up and came near where I was, when, falling on her knees on a praying chair, she engaged in devotion in front of a niched madonna overhead. The priest, pointing towards the woman, whispered to one of the boys. He came over to where the lady was, tapped her rudely on the chin! as her head was

raised, gazing at the Virgin Mother. She threw her head back, startled, came near falling backwards on the floor. He spoke a few words. She apologized, and putting her hand in her pocket, gave him some money, which he took to the priest, who then bowed towards the altar, and disappeared. What does this mean? I ask a poor woman, sitting with eyes crossed—everything is crossed here—yet seeing all. "Oh, messieur, don't you know? Ten days ago this woman became a mother." (What, another manikin, I thought) and all such must come to church on the tenth day for purification." Why? She shrugs her shoulders, raises her hands. "It is a custom of holy church, messieur."

I stroll around, enter the different chapels, and read over the numerous collection boxes fastened up here and there, sentences of which I will give you a few—you may imagine the great size of the church by these: "Give in honor of St. Barbara." "Offerings for St. Paul." "For the honor of St. Margaret." "Offerings for the Virgin." "Here men offer to honor St. Antony." "*Offrandes a Notre Dame au sablon.*" "*Offrandes du sacré coeur.*" "*Offrandes a Marie,*" &c., &c. Bleeding crucifixions also in profusion, with the inevitable box "*Offrandes a La Croix*" attached. Besides the above, I have counted twenty-two money-boxes in this church, containing invitations to give—to more saints than I thought existed outside of Philadelphia; also the following, which seems to be something of an experiment—done with hesitancy: In cheap frames, usually in dark corners, are suspended wood cuts of what purports to be copies of the handkerchief—not copies of the *picture* remember, but of the *handkerchief* itself—of St. Veronica, as if it actually existed, with this underneath: "*Vera effigies cacri vultus Domini Nostri Jesu Christi:*" and over it the ever-present box, with "*Offrandes a vera effigies,*" etc.—give to the true effigy of the sacred face of Jesus—all presenting an opportunity for giving that in its variety surely can't be too much admired. It has been said that farthings were invented to enable the Scotch to be liberal. Fortunately they have smaller coins in Belgium, and if it is "willingness" that makes giving acceptable, who would not be more willing to give a centime than a crown. Honest-looking women, poorly clad but scrupulously clean, come

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOURISTS.

in now and then, generally from their work on the streets—remember the women are the porters here, they push hand-carts and carry trunks on their backs—fall on their knees in front of some of the numerous images or pictures for a few moments, and go out. Bedekerites, occasionally consulting their books, and—just now, one of Cook's parties; they stop in front of something or other mentioned in "Cook's Guide"—one shilling each—when their courier begins his stereotyped "These, ladies and gentlemen," etc., one of the party, actually in the midst of the subdued harangue, stealing away into an obscure corner, where, dropping on his knees, he is soon lost in prayer, thus evidencing a degree of spiritual susceptibility that would hardly be expected under the tough hide of a "Cookie." Yet there is a good deal of sameness about the churches, too—like circuses—when you have seen one you have seen all, especially of that style, the difference being the ornamentation by different hands. The floor plan of most of them is in shape some modification of a cross. Through the chief door you enter the "nave," corresponding with the upright portion of the cross; walking along you come to the "transept," the arms; at the junction of transept with nave is the reading desk, "lectern;" beyond this the "choir;" still farther up, at the extreme end, the "altar." Now, this would be the position of the head when being crucified, consequently the Lady Chapel, viz., the chapel dedicated to the Virgin, is just at the head of her son, so as to support it when being elevated. It is supposed that the cross was on the ground when the victim was nailed to it, hence "The elevation," and "If I be raised up I shall draw all men unto me." I occupy a seat in the church of "Notre Dame au Sablon" as I write this, and simply put down what I see. Besides the above, it is the custom in nearly all large churches, especially cathedrals, to



have little chapels dedicated to various saints, arranged so as to open into the nave—the nearer the head of the cross the greater the honor. These, separated usually from the nave by arches and pillars, often add much complicated beauty to the grandeur of the original design. Quite a number of these attractive additions, dedicated to patron saints in expiation of offences, in memory of benefits, or in perpetuation of friends, will crystallize around these great buildings in the course of centuries. It is sometimes these side chapels, therefore, that make the older churches so intricate that after you have gone through one of them you feel as if you would like to lie down and die, especially as some of the monuments are so attractive, and you are so tired. The Gothic churches in particular produce this feeling of despair, as in these sometimes a proper examination of merely the carvings of one of the pulpits would require days. When emerging again into the street from your studies in their devotion-inspiring light you feel like dropping on whatever is nearest to rest, as I do now. In the open air, under the blue canopy of heaven again, in front of the monument erected to Egmont and Horne, the intimate associates and friends of the Prince of Orange—the three who perhaps were chiefly instrumental in gaining freedom of worship to the United Netherlands. Time has recognized them, and hero-worshipers have placed them aloft, at their feet a sparkling fountain; around, a garden of delight; for it is the place *du petit Sablon* where I sit, surrounded by playing children, the fairest flowers, and greenest grass that I have ever seen. The place is encompassed by forty-four bronze statues of Flemings in their everyday garb, attending to forty-four different pursuits, on forty-four pedestal-pillars, startling by their originality, and well worthy of being reproduced.

* * * * * * * * *

Under the dome of the Palace de la Justice. Describe it, I can't; but just imagine a space nearly as large as the inner court of the public buildings, covered with a dome supported on four seamless pillars twelve feet square; and, except delicately-chiseled capitals, perfectly plain. In addition to this, corridors of circular fluted pillars and plain pilasters, with the only ornaments beautifully-traced shields of Greek pattern, at the abutments. This continuing as far as you can well see,

the whole flooded with streams of light from great windows, *perfectly clean.* Stone grayish white, with no color except in the tesselated floor. This is the first impression of the classic building under whose dome I stand. Soldiers in uniform and a few ladies, just entered, dressed in black, blue, and red, complete the picture. Like Leonardo's Christ of the Last Supper, it allows your imagination to run at large, at the same time that you are satisfied, and more than satisfied with it, as it is—a remarkable example in architecture of grace combined with great strength. The greatest building I have ever seen, and as beautiful as great. You remember that Irma, in solitary expiation, longed to have with her some illustration of perfect beauty—a Greek cameo or the like, that she might be able to contemplate one object of expressive symmetry and grace until she died. So about this splendid interior, you feel like keeping the memory of its loveliness about you to the final change. I had not supposed architecture capable of producing the impressions that this has, except when used as a place of worship. Now I know that the effect of a building is independent of its use. This one suggests music, poetry, devotion, heroism. The pride, dignity, and beauty of life is in it, together with that repose inseparable from dignity; and you conjecture, in the words of Hamlet, about the man who conceived. "How noble in reason; how infinite in faculties; in action, how like an angel; in apprehension, how like a god." * * * I have been through it, and am amazed. From one end to the other, except in the stone marquetry of the floor, not a joint to be seen, and yet they tell me it covers a larger space than St. Peters, at Rome. Its beauty is the beauty of straight lines; but few curves, moulding crenelated, delicately traced arabesque, yet few even of these.

After a contemplation of the magnificent façade, I stand now on the portico and look around,—the only evidence of anything human about it that I have seen—a bust,—on a square support, is a plain, life-sized effigy of a smiling man,—a compass, level, and plumb-line outlined in intaglio, indicating the Masonic brotherhood, and J. Poelaert, 1817–1879, is the only record that I can find of the man who designed it,—one of the Semitic descendants of the race that centuries ago, in the same town, were lacerated and burned for "stabbing" the wafers,

that resulted in the miraculous stream of blood. An inscription in gold letters at the entrance says: that by a decree of Leopold the King, the building was commanded to be erected Feb'y 28th, 1862, and begun 20th August, 1866. The other side tells that it was inaugurated during the reign of Leopold, 15th October, 1883 (but seventeen years in process of erection). *Joseph Poelaert*, *Boumeester*, (architect.) This great building in this *little* city, covers more space than any other building in the world, and is a structure of to-day, that will last for all time, and as it has been built by the little kingdom without noise or fuss, it speaks volumes in her praise: it nobly competes in grandeur and grace with the finest buildings of the antique world, and is really worth crossing the Atlantic Ocean to see. From the Palace of Justice, which stands on an eminence overlooking the roofs of the houses, I descend into the old town; I wish to see the people in their homes; have drifted into the streets, very narrow and steep, but clean; rows of children are sitting on the side-walks with their backs against the front of the houses, and their little feet, covered with clumsy wooden shoes, dangling over the curb into the gutter, as if they were so many miniature boats in dry docks on their beam ends, for of course the gutters are free from even moisture and foul smells. Even the children like all the working people wear these wooden shoes, snowy white, many of them giving evidence of numerous scrubbings with sand soap; and although the people wear this unyielding footgear, which must necessarily be larger than the foot, and which while they are walking is constantly rubbing against their stockings, yet I have never even on the most patched of the peasantry seen a hole, plenty of darned heels, but no nakedness.

At present I am in the quarter where, in English-speaking cities, you hardly ever find anything but rum, ruin, and rags. I ascend the streets, some of them just four feet wide, with three-story houses on either side, yet all perfectly clean. No dead cats nor piles of sweepings with their accompanying clouds of dust; no bottomless trenches filled with coffee-colored mud; not even the concealed precipitancy of the familiar rut, that makes you curse the day you bought a gig, and you are convinced that this is not a free country at all;

then, in retaliation, you long for home, where corporations own the streets and do with them as they please.

A Bruges Night.

Bruges, August 5, 1887.

Fair city, worthy of her ancient fame,
The season of her splendor is gone by,
Yet everywhere its monuments remain,
Temples which rear their stately heads on high;
Canals that intersect the fertile plain—
Wide streets and squares, with many a court and hall,
Spacious and undefaced—but ancient all.—*Pilgrimage to Waterloo.*
Southey.

Οναρ ἐχ Διός ἐστι.—Homer.

At five in the afternoon we bade farewell to Brussels for Bruges. A strange ride through a curious land, a country perfectly flat—flat away out until the green and golden landscape melted into a circular line of nebulous grey. But few trees, and they chiefly poplars, long and slender, giving almost no shade, and looking as if they had been the originals of the spires of the churches in the different towns. These in straight lines along the roads, like giant sentinels nodding to their neighbors across the way; no hedges nor fences, no visible division between fields or farms, every inch of which is cultivated—with such a variety of vegetation, too, and all in the finest state. Oats, wheat, Indian corn, barley, potatoes, flax, beans, peas, hops, vetches, turnips, beets—everything, including, of course, the Dutch rose—cabbage. The wheat in *stooks*, with the recently denuded ground already plowed for the next crop; oats in stacks, flax steeped and spread in such artistic designs that the fields look like webs of watered silk. Very few horses, hardly any cows, but many women and men pushing the products of the farm in *barrows* across land—the women, you may be sure, not carrying the smallest loads. Dogs we pass occasionally, dragging in carts not "enough to press a royal navy down," but yet quantities incredible. Windmills also in abundance, but neither river nor hill, until we are rolled into the handsome station of the famous old town where, in 1436, Philip the Good instituted the Order of the Golden Fleece.

How odd and quaint it is! How dead or dying; and yet who would want to change the aspect of even one of its venerable bricks, or modify the mental vision of its antiquated and sleepy citizens. We are dropped at the door of "The Hôtel du Commerce," spacious, stately, and dull—are conducted through flagged halls, up oak stairs (each balustrade being a white swan with a cat-tail in its yellow bill), over rush matting into a fine old chamber, handsome even in decay. When alone I make an inspection of my quarters, and am delighted with all. After a sumptuous meal, a stroll in the clouds of the night through the dusky streets, suggesting the splendor of the Orient, and I am ready for bed. What a charming room! —antique appointments, clawed tables and chairs, wainscotted walls, carved bedstead, with canopy beginning in a small circle at the ceiling, and gradually increasing until it covers it like a pall. But what is that under the clothing that has assumed the configuration of a man? And then the lofty double window, too, how graceful its arrangement, and what a splendid view it presents of an orchard, with trees laden with fruit, running out until lost in the darkness of night. I throw open the window, and in a moment the chamber is filled with the balm of sweet flowers, the odor of apples and new-mown grass—even the stillness subdued, until you can hear the very pulsations of Time—truly a spectre-suggesting place, and I think—in pacing its generous spaces—that in the days of its prosperity, some centuries ago, it must have been the home of one of the old merchants or nobles, whose hands were in the ends of the earth; and if so, what sounds of mirth and revelry have resounded through these once cheerful halls, that just now only gave the ghost of a melancholy echo as my feet walked through its corridors, and ascended its polished oak stairs. Just then a ripple of laughter disturbed the current of my musings. That must be the daughter of the handsome landlady that I noticed at the door as I came in. How fine she looked in her plain rich dress. There,—that musical laugh can only belong to her. Oh, what a jolly old fireplace! big enough for an Elizabethan kitchen's. Well, this is a strange place, and this is certainly a noble saloon, full of the shadows of past greatness, and yet great itself. Hello! here's a lady's work-box! Well, well, I think the circuit of my discoveries is about

completed now, and I had better begin to jot down the occurrences of the day.

There goes the chimes from the "Belfry of Bruges" ringing out the hour of midnight. How musical and stately the *carillon* paces through the still air, playing the requiem of the dying day; and as I sit here alone, surrounded by these great walls and this grotesquely carved furniture that have evidently been the silent witnesses of the deeds of centuries, my mind goes away back to the days of Flemish opulence and pride; and as I try to conjure into existence again the enterprising burghers, noble women and splendid men, who in the long ago won for themselves niches in the Temple of Fame, I am awed by the silence of the sleeping house, and the long procession of venerable worthies that fall into line at memory's call. I can see them now, men with black cloaks, pointed hats and waving feathers, and women in satin, jewels, and rich brocades, as if they had stepped from the canvasses of Rembrandt or Jean Van Eck, and I am alone with the dead.

Just then, as if coming from under the window, I was startled by a light footstep, and a sound as of the rustling of leaves. I listen. Everything is still—the scratching of my pen is all that I have heard. About to begin writing—am startled again by three low, distinct knocks. I observe the bed with the ominous outline. No motion there. I consider the door of the immense closet and listen, but no sound there. I look around; see nothing but the furniture and spectral shadows thrown by my single candle. What could it have been? I certainly "heard a noise." I peer around for something to defend myself in case of an attack. Gazing eagerly into the moonlight I saw the stars and moon, serene and calm. Looking into the mirror, saw the ghastly reflection of my own frightened face; and could not but think for a moment of the contrast between the repose and peace of the lovely night and my agitated feelings. But the tension of my anxiety was soon relaxed by the sound of a musical note, then another; then an almost inaudible thrumming, like a distant harper preparing for flight; then a few gentle strokes, when a male voice, subdued yet resolved, broke out into Dach's sweet, sweet song of the Netherlands. The singer used the cooing

language of the original Dutch. I shall hear it forever. Although Longfellow's translation immediately occurred to me—

> "Oh, Annie of Tharau, my true love of old,
> She is my life, and my goods and my gold;
> Annie of Tharau, her heart once again
> To me has surrendered in joy and in pain;
> Annie of Tharau, my riches, my good,
> Thou, oh my soul, my flesh and my blood.
> Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come snow,
> We will stand by each other however it blow."

A pause. *Dio mio!* what an enchanting voice! Lorenzo's words sprang to my lips: "If music be the food of love, play on; give me excess of it, that surfeiting, the appetite may sicken, and so die."

When it continued:

> "Oppression and sickness, and sorrow and pain,
> Shall be to our true love as links to the chain;
> As the palm tree it standeth, so straight and so tall,
> The more the hail beats, and the more the rain falls,
> So love in our hearts shall grow mighty and strong,
> Through crosses, through sorrows and manifold wrong."

Another pause. "That strain again; it had a dying fall. Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound that breathes upon a bed of violets, stealing and giving odor," when it resumed:

> "Should'st thou be torn from me to wander alone
> In a desolate land, where the sun is scarce known,
> Through forests I'll follow, and where the sea flows,
> Through ice and through iron, through armies of foes,
> For Annie of Tharau, my life and my sun,
> *The threads of our two lives are woven in one.*"

The last line dissolving, beseeching, confiding, appealing.

> "With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
> The melting voice through mazes running.
> Untwisting all the chains that tie,
> The hidden soul of harmony."

Then a silence that was in itself musical. But who is the young lady's midnight serenader, I thought (for in a mo-

ment I had decided that by some mistake I was occupying her room). What can he be, with such a voice and soul? Just then the stillness was broken by a whiz-z-z, followed by a flying shadow coming down on the window-sill with a sharp click, when, looking out, I saw the hooks of a rope ladder tightening as if by a great weight. Oh, ho! here's a delicate affair. Where shall I go; for you may imagine that I had no notion of being "nurse" to the Juliet whose Romeo just now had awakened the echoes with a tune. My eyes fell again on the mirror on the opposite wall, and there, I saw reflected, on the outside of the curtain, but coming into the room, one of the handsomest faces I ever beheld,—about twenty-two years, but with the spirit, manliness, and daring of a hero of romance. I was embarrassed. How shall I avoid spoiling the plot? He raises himself higher. At the same time a stealthy step in the hall is trying the door! I shall escape into the closet, and remain concealed, I thought, when, more by impulse than deliberation, I enter—pull the door after me—the hall entrance is violently opened from the outside. At the same time I could hear a light, firm foot stepping from the window to the floor—a sudden arrest of motion on the part of both.

There was a few moments of the most awful suspense. It seemed like an eternity. I could hear the beating of three hearts, and I felt that two powerful men had confronted each other and in a rage. At last the silence ended in an altercation —a confused noise—in which I could distinguish such words as "you sought to destroy the honor of my daughter"—"I deny it"—"scoundrel"—"I object"—"we have always loved" —"villian"—"we are married"—"false"—"dishonorable"— then a plunge. They are struggling on the floor; a scuffling, a husky voice calling out, "air, air! You are murdering me." What shall I do? Everything dreadful occurred to me. The possibility of one being slain, the other escaping, and I arrested for the crime. Then the trial—the sentence— execution—all passed through my mind in an instant. But I must save the man that's being killed. When, taking my life in my hands, I attempt to rush to the rescue of the vanquished. But!—he's on his feet again, when, both wrestling across the room, they fall as with the shock of contending giants against the closet door, and I am—awake! and find

myself sitting by the writing table, my pen having just fallen from my hand, the rays of the full-fledged sun filling the room with a flood of light, showing the noble old chamber in its glorious antiquity, the bed with the suspicious outline undisturbed, the music from the belfry breathing "above, about, and underneath"—and all because Shakespeare, Milton, and Longfellow had been in my thoughts, together with Rembrandt, Vandyke, and Rubens, as we rolled through the venerable streets of melancholy Bruges.

BRUGES, August 6, 1887.

"In Bruges town is many a street
Whence busy life hath fled,
Where, without hurry, noiseless feet
The grass-grown pavements tread."

HERE is a place at last that has not come under the dominion of fashion. The customs of centuries ago are in vogue to-day. I stand in front of one of the great pumps that supply equally the rich and poor, a paneled block of blackened stone, surmounted by two threatening bears, supporting a shield. Projecting from one side of this curious block is an iron handle ending in a brass knob. Instead of vertical the motion is lateral, and much easier, as I have just proved, than the newer way. On the other side is a grotesque face of bronze, and projecting from the mouth, as if glad to escape, are the heads of a brace of dragons with upturned noses, on which the patrons of the pump hang their pails. I take a seat on a ledge projecting from one of the curiously hipped houses of charred brick, watching the people as they come for their morning supply of water, old and young, dressed in long cloaks like the "cabbage" and "egg" ladies of Cork, with the addition of wooden shoes, but clean—and with what different faces and hair! The well-to-do occasionally flit past like saints on missions of mercy—even so early as this—dressed in cloaks, but of soft cashmere, completely concealing all but their neat *leather* shoes, their heads enveloped in fur-lined hoods of black silk, and bidding good-morning to the friends they meet in a tongue that even their gentle

voices can hardly make musical; placid contentment the prevailing expression on the faces of all. When the wife of Philip the Fair of France visited Bruges in the beginning of the fourteenth century she exclaimed, "There are hundreds here who have more the air of queens than myself!" You can believe it still as you look into the noble faces of these hooded and cloaked women.

The fronts of nearly all the houses are alike, the gable towards the street with the principal door in the centre, and, where the gable ceases to be square, gradually inclining like flights of stairs, uniting at the chimney or some other terminal at the top. Instead of dogs, as in Brussels, an arrangement for carrying milk, consisting of a horizontal bar, with a circular centre, fitting the shoulders, through which the milk-maid or man put their heads. From the ends of the bar are suspended polished milkcans; if brass, looking like gold: if tin, like silver. Many of the peasantry wear white caps with Italian-ironed frills, which I imagine is here, as in some parts of Ireland, the badge of the married.

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On the "Belfry of Bruges." In front the great square: around me the peak-roofed, brick-covered houses of the town. On the outer border an encircling canal, and as far as the eye can see a perfect plain, studded with windmills, patches of wheat and oats, clusters of poplars and elms, giving evidence of careful cultivation—no trees that I have yet seen in Belgium look as if they sprang from *chance* seed or grew spontaneously, as with us. At my feet gardens, stiffly designed with such devices in coleuses and geraniums as snakes, dragons, turtles—a whole menagerie of amphibiæ—rippling as with distinct life at the touch of the vitalizing breeze, and overhead the somnolent bells that ushered in my dream of last night. The performer on the chimes approaches where I sit with my legs dangling from a machicolation, looking out, and says, "Monsieur, watch the bells. In four minutes they will ring. They are forty-eight in number, some of them weighing six tons; and as they are played on every quarter of an hour, you can imagine the jingle, almost incessant, enough to drive a man wild." I walk around to the other side of the belfry, the wrestling-place for giant winds—and, shivering with cold as I am—am glad of

any shelter—when—horror of horrors!—the tintinabulation of the forty-eight monsters, some of them with six hammers, begin a selection from Wagner! and I, the helpless victim of the distracting noise, my fingers in my ears and shuddering every time I see a hammer raised to strike, the compelled auditor of it all. What demon—what enemy of harmony was it that invented this horrible conglomeration of ear-splitting tones? They say "the performers become deaf;" they never could have heard, or they would not have taken such positions as these. Surely some blacksmith hero of the Niebelungenlied with nerves of steel, for *these* cloud songs are only fit for men with feelings obtunded by the blows of a savage race. I go down to take a peep at the leather-aproned Boanerges who presides at the carillon, and find that, like all *carilloneurs*, he plays his *morceaux fugués* from written music. The handles, which are attached to the bell hammers by a network of wire, are arranged like the keyboard of an organ. But he is going to play again, and as I found one selection as much as I desired, I take my leave. The accommodating musician insists on my going in to see the "tambour," as I retreat. I hesitatingly enter a great room wherein is a music-box cylinder, with a diameter of about fourteen feet, like a mammoth hedgehog, covered with threatening spines, over which are suspended tongues of bells, the machinery of the clock moving like a great engine slowing down. He lifts the *schlussel*, made like a crank. "Oh, please, don't allow it to play again until I get away. I have heard enough." "But I must—time's up in a half minute, Monsieur." "Can't you wait until I am on the street? I'll fly, leap, pay, do anything to get away before it begins. I'll reward you if you let me get quickly down." He shook his head. "Impossible, Monsieur, the town's waiting for it; duty, Monsieur." I put a two-franc piece on his chair as a reward for adherence to duty as I made my escape, but before I reached the floor the noise, which when on the street was rather pleasant, began. I look gratefully up the tower to the belfry on its summit, and think, Well, you may be the "greatest brick tower in Belgium," perhaps in the world, for all I know or care, but I am glad that I am not a dweller near your shadow, nor a denizen of the space within your corroded ribs; for who would want to be the Jonah of

such a whale—with its spouting torrents of conflicting and skull-cracking notes to drive him wild? Farewell, thou Belfry of Bruges! I desire from thee neither a pæan of praise nor a requiem (?) of thy soul-disturbing tones. * * * I have been to the Cathedral; have seen the nudities that they exhibit there for half a franc. They do well to keep them veiled. It would be better if somebody did to the Collection, with a few exceptions, what Luther did to the Pope's Bull—poor Bruges has been despoiled of much that was her best—all the worst is left; her ruin completed by the "religious" persecutions of the bloody Duke of Alva at the end of the sixteenth century, when such of its heretic inhabitants as escaped alive found a hospitable home in England, taking with them the arts which they and their forefathers had cultivated with such success at home. It was here that in 1430, in compliment to the woolen trade of the town, that the Order of the Golden Fleece was instituted by Philip the Good. The contrast between the Bruges of that age before the tragedies of the Infamous Scourge—Alva—and the Bruges of to-day is told best by Wordsworth in his "Pilgrimage to Waterloo."

The town is intersected by canals, spanned by fifty bridges —hence the name Bregga in Flemish, Bruges in French—yet notwithstanding the canals and pumps, the people need to be supplied with rain water caught in tanks, and distributed through the city in tubes. * * * In the Church of Notre Dame, with its tower said to be visible from the mouth of the Thames in clear weather, are pictures by Peter Porbies and Memling, and also, to my surprise, Van Dyke, Van Eck, and Van Vost, together with Rottenheimer and others. A boy approaches—"Shall I open the door?" "Certainly, if you wish." I enter a small chapel with two tombs—Charles the Bold's and his daughter Marie's, together with the "Descents," "Elevations," and "Entombments," that I now feel like running from. I come out at once. The boy follows—"fifty centimes, Monsieur!" "For what?" "For masses for Charles." "I shall give you nothing." "Then I'll bring the police." "Very well." He disappears; in a moment a great, burly fellow comes. "Fifty centimes, Monsieur; you have seen the tomb of Charles the Bold." I repeated my unwillingness to transfer my "trash"—"Base is

the wretch who pays." "I shall not pay a cent," I repeated. I wished not to be caught, and came out of the trap as soon as I saw the bait. Tableaux—a calm, but gesticulating citizen of the United States; a Falstaffian verger and his page, with tower of Babel accompaniments, from which the above-mentioned citizen soon escapes with obsequious apologies, hand shakings, and honor. I was conscious, in this church, of certain ingeniously contrived hints, that I am sure must be taken by every millionaire who enters. On a small tablet over the boxes for the reception of the offerings in honor of different saints, is painted a projecting hand holding between its fingers a five-franc piece which it is dropping into the box—but which never gets there. On the lower rim of the tablet, on which this is painted, is a row of hooks, and from these are suspended miniature representations in wax of human heads, legs, arms, together with babies, bulls, cows, boars, lambs, and other devices, evidently made in moulds, of common workmanship and material, the significance of which I have been unable to ascertain. I also noticed and admired somewhat Michael Angelo's "Pieta,"—a picture (the marble one is in Rome) over the high altar, for which Horace Walpole offered £15,000. * * * Resting on a stone in the street close to the row of unfumigated but exposed unmentionables that are the chief objects of attraction at the entrance to most of the churches here, around me a crowd of wondering children on their way to school, I stop for a moment in my work of immortalizing them to speak, and find that they talk Flemish, French, and English well enough to be somewhat intelligible, which reminds me that there is, or was, an English nunnery here. I question them, but just then an itinerant bear, with his master coming into sight, they emigrate to where he dances—near the house formerly occupied by Charles II during his exile—leaving me to finish my letter alone.

The *Chapelle du St. Sang*, with portal and staircase—Flamboyant Gothic—built in 1150, as a receptacle for a phial containing a few drops of the Saviour's blood, given by the Patriarch of Jerusalem to Theodoric of Flanders. This is a very pretty little church, containing pictures by Memling, Van Eck and David Gerard. The pulpit, about ten feet from the floor, projects from the wall, and is in the shape of a globe

with lines of latitude and longitude according to the old cosmogony. Aloft by the side of the pulpit stands Jesus, with an open umbrella in his hand, which holding over the head of the proclaimer of His word, is intended, I suppose, as a type of the protecting power of the Saviour, but is in reality, as you will see, an acoustic contrivance devised for the purpose of making the voice audible at a greater distance. The reliquary containing the blood is shown for a half franc. It is incrusted with precious stones, cameos and the like, and over it hangs a small jeweled crown given by Catharine of Arragon. A number of religious objects, crucifixes, beads and prayer books are offered for sale, and some polyglot announcements on the wall tell the various nationalities that "everything sold here has touched the holy relic, and has thereby been blessed." * * * Hospital of St. Jean, containing five wonderfully-beautiful pictures by Johannes Memling. I sit in front of his great triptych, not great in size, representing respectively "The Mystical Marriage of St. Catharine," "St. John in Patmos," and "The Daughter of Herodias, with the Head of John the Baptist." Full of anachronisms and archaisms are these, but nevertheless beautiful, too, with a beauty that increases as you look. The marriage contains eight principal figures, most life-like, but beautifully quaint, as most of Memling's pictures are; but St. Catharine—who is receiving on her ring-finger the emblem of everlasting love, from the infant Jesus, who sits in his mother's lap, with a green apple in his left hand—what tongue can tell of her! I came near forgetting that I was off duty—was about to offer some advice about babies and unripe fruit, when a fair-haired enthusiast at my elbow exclaims: "*Prachtvol! wondershön!*" and I desisted. The nonagenarian of Patmos is painted as a young man! The clouds in the pictorial representation of the apocalyptic vision seem so heavy that there is danger of their falling to the ground and cracking. The horses are without joints, and the land by the water edge like putty; but no matter, you can't but admire the whole scene and feel it, a masterpiece, strikingly poetical — the harpers with their harps; the four-headed beast, among flames and mystic forms; the crystal waves of a green sea; women in ecclesiastical vestments—all significant, exceedingly. The Herodias is also

worthy of all praise, but such pictures as these have other interests besides artistic, not one of the least of which is that they are a revelation of the mind and heart of their authors, and often a chronicle of the times in which they were made, besides enabling you to understand somewhat the ecclesiastical, or as Taine says, Buddhistic piety of the middle ages. But the Embarkment of St. Ursula!—how can I tell you of this beautiful illustration of Memling's skill, and also of one of the curious legends of old days as well—truly one of the wonders of this "Venice of the North," is this matchless production. It was done in 1479, in illustration of the story of the saint and her eleven thousand virgins, who preferred death to dishonor—is painted on the sides of the coffin that contains one of her arms—is divided into three panels, each about ten inches by fifteen and contains about ninety people, together with ships, houses, water, landscapes, and other objects, and although four hundred and eight years old, is as brilliant in color as if done to-day. There are fine pictures here also by Newenhoven, all in their degree matchless. In the foreground of "The Adoration of the Magi," is a street of handsome houses and trees, down which are passing four horses with riders. The horses, the noblest breed, horsemen to match. The first, white with blue harness; rider in red. Second, brown; rider dark blue, with a pole and streaming pennant; then a black horse, red harness, man in yellow; next, piebald, with a knight in armor and emerging from the gateway another. I have never seen such action and evidence of vigorous noble life in animals as in these. They seem proud of their royal rulers, and conscious of the great event in the enactment of which they are a part. I have received permission to examine them closely. By actual measurement the front horse, from front hoof to tip of ears, measures but five-eighths of an inch; the others just one-quarter of an inch each, and this is Memling—everything that he does is done in this way. He paints not only the outward appearance but soul, and although most of his pictures are extremely small, yet they lack none of the characteristics of greatness, that is to say truth, ideality, life, dignity, reserve, and are surrounded withal by a glamor of religion, poetry, and romance; and, according to Kugler, they are among the very best productions

of the Flemish school. A run through the well-appointed little hospital, of which these are the greatest treasures, and I bid adieu to Bruges.

HOLLAND, ROTTERDAM, August 6, 1887.

„Die holländiſche Malerei kann man füglich als ein Erzeugniß der ſtaatlichen Selbſtändigkeit Hollands bezeichnen."

KNACKFUSZ.

Neue Monatshefte des Daheim, September 1888, Article „Rembrandt."

I HAVE just returned from a delightful drive by The Mass and along the canals of Rotterdam, and through its strange park and past its lovely homes. How I wished that you had been with me, that we might have enjoyed together the beauty and charm of the whole variegated scene. I left Bruges yesterday at 3 P. M., arrived in romantic Ghent, with its twenty-six islands and eighty-eight bridges at 4.30, having brought the good news in one hour and a half, much easier to me than it was to the noble horse and rider in Browning's Poem. I left in an hour or so, and after rolling over plains and fields of golden grain, was soon across the frontier and in Holland. What a change! farming-houses, people—everything improved, until at last we were in the midst of the sea, almost out of sight of land, yet steaming away as if for life; then a canal, then a great wall, and then down, down, and we are in Rotterdam. Ten o'clock, but a blaze of electric lights, brilliant shops, streets alive with an animated people, the languages of all lands being spoken by those you meet, familiar tunes and songs resounding through open windows, and our own joyous tongue almost at home, down here in the bottom of the sea. How welcome it was to my poor ears, whose tympani for the past six days have been operated upon, not to say by innumerable chimes, but by the combined dialects of three foreign cities as well.

As I write this I am comfortably seated at a table in the Museum of Rotterdam. I am surrounded by the masters of The Dutch School, and in their best styles, and on the street in front is a band discoursing soul-stirring airs, which, pene-

trating the open windows and doors, both soothe and stimulate, and make me forget all care. What a grand thing it is merely to live; what a circle of never-ending delights life can be; and how noble after all is man—God-made—who has indeed sought out many inventions, filling the world with wonders, music, pictures, and books being the greatest of all. To understand the topography of Holland, or correctly The Kingdom of the Netherlands, first imagine the sea, in its midst a great wall built in the form of a somewhat collapsed sphere, the water pumped out of this enclosed space until the flat, dry bottom appears, and that is "Hollowland," Holland. Napoleon laid claim to it on the ground that its surface was a deposit from the distant regions—"the uplands are mine," he said, "by right of conquest, the lowlands by right of devolution." You doubt the justice; the geology you accept.

On this land—it is below the level of the sea—the people have built their cities and marked out their farms; and this was the place caressed into fertility and luxuriance by its loving and thrifty people long before America was born, and was a land flowing with milk and honey, and a home for the beaux arts, not exactly when the people of Britain went about with painted skins and offered human sacrifices to their gods, but certainly for a long time, as in the second century it was overrun by the Saxons, who have left their imprint upon the soil. When the people need water here, they make an opening in the wall, when a torrent flows in, often without permission—unfortunately. Consequently, the towns have most of their houses, especially on the outskirts, surrounded by little conduits directly from the sea, and can only be approached by bridges; but they are also enclosed with splendid trees, covered with ivy to the top, with pea-green arms scattering cooling shadows around, besides flower beds of especial luxuriance, with perpetually green lawns, rippling down to the sea. When you add to this their quaint, but substantial architecture, with wrought iron ornamentation enlivened with brass, and scrubbed to the bone, their house servants—one of which you nearly always see busy in front of each large house—with wooden shoes, snowy white stockings, and superlatively whiter caps, fastened with polished brass wires, swirreling on each side of their heads like horns—the houses mostly painted light, and

kept so—think of these—and you can understand something of the novelty and variety that this country presents for the contemplation of a person familiar only with the monotony of dry land and black bonnets,—but I am here to look at pictures and not to talk of men. And so paying half a guilder for a *Dutch* catalogue, my compass for the voyage over an unknown sea (observe, a *Dutch* catalogue, not French, nor English; they have a tongue of their own here, and they make no compromises with the felicities of that of a more numerous race). I start out to circumnavigate this pictorial globe, containing what islands of the blest, what shoals and headlands and wooded shores, what strange people, what flora and fauna, I know not. * * * I have been looking through a magnificent collection of drawings by Rembrandt, Van Dyke, Langendyke, Kobell, Rubens, Lucart, Werff, and many others—studies in sepia, charcoal, pen sketches, and what not, worth perhaps millions in money, and stop just long enough to give you this illustration of Dutch modesty. The *stifter* and *geshenger*, viz., the founder and presenter, appears among his magnificent gifts in a little circular picture, three inches in diameter, in a rim of wood, and without number or name, simply "The Presenter." The man concealed behind his work. * * * *Deo gratia*, I am again among a glorious people—am surrounded by the flowers and fields, children, ladies, and gentlemen of a refined race; I can hear the low sough of the browsing cattle, can see the well-kept homes, farm houses, and fowls of Holland, together with her wide canals, her ancient ships, that have navigated all seas, her noble burghers, and more than all and better, I can see the enchanting homes where the chief ornaments, among a multitude, are the richly, but homely clad mothers surrounded by their romping children, happy at play; no flaunting nakedness, no crucifixions, where the chief object seems to make the central figure as harrowing and dreadful as possible. Surely this habit of making the physical suffering of Christ the thing most to be noticed can't help but brutalize, as you may see by the stolidity of the people familiar to such sights from infancy up; the masses seeming to have no feelings, except those of animals, and no sense of shame. They see so much nakedness, and that, too, in saints, that they are not abashed themselves by the most shameful acts of exposure:

besides, this method is not according to the facts, for the agony was not physical, but mental and spiritual that increased the grief of the Saviour.

However, there are no self-tormenting saints here, with *gaucherie* raising of their shrouds and pointing with shriveled fingers to the bleeding holes made in their thighs by the spears of martyrdom; no emaciated army of bigoted devotees who, having turned their backs on duty, have crawled into the caves and desert places of the world like cravens, to die. Leave your caverns and sombre cells, mistaken men; this world, with its wrongs to be righted, and sinners to be redeemed, seems no place for you to waste your time in idleness and in selfish, protracted prayers. You trembling, mistaken band, who regard God as a tyrant to be cringed to, instead of a Father to be loved. Here is the ripe fruit of Christianity—charming houses, delightful friends, all the sweet amenities of civilized life. Here, too, in abundance, pictures; yet not so much pictures as phases of nature and domestic life; the quiet sentiment of every day occurrence, caressed into perpetuity by sympathetic brushes; pictures taken from the life around, with the heart and boundless love of man in them. The attractive homes of cotters, with joyous children, and the peace that comes from above; modest places erected for the worship of God, with their delicate spires projecting above lofty trees, telling of worship and peace, and here and there a lovely illustration of the divine life, showing that love of God and man is at the root of it all. Among the beautiful specimens around where I sit, I hardly know what first to speak of—most of them make you feel as if you would like to take them home for a few years to know them better. How delightful is all. Let me see—what shall I select first? That little boy with black cap, dressed in yellow plush, with his thoughtful face—drum cast aside? No; I can't tell you of him. I could weep when I think that that breathing effigy is but a counterfeit presentment of what once was, for it is the living picture of a dead child; dead he is not, but departed—transplanted—translated—yet, all the same, he's gone. Nor can I tell you of the sweetly-contemplative features of the gentle old grandma standing in the corner yonder (my mother again), by her chair of polished oak. I am glad, dear, that you have retired from

the activities of life, and that loving hands attend to thy white cap and snowy frills, and that smiling but half-frightened children gather around thy knees to hear thy tales of marvel about the days of old. Like many before me, I am beat by the Dutch, and will in despair have to select from the room a specimen that illustrates a scene from the history of another land: the "Cimon and Pera," by Brugger Mals, where this risky subject is treated with a modesty and daring beyond praise. The little child on the floor, the venerable, imprisoned, famished father, divinely haggard, yet beseeching your pity because of his imperative need; the heroic, self-sacrificing daughter. All of the whole marvelous story to the life; but I will copy from the catalogue, and you will either have to translate for yourself, or read up—"*Cimon ligt geknieed op een houten bank met kluislers, aan zijn handen, Hij laaft zich aan de borst van Pera, Ter rechlerzijde op den grond ligt haar kind.*" * * * Oh, the lovely, gratified mother, with faintest indication of a smile—the merest blush or shadow or scintillation—on her lovely features; the new-born baby, just dressed, in the hands of the alert but kind-looking nurse (if I only had such to recommend to the needy); the room, subdued in tone, but in order; the doctor gone, no sign of confusion or precipitancy, and the handsome, noble-looking husband thoughtfully bent by the side of his wife, devoutly kissing her hand. How can one hundred and forty-four square inches of flat surface and a few drachms of paint produce such an exhilaration—deception? I have beheld this scene enacted scores and scores of times, and have been awed into silence by its pain, mystery, and relief, but I have never seen its romance and love until its wizard *creator*, for it could never have been imitated from sittings, wafted his camel hair wand over it, and transformed it into poetry and grace. Here is another of the same, but a more elegant room. The grateful convalescent is sitting up in bed—the delighted nurse feeding his royal pinkness with a silver spoon. No superstitious running to a paunchy cleric here for purification on the tenth day. Just imagine what Rubens and his ilk would have done with these charming subjects, and the number of things he would have left exposed, and perhaps according to the habits of his country, too, for who knows whether it was he who made them coarse,

or they who made him so? I have never seen such landscapes and such water as here. You feel like plunging in; think that fish must be the happiest animals alive. Such out of door pictures, too, and such faces; everything seems to have a charmed life—to be even hallowed. I am under the influence of the magician's wand. * * * Good God! how can such things be, and not live? I am surrounded by names of which, with the exception of Ary Scheffer, I have never heard; and yet the pictures are so real, so idealized, too, that their greatness embarrasses me. I feel for the first that I would like to be better dressed; make a more becoming appearance. The presence of so much greatness humiliates me, and makes me wish for my Sunday clothes. No man should enter an art gallery or a church without putting on his best. * * * I am alone, and the pastoral, marine, military, and domestic, tragical, heroic, and pathetic scenes of the long ago are being enacted before me, on purpose, as it would seem, to bewilder and confuse. I close my eyes; it is too much; and yet, knowing that when I open them it will be to look upon "The Last Day of Erasmus." I remember having recorded in a little book of miscellaneous annœ that I keep by me: "Erasmus wrote a letter to the Pope, in reply to an invitation to come to Rome, in which he says: 'I cannot go to Your Holiness, King Calculus (the gout) will not let me. I have dreadful health, which this tornado has not improved. I, who was the favorite of everybody, am now cursed by everybody—at Louvain, by the Catholics; in Germany, by the Lutherans. I have fallen into trouble in my old days, like a mouse into a pot of pitch. Come to Rome! You might as well say to a crab, "fly!"'" Not of him, therefore, could it have been written, even in jest, what Goldsmith said of Burke:

> "Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
> And to party gave up what was meant for mankind."

I don't know where I found the above, but think it was in Froude's "Short Studies of Great Subjects." However, here he is; the picture painted by H. A. Van Tright, about ten years ago. I shall translate from the catalogue. "The interior of a furnished bed-room; on the right Erasmus, in an invalid chair, his legs resting on a cushioned stool; lying before him a casket

with letters; near him a table, on which is a book and a copper candlestick. In the middle of the picture, before him stands Bonifacius Amerbach, Jeronymus Troben, of Trobenius, and after him Nicolaas Episcopius; on the left a carved oak cabinet, whereon is a crucifix (Kruisbeeld), books," etc. Of course, these are but the bare facts of this masterpiece. It is not large in size, bulk does not seem to be one of the concomitants of greatness here, yet about it there is a witchery which holds you spell-bound—fascinated; especially by the smile on the subtle but handsome face of the dying man of the world, in the garb of a priest; a smile, as if he denied himself the satisfaction of a groan, in order to meet pleasantly his friends. This remarkable man, a native of this town, too comprehensive for a bigot, yet hardly convinced enough to secede—especially when secession resulted in suspicion, persecution, and loss of ease; and yet it was not from policy, nor fear, nor any ignoble feeling that he remained in the old fold, but simply because he believed, as sincerely as he could, that it was the best. The old way he knew, with all its faults—which he wanted reformed, and in this sense was also a reformer; the new was but an experiment as yet, which he would hardly believe in, even as a success. I look long at this picture of handsome gentlemen, especially Erasmus, and feel as if I was present at the event. His face, Goethe-like in its intellectuality, and yet lacking some of the elements of true greatness, viz., resolution and strength, you feel when looking at it as if Erasmus was but supple and subtle, but not great. I go closer to take a nearer look at the three dignified and scholar-like visitants. As I do so, "Puck," who is always at my side, gives me a pull by the coat-tail. I look down to see what the imp means now, when with one of his roguish asides, he says, "Take a peep at his boots." I do so, and observe that the soles are in shape like this. Oh, sacrilegious spirit of mischief, to see anything provocative of laughter in receptacles (reliquaries) for the gouty toes of a dying man; but it is already three o'clock, and since I have been here four hours, and am exhausted with admiring, I must seek rest in change. * * *

Wolen sie mir sagen wo der "groot-kirk ist?" A look of profound ignorance ends in the reply, "I don't understand a

word you say." I am glad to hear it. Please tell me how to get to the "Old church?" "Certainly. There are many English residents here, and there are two churches where the services are conducted in English." I follow the directions, and here I am in the famous building that I sought. The first thing that strikes you is its enormous size, then its extreme cleanness, its handsome marble pillars. Instead of praying-stools, comfortable pews; a splendid organ; no decorations nor pictures; all effigies have been removed, except a few portrait statues; iconoclasts have shattered every image, even the ornamentation around the base of the pillars, and all the saints—the revolt from Alva, the murderer and tyrant, and his infamous instruments of Inquisitorial torture seems to have been very emphatic here; but to the glory of Holland it can be said that in her recoil from the folds of her tormentor she never used his fiendish methods; she broke images and destroyed material symbols, but never, even in the most intense rage of her mobs, inflicted punishment on a living thing because of its faith. The floor is paved with the escutcheoned grave-stones of the long since dead, many of them great names in Dutch history, including Admirals De Witt, Rortendar, and Van Brakel; and not very wide from here in the once animated Delft—celebrated for blue plates and curious vases—are the stairs on which the noble William of Orange was murdered by treachery; also his tomb, as well as that of the great Van Tromp. It was from Delft that the Pilgrim Fathers embarked for America. I feel at home in this fine old building which gives such "a swell to the fancy;" for here they sing Psalms, read the gospels, and preach the word; and here neat fountains, where the thirsty may be refreshed, take the place of the unmentionables at the entrance to the churches of Belgium, the change extending to the very spire, where utilitarian weather-vanes are substituted for the cross. I find a great Bible, with Psalms of David in separate volumes, the words set to music, in every pew. I open one of them and read here and there the headings:

"As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God."

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble."

"Blessed is he that considereth the poor, the Lord will help him in time of trouble."

"Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations."
"Oh, sing unto the Lord a new song, for he hath done marvelous things."
"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly."
"I was glad when they said unto me let us go into the house of the Lord."

The memories suggested by these are sacred, and as I read could hardly keep back the tears. A circuit of the tombs, and I am out. * * * What a place for institutions of charity is Rotterdam. I think I must have seen literally dozens of them to-day—institutions for the deaf, the blind; for incurables, consumptives, cancer; homes for cripples, orphans, old couples, single ladies, widows and widowers; homes for sailors; places that supply the sick with prepared food from doctors' prescriptions; homes for reduced gentlemen and ladies—why these should be a distinct class in a country where all men are gentle and all women refined I know not. I have seen no hospitals, though, for the insane, but free reading-rooms, libraries, art galleries, and museums in abundance—a perfect paradise I should imagine for the poor, and yet I have seen none that I could call such; no ragged, untidy, nor unwashed people; no women doing the work of men, but rather everybody seeming so perfectly at their ease, looking so contemplatively droll, too, that a walk through the splendid broad streets, cut in two by deep, boat-covered canals, is as entertaining as the reading of a volume of poems by Hans Sachs. I was also on board a couple of the long boats that swarm the canals, and found, to my delight, that it is the custom to carry with them not only their families, but also their domestic animals,—cats, dogs, hogs, poultry, ducks, geese, and hens,—and yet the apartments of these lower members of the *freundshaft* are scrupulously clean, inodorous,—as tidy as hospitals,—really forming a pleasant addition to the family. In Ireland, where the pigs sleep on the same floor with the people, you first pity the people, at last only the pigs; but here, these useful members of society are weekly scrubbed with soap and brush, and are as clean and well behaved as the ruddy and attractive children. The parlors, dining-room, and kitchens of the boats in cleanliness and comfort are beyond praise, and the little garden of tulips, hyacinths, and the like, the apparently invariable concomitant of all Dutch canal boats, although not as grand as the hanging-gardens of the uxorious Prince of

Babylon, yet they speak perhaps more eloquently of gentle hearts and true. A visit to the house in which Erasmus was born, not the least of the attractions of the city, and I am done. I can't tell you of it, as I am too tired, but a good short account of his strange life and origin, which almost equals in interest the story of Mignon in "The Apprenticeship" of Goethe, may be found among "Father Prout's"—Francis Mahoney—"Relics." I could forgive Erasmus anything but the baseness that induced him to write secretly to the Senate of Zurich, asking them to expel from their city his (Erasmus's) own self-sacrificing benefactor—the noble defender of liberty, truth, and the German people—Ulrich von Hutten. He was expelled, and in consequence of the persecution of his enemies and treachery of his friend (?) *et tu, Brute!* died of a broken heart, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, on the island of Ufnan, in Lake Constance. "Hither repair," says Wieland, "and pay your obeisance to one of the noblest figures, and most heroic, of the Reformation." I am too weary to write another line. Good-night. In some brighter place I will bid you good-morning, as I start in a few hours for The Hague.

HOLLAND, THE HAGUE, August 7, 1887.

"No good government can exist without religion, and there can be no religion without an Inquisition, which is wisely designed for the promotion and protection of the true faith."—*The Boston Pilot.*

Quoted in "OUR COUNTRY."*

"We have, therefore, every reason to congratulate ourselves on having outlived the reign of open persecution."—*Mill on Liberty.*

HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE.

I HAVE been drifting through the streets of The Hague, as we say; Den Haag, as they pronounce it in Dutch. The French call it La Hage, while in modern Latin, it is Haga Comitis; and although it is the chief town in the province of South Holland, the usual residence of the court and the seat of government, yet it is perhaps the least Dutch of all her towns—

* I could hardly believe even *The Boston Pilot* capable of such a statement. I wrote to the editor, asking if it was true. There was no reply, and my letter was not returned. Consequently I feel justified in using it as one of the mottoes for this letter.

with that degree of eccentric individuality about it, enlivened by a distinct cosmopolitan elegance which never ceases to please. Broad and regular streets, extensive avenues, spacious squares, rare plants and flowers—brought by its people from the ends of the earth—magnificent trees, the cultivation of which being a chronic and ever-increasing craze—large and beautiful buildings, clean, haughty, and composite—The Hague is indeed an abode to be recommended to all disgusted with the ugliness, confusion, and sin of great cities, "where they may breathe a delicious atmosphere, see beautiful things, and dream in quiet of still more." I stop to rest in the Binnenhoff, a court surrounded by a handsome Gothic building, the former residence of the counts of Holland. It was on this square that the scaffold was erected for the execution of the virtuous, but inflexible Barneveldt, a grand pensioner of Holland, the act, the only stain upon the character of Prince Maurice of Nassau, who is said to have watched the beheading from a side window. Motley says no; "that the scene was watched by the Prince and people in tears, who, at the end of the act, struggled to gather up the sand, wet with his blood, that they might keep it in phials to the end of time." A gate is here —entrance to the place where De Witt was confined on a false accusation of conspiring to assassinate the Prince of Orange, and where the populace, enraged by the mere suspicion, rushed in, dragged him and his brother out, and murdered them,—literally tore them to pieces, more with the fury of wild beasts than like men. * * * From here we are directed to the private gallery of Baron Steengracht, and find Rembrandt, Rubens, Ostade, Van Steen, and Meissonier are well represented; generous, amiable, and polite are the attendants, but we are not permitted to describe what we see, to use either pencil or pen. We pass the home—double house—of the murdered De Witt, the man who kept England, France, and Spain in terror, made London tremble with his guns on the Thames, and yet "he never left his home but in plain clothes," at a time, too, when it was the vogue for even subordinates to dress in gorgeous apparel, and—"he kept but one servant"—happy man. I forgot to say that I was in the great room in the old palace, 130 feet long, 62 wide, and 69 high, where the States of the Netherlands abjured their allegiance to Philip II, of Spain. I reverently

took off my hat, and thanked God. I also saw the dress worn by William, Prince of Orange, the day he was murdered at Delft; the shirt and waiscoat worn by William III, of England, the last three days of his life—I saw worse in the "Liberties," Dublin. Also the armor and sword of Admiral Van Tromp, who tied a broom to his mast-head as an indication that he was going to sweep his enemies from the high seas. Myself and two friends—picked up on the way—have ropes around our necks—metaphorically—to-day; in other words, we are being dragged from place to place by a guide. They insisted on it, and I have vowed that this will be the last. Generally guides are not permitted to enter places of interest. They see you to the door, where they wait, like bailiffs, until you reappear. They generally "hire" by the hour, consequently you hate to keep them waiting so long, besides they are not, as a rule, gentlemen who understand the spirit of things—osteologists only—omnivorously expectant of exclamations and praise. You will understand, therefore, that if I hurry you through the house that we now enter—the Palace of the King—it is in order to prevent our gentleman-in-waiting from being blistered by the sun.

The first apartment we enter is the State room, where the King gives *direct* audience to his subjects *every day*; Sevres vases, chairs, and old tapestry hangings around. Next apartment, a small ball-room, plain, but with handsome silver chandeliers, presented by the two dams (both continental), Amster and Rotter;—more Sevres vases. After which a large room, splendidly furnished, lovely marquetry floor, and containing the small, brown, tailless horse on which King William II rode at Waterloo. Dining and breakfast rooms of the King, Queen, and Princes. The writing-room of the Queen, as innocent of writing material or facilities, as the ordinary domestic library is of books. Japanese room, with magnificent ornaments from Japan, and the sewing-room of the Queen, containing an American sewing-machine. As an illustration of the wise economy practiced by crowned heads, I noticed that the last five apartments are plainly but neatly papered with cheap paper, and the windows hung with *paper curtains*, looking like tapestry. "How old are these curtains?" "Four years, Monsieur." Nearly every apartment contains fine

specimens of Sevres and Japan pottery and old Delft, most of it presented by friends—and we are out. "Wouldn't you like to be a king?" says the guide. "No; for then we could never see London from the top of an omnibus." * * * I give you this as a specimen of a description written under the inspiration of a *chevalier du place*. We are of the opinion now that we can get along much better alone than with a guide, for with a guide you always know just where you are; and what is a trip abroad unless you can occasionally get lost? * * *

In the *Museum of Painting*, possessing the lovely—no, the Rubenesque—"Adam and Eve," the composition, also, containing landscape, water, and animals. How could such a repulsive looking creature ever have tempted a man to eat anything that she had touched? Rather an effective substitute for a flaming sword, I should say, to prevent men from entering Eden, than the solicitor to forbidden fruit. Poor Peter Paul! your notions of the Paridisaical in women are very crude indeed—could never tempt any one—disgusting! In this picture is the most unaqueous-looking water that I have ever seen; the fishes are on it instead of in it, and instead of breathing are panting for air. The Dutch are fond of painting studios, and I of looking at them. One in front of me, by Valckenburg, "The Atelier of Apellus"—who, as you know, lived before Christ—is a most beautiful interior. The walls are covered with paintings, among them being some by Titian, Raphael, Jean Van Eck, Rubens, and Gerard Douw. Tables, covered with *Dutch* books, and statuary,—such anachronistic improprieties as these are—so common in this period—that at last you get to expect them! There is a remarkable monochrome bas-relief here, also—"Cherubs at Play." You can't believe but that it is marble, even when as close to it as you can get. And Vos's "Moses Receiving the Tables of the Commandments on Sinai" also shows the simplicity of this ingenuous nation. A large company of *Dutch* are assembled around Moses, to which he is showing the stones on which the law is printed in *Dutch!* "Diana and her Nymphs Bathing near a Grotto" is also very droll; one of the nymphs astraddle on the back of one of her companions, who is on all fours, is certainly a novelty in the way of grace. "William of Orange," also very fine, with his last pathetic words, "Mon Dieu aÿes

pitie de mon âme, mon Dieu aÿes pitie de ce pauvre peuple," show the humane solicitousness of the dying hero. * * *

We are now, my friends and I, like crows on a branch, cawing at "Paul Potter's Bull." "I am glad I have nothing red about me," says one. "It's good that he is not fond of green," says the other, "or he would eat *you*." "Well, there is at least one sure thing about it, I shall not eat him as long as the roast beef of Old England is so much cheaper. He costs too much by the pound—he weighs perhaps three or four pounds, canvas and all—yet the Dutch Government offered Napoleon $100,000 if he would allow him to remain in The Hague. In the generosity of his heart he accepted, and here he is. Small, but how very vicious this celebrated animal looks as compared with the placid expression of the white-faced cow lying at his feet. This, with a well-painted landscape, sky, distant cattle, three sheep in the foreground, two trees, and a life-like man, make up the great picture—a frog and bird being a part of the attraction. You can't call it beautiful—it is merely real. Some one says—Fromentin, I think—"It should not be called 'Paul Potter's Bull,' but 'The Bull,'" as if beside it there was no other—it being unique—alone.

I stand rather disappointed than otherwise in front of Rembrandt's greatest picture, "The Lesson in Anatomy." Perhaps those who call this his "greatest" have reference to its size. I feel as if I had lived with it long, for our copy is perfect in every detail, except the manuscript book at the feet of the corpse, and the scrôll held in the hand of the central figure. In the original it contains the names of the students—physicians present; ours does not. This canvas formerly stood in the School of Anatomy in Amsterdam; was purchased by King William I, in 1828, for thirty-two thousand francs, since which time it has been here. I look steadily at it, as Rembrandt wished you to look at his people—viz., directly into their mouths and eyes—and yet I can't be impressed by it as by his smaller works; feel myself making stories about it, instead of having it make stories for me, as the smaller pictures do.

Dr. Tulp, the Father of Dutch Anatomy—author of the first book on that science, with illustrations drawn from the cadaver, is represented here surrounded by his pupils, physicians of prominence. It is at a time when the touching of a dead body for

LESSON IN ANATOMY. (*Rembrandt.*)

purposes of study is sacrilege, punishable by death; but, notwithstanding the prohibition, he and his pupils assemble in secret, risking their lives and reputations for the sake of advancing their anatomical knowledge. The left arm of the subject has been dissected, exposing the sinews and muscles, and the demonstrator, Tulp—his hat on, the pupils with heads uncovered—having caught the brachial artery with a pair of forceps, draws it into sight, and continues to explain. At this moment the picture is taken. A great thing in this masterpiece is that the corpse—generally a centre of attraction in such efforts—*outré* at the best—is here the last thing you look at—your attention is so arrested by the faces of the deeply interested men. It has been said in proof of the realism of the foreshortened cadaver, that physicians can tell the cause of his death; assert that he died of inflammation of the lungs, which, of course, is mere conjecture. It is difficult enough to diagnose the living—the dead still more. You may guess much, but assert nothing. It seems to me though as if the subject was that of a man killed suddenly, rather than a man who had died from disease—a mason, or hod-carrier, perhaps—that had fallen from a scaffold, striking the back of his skull and dying from shock. I have always felt that if his head was raised you would find the occipital bone shattered, or, as he is slightly cyanotic, perhaps he died from disease of the heart. Anyhow, he is a robust, muscular man, with nothing of the emaciation of protracted sickness about him; his breast slightly emphysematous, evidently from post-mortem changes—after-death disintegration, rather than disease; or perhaps the thoracic distension is only apparent—due to the block of wood usually put under the shoulders of a subject on the dissecting table, to make the chest more prominent for convenience of cutting.

However, independent of the artistic interest of this great picture—you see I am beginning to regard it great, too—it is also of importance historically, for it is known to have proceeded from similar pictures made by Rembrandt's predecessors, and preserved so securely that they have not yet been found; or, in other words, it indicates, perhaps, that a man's greatness in certain things may consist in his being able to appropriate and improve the efforts of others. It has been

said that the investigator immortalized in this picture, came to his death because of a too enthusiastic pursuit of his chosen studies. A patient died. Cause—a mystery. Determined to know, Tulp concealed himself in the room with the dead body. In the night he opened the box, and after removing the clothing from the corpse, thrust his scalpel into the chest, preliminary to exposing the contained organs, when the patient gave a scream! sat up, looked around for a few moments, and fell over—now really dead—as he had penetrated the membranes of the heart. At this juncture, the watching family, startled by the wild cry, rushed into the room, only to see the young nobleman frantically clutching for air, and expire—the horrified anatomist, speechless with terror and dismay. The family and friends attempted the life of the daring, but now violently agitated man, who, when he could recover speech, protested his innocence, but in vain. He fortunately claimed and procured the protection of the authorities until his trial, when he was sentenced to death. Friends now interposed; invoked the assistance of the Pope, and had his sentence commuted to a pilgrimage barefooted to Jerusalem. When returning, he was waylaid and killed. A similar story is told of another great anatomist, Andrea Vesalius, the subject of another good picture. Which is the true story, or whether both are, I know not. Vesalius, because of his knowledge, was condemned to the stake as a sorcerer by the Inquisition—the penalty afterwards also changed into a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. He was shipwrecked, however, in returning and died of starvation—a judgment, it was said, for attempting to discover what God had concealed. * * *

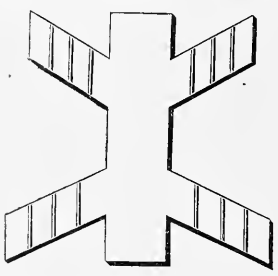
Oh, Rembrandt's enchanting "Presentation in the Temple" —the blind Simeon on his knees with the infant Saviour in his arms, the Virgin mother kneeling by his side—the only light that which illuminates the face of the saint, reflected on the mother, throwing the other figures in shade, and enhancing the wondrous beauty of the whole matchlessly-conceived scene—a priest, with flowing robes, stands over all, with hands extended, either in blessing or astonishment. How can any one who looks at this call "The Lesson in Anatomy" Rembrandt's masterpiece. On the other side is a sort of companion to this—an interior, by Gerard Douw—the large, splendidly-

lighted kitchen of a well-to-do farmer—a lady, a little girl, a cradle and baby, pots, lanterns, carrots, tankards, dead chickens, one of the curious bird cages, *vogelbauer*, made by the gentle hands of this animal-loving people, baskets, pillars, a lovely chandelier of wrought iron, perhaps fashioned by Quentin Matsys; and in shadow—away back—men. The most beautiful picture by Douw that I have ever seen, perhaps; a mere kitchen—producing such a revelation of domestic bliss, as no written history could, and with a halo of idealism, too. Just think of making pots poetical, and carrots and tankards speak a sort of romance. The lovely mother on a chair mending the clothing of a child, herself robed in garments of contentment, so peculiarly and refreshingly neat—greenish apron, white shoulder covering, greyish dress, blond hair, and curious, but becoming head gear, with hair loose in front, partially encircling features full of poetry and vigorous life, a face redolent with sympathy and love—all presenting a scene of picturesque plenty and peace, characteristic of the soil. It is time to close. In coming out, we notice a statue of William the Silent, with the dog that saved his life by his side; numerous storks also stalking listlessly about with a sort of gypsy-like exemption from care, as if kept at the public expense, as they are. * * *

The world famous, or rather infamous "Prison of State," where cruelties enough were inflicted "in the days of Faith" to make the blood curdle with horror at their bare recollection. (There are a crowd of us now—no Americans, though, but myself.) The first room we enter, the apartment where women were tortured, contains the various instruments of torment—some especially adapted for women not to be mentioned. Among those of the more decent kind, are lashing boards, consisting of a plank into which are joined iron hooks for the head and bands for the hands, with a pulley at the other end, though which a rope fastened to the feet of the naked victims stretched them until they screamed, when the whips of the professional lashers were laid on until bare backs were covered with stripes. Here also are numerous branding irons marked with all kinds of disgraceful devices—initials having special significance. Some of the irons, four

inches or more in length—outlining "devils" with cloven feet and tails, fool's cap, and hideous grin; others with reversed letters, signifying "Heretic." These heated until red, were pressed against the crackling flesh of the howling victim until they had charred an indelible mark, when the branded were set free—these, with other things, too horrible to mention in the room for women. The next—one of the departments for men, contained manacles for the wrists, similar implements for the ankles, with rusty spikes on the inside, to be tightened into the flesh; also knives, that being heated, burned their way to the bones; besides, collars for the neck with penetrating spines, and a contrivance for diminishing their calibre, until the suffocating, mutilated wretches were dead; uprights, with pulleys, to raise people by the thumbs, while their bare backs were lacerated with lashes of fine wire; screws where the thumbs were pressed until the blood gushed, and the bones cracked; axes and dentated swords used in those "days of innocence and peace," for the removal of offensive heads; other cutting instruments for fingers and hands; others—predecessors of tenotomy knives, before the science of tenotomy—where the operators cut but to maim, instead of to enable the lame to walk; where, through a slight external opening, the sinews of arms and legs were severed, making locomotion impossible, perhaps, for life.

In the next room the homely Dutch stove, with its friendly function of disseminating congenial heat, perverted into a fiendish furnace for the heating of the branding irons of Spain; also, machines—hoops of iron, with contrivances that snap shut; these, fastened to long poles, were used for holding prisoners at a distance when lashing them with fine steel whips. In the centre of this apartment of dreadful sights, a plank with angular projections for the arms and legs, spaced by bars, like the frets of a guitar, an inch high, something like this. Shivering culprits were laid upon this dreadful block, fastened down with pulleys and constricting bands, and stretched like strings on a musical instrument, when a man with



a great bar of steel, which I have just held in my hands, pounded between the elevations—frets—until he had broken the bones, and when his strength was not sufficient for this, as with the thighs, the bar had a dull flattened end with grinding teeth, with which the flesh was bruised and the bones broken in small pieces. Here, also, are the great saws used to sever the ribs, so ingeniously arranged that a row of light *movable* teeth tore into the flesh at once, and then coarser and stronger ones broke up the bones. One of the original guillotines graces this Chamber of Horrors. I say, advisedly, "graces," it seems so humane, as it truly is—as compared with the dreadful things here, which includes vertical posts supporting horizontal bars with projecting knobbed-spikes, to enable the faithful to hang seven people at a time. Flogging machines, where prisoners were suspended by the wrists, while iron bands, heated to a white heat, encircled their naked bodies. Perforated helmets of metal for covering heretical heads, when a crank was turned, gradually diminishing the size of the helmet, until blood and brains exuded through the holes. Also an iron cage for unbelievers, that by clock work diminished in size, until the horrified inmate was slowly squeezed to a jelly, this made more horrible still by a time-piece which was so placed that the condemned could see the length of time that it took before the cage had become small enough to crush out his life. We leave the horrible place sick unto death. But this was not all, for the next apartment that we enter contained the bloody-rack, which, with pulleys, ropes, and hooks, drew people asunder. I took hold of the iron handle of the cylinder, around which wound the rope which was fastened to the feet and arms of the poor souls that in this dreadful way were sent into eternity, and found that by the slightest push, because of multiplied wheels and the like you exert a great power, and could easily as they did, tear a man in two. Here, also, we saw ingenious implements for breaking backs, and another more diabolical than the one mentioned above for comminuting bones, on which the prisoner was bound—the executioner, with iron bar, hammering the crunching framework of the howling prisoners into grooves incised in this horrible bed. Was this all? no, not all; I have not told you one-half, could not, as we are being hurried along. We were next conducted into the

"Cellar of Torture," and there found the notched block on which, in a few weeks, over five thousand heads were cut off. In this same room a hole worn in the stone floor by the constant dropping of water from above, marks the place where creatures, perfectly nude, were tied so that the drop fell continually on their heads until dead; on the third day they were mad; on the fourth or fifth, starved and frantic maniacs, they died—receiving neither food nor drink until the end. After this we were conducted to the upper story of a house, a story and a half high, the room where victims were starved—built near the dining-room and kitchen of the prison. The windows strongly barred, but arranged so that the odor of cooking food and the sight of men eating might add to the torments of starvation. The ceiling, not high enough for a man to stand upright, here "unbelievers" were incarcerated, and with the smell of cooking food in the apartment and the sight of dining men filling them with maddening pangs, were kept until starved to death—not allowed either water or food. From here we were conducted into the cells, where men were buried alive, without light and almost without air—were in the room where Pastor Pastorius was imprisoned. Saw the hole made by a fork, through which he intended making his escape. He had removed the bricks when discovered. He was taken out, and as a warning to others, burned alive. Yet he was not near liberty, as he had still a wall of oak, then iron, and after this an external wall of great thickness, impenetrable by even modern machinery. The devices that the wretched man made on the plaster of his cell with his blood, are still shown—hearts, wreaths, etc., appealing to you with power, and speaking a language more eloquent than words, especially when you think that these cruelties were inflicted in a vain attempt to stamp out free thought in a country where, to-day, the people are happy and at peace, the hated Spaniards themselves driven from the land, and every trace of them, except these fiendish inventions, cast off forever; even capital punishment being abolished for the past forty years.

"Upon the 16th of February, 1568, a sentence of the Holy Office condemned *all the inhabitants* of the Netherlands to death as heretics. From this universal doom *only a few persons especially named* were excepted. A proclamation of the

king, dated ten days later, confirmed this decree of the Inquisition and ordered it to be carried into instant execution without regard to age, sex, or condition. This is probably the most concise death-warrant ever framed. Three millions of people, men, women, and children, sentenced to the scaffold in three lines. * * * Alva, in a single letter to Philip, coolly estimated the number of executions which were to take place immediately after the expiration of the holy week 'at eight hundred heads.' Many a citizen, convicted of a hundred thousand florins, and of no other crime, saw himself suddenly tied to a horse's tail, with his hands fastened behind him, and so dragged to the gallows. * * * To avoid the disturbances created in the streets by the frequent harangues or exhortations addressed to the bystanders by victims on their way to the scaffold, a new gag was invented. The tongue of each prisoner was drawn through an iron ring and then seared with a hot iron. The swelling and inflammation, which was the immediate result, prevented the tongue from slipping back, and of course prevented speech."* When brought to prison the above-described instruments were some of the means used to put them to death. Is it any wonder, therefore, that the people ultimately recoiling from this state of tyrannical tension, entered the churches, threw out the effigies of the saints, broke images, and stripped the buildings of every vestige of ornamentation and display that reminded them of their vindictive oppressors? Is it any wonder either that in these same churches, when you meet to-day euphemistical fellows—their shallow pates filled with false sentiments—lamenting the "destructive barbarity" that unpedestaled *stone* saints and dethroned *wooden* madonnas, that you feel like pitching them out of the windows.

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I have just come from the splendid bronze statue of the noble Spinosa, erected by his admirers in one of the side streets. Here he labored, died, and was buried, and here, as everywhere, where known, he is held in the highest esteem. The statue is worthy of the man, very suggestive of the busts that we are familiar with as Molière; the same features, costume, and long wavy hair, looking more like a hero of romance than the severest thinker of his day. He is represented sitting on

* Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic," vol. ii., page 158, 159.

a chair in an attitude of thought; in his left hand an open book, in his right a pen. My friends—this is one of the disadvantages of traveling in flocks like birds—are not much interested, are impatient to visit Scheveningen instead, the favorite watering-place here, because of its connection with some episodes in English history, and so for the present we bid the hero of Auerbach's romance farewell. After a pleasant walk of about two miles, through a noble oak forest, we look out on the sea at Scheveningen. It was here that Charles II. embarked for England after the death of Cromwell; see our favorite history of the time, "Henry Esmond." The Prince of Orange also took his departure from a point near here. He to noble deeds, Charles to disgrace. And here, near the Beadi, is erected an obelisk to commemorate the return of Prince William on November 30, 1813, after the battle of Waterloo. I could sit on this comfortable bench forever, dreaming of the past. In front the wind-tossed white-capped vermicular North Sea, as in the pictures of Ruysdael and Van de Velde, with the dry grass, pale downs, colorless beach, milky waves, nebulous sky, flecked here and there with fleecy clouds that you have already become familiar with in their pictures.

If you have seen any canvases by Van Goyan or the two mentioned above, you have seen Scheveningen; for although Holland is constantly changing its dimensions, like a bit of rubber in the hand of a child, yet Scheveningen is immutable. It is the same now as it was when painted, centuries ago. On our right, under an enclosed pavilion, where a band is playing, there is being wafted to us certain exhilarating and soothing strains, and a constantly flowing stream of lovely humanity is passing by. I have never seen such honest faces, every one an inspiration and a surprise. Nor have I before beheld such curious figures, odd-looking head-dresses. The hair is wound into a great ball on the back of their heads, then a plate of polished silver, about four inches wide, bent to fit close to the ears, and at the same time serve as a shelf on which the hair rests behind; over this is drawn a white embroidered cap, the hair combed smooth over the temples, while the pins on each side, somewhat suggestive of barbaric splendor, pass through the hair, silver plate, and cap, doing the double duty of ornamentation and use. The heads of these gilt pins, which are

usually circular, about two inches in diameter, present every variety of device. Some, projecting from the temples three or four inches, have suspended from them a variety of curiously-formed pendants, which make a pleasant, tinkling noise, like miniature cow-bells, as they move along. All wear hoops, even the children just beginning to walk. Young and old are the same shape. The babies, miniatures of their mothers, wearing snow-white ample aprons extending to the ends of their skirts; but their faces—no man can ever doubt the existence of a God, and that woman was made only a little lower than the angels, after he has once looked into the faces of the peasants of Holland. You see now that when a Dutch artist desired to fill a canvas with a galaxy of faces to hold you spell-bound, or wanted to illuminate one of his pictures by a glorified countenance, he needed only to call in the daughter of his next door neighbor, or go out into the street and sketching the first people he met, paint them at leisure—nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice, and thus they continue to delight and make admirers to the end of time. It was only when painting pot-house scenes and the like, I would judge, from what I have seen since I came into Netherland, that imagination was needed at all. But if they wanted Hexies of Haarlem, and the like, such as Hals, Ostade, Van Mander, and the people of that ilk, painted with such scrupulous care—the sort of people that the French call "natural," simply because degraded, coarse, such models, I can imagine, were very hard to find—perhaps that was the reason that you see them so much in Netherlandish art—sought after because rare. The faces of *these* women are not so much what you would call "handsome," as "honest and good." Such pure, child-loving, happy people, strolling along arm-in-arm, with their brood of prattling little women and men—there is no costume peculiar to childhood here—walking demurely by their side; scores of little creatures, that you feel like holding in your arms, just to look into the heaven reflected in their innocent eyes. We return by the great forest, meeting scores of these noble peasant women, arm-in-arm, talking their sweet confidences into each other's ears, entirely oblivious of everything else. You know when you look at them that they have left well ordered homes and good cheer when they came out in the

cool of the evening to talk of their joy to their friends. And yet these are the people that were sentenced to death without reserve—burned alive, torn asunder, starved and flayed, boiled in caldrons of bubbling oil, their bones triturated with crunching iron, their children destroyed, and yet, although but a mere handful of placid men and home-loving women, they threw off the hated yoke of their omnipotent tyrant, resisted the cruel Spaniard with his rack and mangling wheel, and have returned him firm gentleness for vindictive cruelty; constant but placid scorn for furious rage. * * * "Monsieur! Monsieur! Please tell us how to get to this place?" (presenting the card of our hotel). "You go straight on. You see the street is very crooked, but never mind; go straight ahead until you come to the sixth turning to your left, cross the bridge, then ask a man, and do as he tells you; cross two more bridges when you come to the "trams;" follow that, and you are there." So you can imagine three travelers, weary and footsore, having lost the scarlet thread of their circuitous wanderings, trying to talk Hollandish, French, German, English, what not, at every canal, in order to find the Hotel du Pays Bas, which, though concealed like fair Rosamond in her Woodstock labyrinth, we at last, like Queen Eleanor, find it; and St. Paul and his companion, were not more delighted when they came in sight of the *three* taverns than we when we espied the lights shining through the windows of this *one*. In a few more moments we had scaled the heights to our rooms, where, restfully ensconsed within the walls of my little fortress-like apartment, I get my ammunition once more in order to fire off this parting salute before retreating for the night. Farewell.

THE HAGUE, August 8, 1887.

"Holland that scarce deserves the name of land,

* * * * * * * *

How did they rivet with gigantic piles
Through the centre their new-catched miles,
And to the stake a struggling country bound,
Where barking waves still bait the forced ground,
Building their watery Babel far more high
To reach the sea than those to scale the sky!" MARVEL.

A country that draws fifty foot of water,
In which men live as in a hold of nature.

* * * * * * * *

A land that rides at anchor and is moored,
In which they do not live, but go aboard." BUTLER.

WHERE, says my soul, shall we fly to-day? the sun shines bright, the sky is without a cloud, and an invigorating breeze from the sea adds its charm to life in the open air. Let us remain where we are, says something within me, for here I feel at home. In the streets I see faces to be admired. My wants are supplied by devoted hands. I am surrounded by a noble people, independent without pride, resolute without pretence, and obliging with a grace beyond compare. Why should I, therefore, desire to leave this spot where *every* prospect pleases, and man, possessing his soul in peace, is at rest. But, replies my soul, there are attractions beyond; there are noble people in other lands, and the works of their hands are to me objects of incessant delight. I am anxious to be off. Go thy way, says my heart, I shall always remain where I am. What! exclaims my astonished soul; have you forgotten that we are taking the round-about-way home, and that this is but one of the Islands of the Blest in the Pacific of our enchanted pilgrimage, which we trust will terminate in home, wife, children, and friends, who for long have been looking ahead to our return. My heart replies, "I am entangled in thy cunningly-devised snare, oh my soul; yet if it had not been for thy bait of wife, children, and friends I would have resisted to the last; but now, dear Hague, good-bye; you will ever possess a green spot in my memory, that will in time, I trust, bloom and bring forth fruit."

Amsterdam.

I must tell you again of the country through which we passed. More so even than Belgium, the general appearance of Netherland is flat, much of it thirty feet under the sea, no visible division between the farms. Belgium being higher, all sorts of products are raised, and in great abundance and perfection. Holland, below the level of the sea, has by necessity become a country for grazing cattle. The divisions between the pastures, water from the sea; "water, water all around, but not a drop to drink"—too salt. Consequently, the fields are studded with great tubs where thirsty cattle may quench their thirst—these, having to be filled with water from the innermost recesses of the earth, raised by windmills and drawn from there by horses, in carts without poles or shafts, you can imagine, therefore, a monotony of green, slightly relieved by browsing cattle, tubs, carts, windmills, and gay farm houses, usually at the corners of canals, peeping from behind screens of willow and elm. It is the windmill that gives a Dutch landscape its peculiar trait. It is said that there are twelve thousand of them in the kingdom, many of them with white canvas wings one hundred feet long. In one spot where they seemed most numerous, in the space of about a mile in length, but as far back as I could see, I counted thirty-four, each with its four shafts describing circles in the air, and making you think of giants with outstretched arms beckoning you on. Many of the fields almost covered with cattle—all of the same breed—white ground with patches of black. Instead of using horses to carry the materials of the farms, you see men with poles pushing great boats through the meadows with loads that could not be carried by twenty horses. In the heart of the country you pass farm-houses, surrounded by water and boats, with other waterways uniting with these and running in all directions, so that a man can get into a boat anywhere and push himself wherever he desires—to any part of his farm, or to the great cities miles off. You are in the heart of the country. The ocean far away, and yet its waters are at your door, forming a trackless path, on which like a bird you may skim over the face of the land. You often see what seems a miracle—going over miles

of green fields—great white-winged schooners and brigs, large enough to cross the Atlantic—many of them do—are flying like mammoth birds—albatross—with canvass wings—here they are not extinct—when we overtake them we see they are in canals, and in flocks, having as companions, like bobs to a kite, dozens of neat canal boats, not exactly like the coal and coke barges of Leamington and Warwick, where the "captain" on shore, with a rope over his shoulder attached at the other end to the boat, is the motive power, *pulling* the craft along. Here the skipper, the chief officer, and only man in charge, his boat loaded to the water edge with coke or coal—his family, with their domestic pets, tulips, and hyacinths on board—*pushes* it from farm to farm, and across land to the sea. To-day I saw one man draw through the canals three sections of telegraph poles, pine with the bark on, each section containing twenty-four poles over fifty feet long; while walking over them, keeping them in the centre of the channel, was a companion who took his turn at the rope ashore when the other needed rest. Here in Amsterdam most of the dwellings have pulleys or cranes projecting from the top story, as if for carrying furniture and trunks. The houses large, substantial, and wonderfully clean; also pavements, children, and people. Your first expression is, How strange! the second, How clean! Cleanliness seems to be their specialty and chief delight. I would add virtue also—not even an evidence of vice or untidiness, although I have been strolling through the smaller streets and into the resorts of the poor. The principal beverage of the people is neither gin nor beer, but coffee; and the tobacco vice, which is said to be the principal indulgence of the contemplative Dutch, is not a vice here at all, for I have not yet seen a child, or boy, or young man smoking, as with us, and as for eating tobacco, I would judge *that* an almost exclusive American custom. Amsterdam, like Venice, is built on piles, or rather on ninety pile-made islands, surrounded by canals, and these canals are crossed by 300 bridges. The whole city, therefore,—houses, streets, palaces, wharves—are built on piles, one building alone, the royal palace, perhaps one of the handsomest structures in Europe, is erected on the ends of 13,000 of these tree trunks, driven by rams into the soft soil. It is 282 feet in depth, 235 wide, and 116 feet high,

exclusive of the cupola, which is 40 feet more, from the top of which you get a most excellent view of this singular crescent-shaped city, surrounded with ramparts, planted with magnificent trees, and converted into broad boulevards, on which you always find a throng of fashionables—a picturesque and animated scene that never fails to delight. Most of the streets consist of a great canal, filled with barges and ships, between which and the houses a very wide pavement, with rows of trees, under which people are clustered in picturesque groups, or moving sedately along, their faces like Fra Angelico's angels, or saints, just terrene enough to be of use; their figures sometimes droll, often very graceful, but never uninteresting. The houses, peeping from behind tall trees and built of very small bricks, are usually large, plain, and substantial, although here and there you encounter picturesque pieces, odd angles, doors, windows, and arcades that delight. Nearly every house has a reflector, a Dutch invention I believe, curiously projecting into space, to enable the inmates to see what is going on on the outside without being seen themselves. It may give you some notion of the universality of culture in Holland, when I tell you that in this little city of not 300,000 inhabitants, in four of its many places of amusement the performances are conducted in four languages—Dutch, English, French, and Italian. The plays presented in these tongues are only those that are considered classic, and that notwithstanding these two apparently insurmountable obstacles in other lands—that is to say, classic plays and in foreign tongues—the performances are well attended, and pay, and are open nightly during the season, Sunday excepted. Since it is our custom to associate theatre-going with irreligion, I will add that the Dutch are genuinely religious and devout, and in all things temperate to abstemiousness, except in the care of the helpless and poor; in this—that is, in the matter of charity and institutions, works of supererogation, you imagine—they seem to run wild. They have erected handsome houses all over the little kingdom for every conceivable form of distress, and yet, although in the more favorably situated sister kingdom you meet many beggars, in Holland I have never known anybody that has seen one. It is 3 o'clock P. M.; I am in the station—that is, the railroad station—and as I have to wait an hour for the

train, I will jot down the other occurrences of the day to pass the time. I have been on the wing to Utrecht; now I alight.

HOLLAND, UTRECHT, August 9, 1887.

"The land was beautiful:
Fair rose the spires, and gay the buildings were,
And rich the plains, like dreams of blessed isles;
But when I heard my country's music breathe,
I sighed to be among her wilds again."—*Fredolfo.*
MATURIN.

I CAME here so tired that I did not leave my room. This morning, at seven, I was ready for breakfast, and since have been looking around. Although there is a sameness about all the towns of the Netherlands there is great variety, too. A peculiarity of Utrecht is that many of the streets are built over the water on arches of great length; here and there you look down and behold the sea, with vessels of various sizes around. Between *low* bridges you often see ships with masts so high that they tower above the tops of the trees growing on the banks of the canal. How they get in I have not been able to discover; perhaps like the steamers of the Thames, who, as soon as they come within a few yards of a bridge, down drop their smokestacks, and as if they were animals capable of thought; when they have threaded the needle's-eye of the arch, up they bolt and away, puffing as if they had performed a feat—so it may be with the masts of the vessels here. Another peculiarity of Utrecht—when walking along the streets you are often in reality on the roofs of houses, and yet you are in front of dwellings, and shops too, many of them five and six stories high. The way is this—you are walking on broad pavements, shaded with two rows of trees; on one side are great buildings; walk out to the edge of the pavement, and you find a stone stairway leading down to another broad pavement, with trees and houses—chiefly stores—and at the edge of this pavement, about three feet down, a wide canal crowded with boats, on which is carried the staple of the land. On the pavements of these lower dwellings I have seen flocks of ducks, geese and

chickens, and in the water numerous swans, with steps leading from these lower strata of houses into the canals for these feathered "Baptists" to go down "into the water" to their hearts' content. In the windows and growing from the outer walls of these subterranean homes, I have seen the greatest profusion of flowering plants in bloom—not for sale—besides large quantities of shrubbery kept for the beauty of their leaves, and carefully tended by people universally fond of flowers. I have seen ferns, nasturtions, wallflowers, London pride, petchunias, geraniums, perfect masses of scarlet and flesh-colored blooms without leaves, to me entirely new—roses, sweet pea, pinks, lillies of the valley in perpetual flower, lupins—a graceful sort of hanging vine with glossy green leaf and white flower, hanging from window to window in verdant festoons, but it would be easier to enumerate what they have not than what they have, so as to make these houses, which are surely not homes to be desired—paradises of blooming delights. These are the poorest people of Holland, the lowest in the social scale, as there is a "lowest" even in a scale that begins so high. Again, in Utrecht, many of the canals instead of this, or being enclosed within high walls as in other towns, have these simply built about three feet above the water edge, from this an inclined plane to the upper pavement, which is lined nearly always with tall trees. The incline, carpeted with the greenest grass, on which, like tapestry, is worked in coleus, lobelia and scarlet geranium—all sorts of geometrical and fantastic figures, as well as large devices representing batrachians—lizards, frogs, turtles, and snakes, as if basking in the sun, after their plunge in the sea. The upper and lower edges of the sloping banks, wreathed in curving festoons of coleus and phlox. I have had a walk in the Park, but neither here nor on the banks, nor anywhere in Holland have I seen "Keep off the Grass," or "Don't Pluck the Flowers;" the people with all their love for flowers, so instinctively void of offence, that such signs are unnecessary. It was while strolling leisurely through this beautiful place this morning that my ears became conscious of familiar sounds. I listened—it was a distant organ playing "Home, Sweet Home." I could hardly keep back the tears when I thought of mine, so far away, and of the wailing, dissevering

Atlantic sighing between. For a moment I thought of returning—leaving all; the next moment I thought of the glories ahead; and, with the tones of the song still reverberating through the trees and filling my soul with melancholy, I resolved to push ahead. Shortly after this, coming out of the Domkirche, where I had been sitting for a while, looking at the curious typography of a great quarto Bible, containing also the music of the psalms, one of which being in every pew, —turning the corner, into a narrow crooked street, a number of people approaching in tow of a guide; he walked quickly toward me, when putting his hand to his mouth, as if he was going to hollow oysters, in an audible aside said: "Mynheer, I'm lost! Where are we?" "These people want to be taken to Adrian's Palace," (Pope Adrian V was born in Utrecht). "There is no Adrian's Palace now, the building of the provincial government is but its bones." "Thank you, beautifully," he whispers, as returning to his expectant flock, I could hear him jabbering to them in undigested English, something about my being an old friend—this I admit, hardly doing justice to the Dutch reputation for truth. Some time after I met him again in charge of the same company; he gave me a roguish but sleepy nod. As I passed I heard him say: "That's my very good friend." But the bell rings for departure and I must say good-by until we meet again—six mortal hours from now—in Cologne.

P. S.—It is midnight. I have just shaken from me the dust of travel, like a snake shedding its coat, and here I am in Cologne. Can you really read all that I have written? It is hard even for me; but when you know how I write—standing in picture galleries, or, perhaps, if near a *guide-book picture*, being jostled by an admiring throng—or leaning against the corner of a street—or sitting on a friendly door-step, generally surrounded by children, staring in wonder at the stranger "dressed so queerly," and writing as if it was the pastime of his life, with no desk but an old catalogue of Westminster Abbey—you'll forgive the illegibility of my letters. Yet these my devotional scribblings have a funny side, too. For example: The man at the Tower of London, because of my paper and ink, imagined me somebody of *note*, and, in consequence, conducted me into

places that are not shown except to the distinguished few. Another, because of my *skill* as a draughtsman (?), thought me on the staff of "The Illustrated News," and took special pains to please me—gave me his photograph, told me his name, with the correct way of spelling it, which I was wicked enough to write down; he adding, by way of precaution, that on one other occasion it had been spelled wrong, and that he could hardly convince his wife and friends that it was he that the gentleman said such pleasant things about. Another said, "Monsieur, you are a correspondent for Bedeker. I will show you something *grand, illustre!*"—when a locked door was opened, and I beheld wonders that can only be seen by the payment of an extra guilder, or a note from the high priest. Another, because when writing I was laughing at one of the Conceits of Ostade, just passed, regarded me as a wit, and began telling jokes about the pictures—not to be repeated—and but once,—I was in a private gallery, and writing in full speed, when a gentleman rushed up: "*Monsieur! Monsieur!* that will never do; it is against the rules. We have been slandered by 'Figaro,' *Monsieur*, and we allow no writing since." I explain: "I am not a correspondent of 'Figaro;' I am simply writing a few hurried notes to a perplexed but patient wife and three helpless children." "Ah, Messieur," shaking his head, "I know you newspaper people have many *artifice*—many *excuse*." In two other places I was politely told it was against the rule to use a pen, because of the carpets. "But this is a stylograph," I replied—"a cross between a lead pencil and a pen. Is it prohibited?" (He looks at it.) "No, Monsieur; that is not mentioned in the rules. If you can write with *that* you may." Thus, by a little *Betrug*—I had put the cap over the pen before handing it to him—I was allowed to violate the law.

Our trip to Cologne was unpleasant, through a desert of sand, without much to notice except some neat villages and the Metzel battle-field, at present covered with ten-year-old pines.